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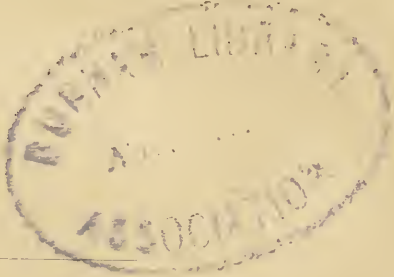
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GRANITE MONTHLY

A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, LITERATURE
AND STATE PROGRESS



VOLUME XLVIII
NEW SERIES, VOLUME XI

CONCORD, N. H.
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1916

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THE GRANITE MONTHLY

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HON. FRANK WEST ROLLINS
As He Appeared when Governor of New Hampshire

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. XLVIII, No. 1

JANUARY, 1916

NEW SERIES, VOL. XI, No. 1

HON. FRANK WEST ROLLINS

Since the adoption of the amended Constitution of 1792, under which the title of the chief executive officer of the State became "Governor," fifty-four different men have held the office, of whom only six are now living—Nahum J. Bachelder, governor in 1903-4; Charles M. Floyd, 1907-8; Henry B. Quinby, 1909-10; Robert P. Bass, 1911-12; Samuel D. Felker, 1913-14, and the present incumbent, Rolland H. Spaulding. The list of living Governors of New Hampshire has been, indeed, sadly depleted in the last two years—John B. Smith (1893-4) and Chester B. Jordan (1901-2) having passed away in 1914, and David H. Goodell (1889-90) and Frank W. Rollins (1899-1900) in 1915.

FRANK WEST ROLLINS was one of the youngest, as well as one of the best known and most popular men who ever occupied the gubernatorial chair. Born and reared in the Capital City, the son of a man long active and prominent in politics and public life, he enjoyed exceptional facilities for familiarizing himself with affairs of state and questions of public policy, as well as with the demands of social life in city and state.

He was born February 24, 1860, in the old mansion on North Main Street, Concord, which had been the birthplace of his mother, Ellen Elizabeth West, daughter of John and Nancy M. West. It was into this home that his father, Edward H. Rollins, went as a boarder when he came to Concord to learn the business in which he later established himself, and continued for many years, until active participation in political affairs

and public life practically compelled his withdrawal. Here his home continued after marriage, and throughout his life, although he maintained a summer residence at his old paternal home in Rollinsford, where he yearly enjoyed, especially in later life, a season of recreation, and respite from business and political cares, in agricultural pursuits.

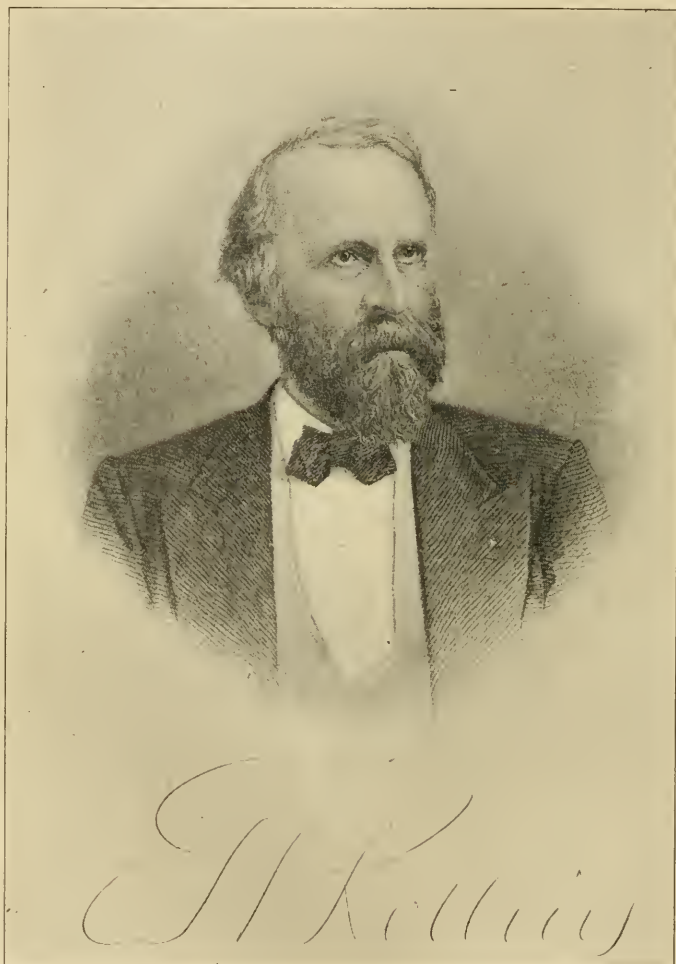
Edward H. Rollins was a born politician and a natural leader of men, and became a thorough master of the art and science of political strategy and party management. His home, as well as his office, was the resort of party managers and public officials, and it was but natural that his son should have developed a strong taste for public affairs, and a wide acquaintance with men engaged therein. Familiarity with public interests and affairs of state was, indeed, as much a part of his early education, as was the instruction which he derived from books and teachers in the public schools, and the tutorship of that famous old-time instructor of Concord youth—Moses Woolson—under whose tutelage he prepared for entrance to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, where he was a member of the class of 1881, subsequently pursuing the study of law at Harvard and in the office of the late Hon. John Y. Mugridge of Concord. He was admitted to the bar in Concord, in August, 1882.

He soon learned, however, that legal procedure appealed neither to his tastes nor sympathies. The bent of his mind was toward the activities of business life, while he had decided literary tastes that he indulged quite

extensively in the line of diversion. He soon relinquished the law, and entered the banking business, commencing in the sale of Western securities through connection with his older brother, Edward W., who had established an investment business

took the name of E. H. Rollins & Sons, a younger brother, Montgomery, also coming into the concern, and continuing for some years.

In 1892 the business was removed to Boston, where, as Vice-President and Manager, Frank W. gave his best



in Denver, Col. Soon after his father took an interest in the business and the firm of E. H. Rollins & Son was established, which was, subsequently, incorporated. Not long after the Rollins Investment Company, of Denver, managed by Edward W., was merged with this corporation, which

efforts to the work of building up a business, which, under his intelligent direction, soon placed the corporation in the front rank where it has since remained, among the most prominent concerns in the country dealing in investment securities, with headquarters in Boston, New York,

Chicago, Denver and San Francisco. The presidency of the corporation was held for some time by Edward W., but he was succeeded a number of years ago by Frank W., in this office, who held the same until his death.

Meanwhile, retaining his home in his native city, wherein he built a spacious and elegant modern residence, on North State Street, he indulged his early acquired love for public affairs by entry into political life, accepting the nomination of the Republican party with which he was naturally affiliated, for the office of State Senator, in the Concord District, in 1894, to which he was, of course, handsomely elected at the polls in November, and receiving the remarkable compliment, for so young a man, and especially one without previous legislative experience, of election to the presidency of the Senate, upon its organization in January following—a position which he filled with dignity and honor.

From that time forward, for a number of years his political activities were conspicuous. In the notable campaign of 1896, when the "free silver" issue was pressed to the front, and there was for some time doubt as to the alignment of the great parties thereon, Mr. Rollins took a prominent part. He it was who boldly introduced the resolution, declaring for the single gold standard, in the Republican State Convention for the choice of delegates to the National Convention, which, strange as it may now seem, was unanimously voted down, while the Democratic State Convention took strong ground in favor of that position. It was, in truth, a matter of grave doubt at the time what the position of either of the great parties would be upon the question. William McKinley, then generally regarded as the coming man for the Republican presidential nomination, had formerly been an ardent friend of the free silver cause, and it was by no means then certain that the party would ultimately be found

taking ground against it. It was thus found, however, from whatever motive directed, and, the Democracy espousing the opposite cause, one of the most hotly contested campaigns which the country ever experienced, the interest of Mr. Rollins for Republican success continuing intense throughout. He was a conspicuous member of the delegation of New England "sound money" business men who made a pilgrimage to McKinley's home in Canton, O., near the close of the campaign, after the fashion of the time, and made the address to the nominee, in behalf of the delegation.

His pathway to the Governorship was already open, but he stood aside in favor of George A. Ramsdell, who had for some time aspired to the office and who was elected that autumn.

Here it may properly be remarked that it was in connection with Mr. Ramsdell's induction into office, that the custom, now thoroughly established, of holding a "Governor's Ball," as a leading social function upon the accession of a new incumbent to the gubernatorial office, was initiated, Mr. Rollins being the leader in the movement, and carrying it forward to complete success.

In 1898 he was nominated without opposition, and elected in November of that year, taking office in January following. His administration was characterized by an interest in, and a devotion to, the welfare of the State, and measures which he deemed essential to its promotion, surpassed by none of his predecessors or successors; and, whatever may be said as to the accuracy of the views expressed in his famous "Fast Day proclamation," which was the subject of much earnest controversy for a long time, there was never any question as to his own sincerity, or that the resultant controversy was productive of ultimate good.

It was his advocacy of the "Old Home Week" festival, and his formal action in establishing the same in New

Hampshire, during the first year of his administration, that insured him lasting fame, and endeared him for all time to the hearts of the people. This festival, as it is most properly called, has proved of incalculable benefit to the State, in strengthening the ties that bind every native, or former resident, to the place of his birth, however far he may have wandered therefrom; and the belated recognition of the legislature, in 1913, indefinitely fixing the time of the same,

the cause of Forest Preservation in New Hampshire, however, that he soon became most conspicuous, spending time, money and effort in that behalf. He was President of the Society for the Protection of New Hampshire Forests from its organization in 1902 (in which he was mainly instrumental) until the time of his death; and to its work is due, in large measure, all that has been accomplished in this direction.

In his earlier years Governor Rol-



Birthplace of Hon. Frank W. Rollins

fortifies public sentiment for its permanent continuance. The interest of Governor Rollins in this institution never relaxed, and he held the office of President of the New Hampshire Old Home Week Association from its organization till 1914, when the condition of his health compelled the relinquishment of some of his activities.

Governor Rollins was one of the early advocates of the cause of good roads in New Hampshire, and, under his administration, progress was made along that line, although public sentiment had not become generally aroused. It was as a champion of

Rollins had been strongly interested in military affairs, his interest dating back to his school days when he was a lieutenant in the company of cadets at the Institute of Technology. Subsequently he was prominently connected with the New Hampshire militia for several years, holding the office of Assistant Adjutant-General, with the rank of Colonel, on the brigade staff of the National Guard.

Mention has been made of his taste for literature and his indulgence therein as a diversion. He gathered a fine library and enjoyed the same. He was a student of the French lan-



Residence of Hon. Frank W. Rollins, North State Street, Concord

guage, and made various translations therefrom for publication. He also indulged in fiction-writing for a time and published several books of the same, including "The Ring in the Cliff," "Break O'Day Tales," "The Twin Hussars" and "The Lady of the Violets." He also wrote much for the press along financial lines, displaying a sound knowledge of this department of business activity, gained in the field of practical experience.

Governor Rollins's activities were by no means confined to his business or his official life. He was deeply interested in religious affairs, as a member of St. Paul's Protestant Episcopal Church of Concord, serving as vestryman and treasurer, and in the work of the Diocesan and General Conventions of the denomination. He served as treasurer of St. Paul's School, as a trustee of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, of the Concord Public Library, the Concord Orphans' Home and various other institutions. He was one of the organizers of the Wonalancet Club of Concord, and its first president, and was connected with various other clubs and organizations in this State and Boston, including the Chamber of Commerce in that city. He was the founder of the New Hampshire Exchange Club, prominent for a time in the New England Metropolis. He was also a Knight Templar and a Scottish Rite Mason of the thirty-second degree.

A few years since, Governor Rollins transformed the site of his birth-place and boyhood home, where his mother had passed her life, into a beautiful Italian garden, open to the public, and known as the "West Garden," where the people can freely go, during the summer season, individually, in family groups, or social parties, to enjoy a pleasant hour amid

fountains, shrubs and flowers, and where ice cream, tea and other refreshments are frequently served, by some society or organization to which the privilege has been granted. This garden—a memorial to his mother—will be a perpetual reminder of Governor Rollins's regard for his native city.

He was united in marriage December 6, 1882, with Miss Katherine W. Pecker of Concord, who survives him, with one son, Douglas, born October 25, 1886.

As has been stated, Governor Rollins maintained his home in his native city, whose welfare, as well as that of the State at large, he had ever closely at heart. For many years he passed a portion of the warm season at York Harbor, Me., where he had a fine summer home. He had travelled extensively in this and other countries, and learned much of men and matters, and the multiform problems of life; yet his modesty was proverbial. He never sought the "lime-light," but was content to labor without ostentation, for the measures and ends which he deemed just and expedient. He passed away, at the Hotel Somerset in Boston, October 27, 1915, having been in declining health, for some time, from valvular disease of the heart. In his death New Hampshire lost a loyal son, whose memory her people will cherish and honor for many years to come. But while his death will long be mourned and his memory honored by the public at large, who esteemed him for his devotion to the welfare of his native state, his loss is most deeply felt, by the wide circle of intimate friends, who knew him and loved him for the kindly heart, the genial nature, the generous disposition and unaffected simplicity of manner which characterized him in the close relationships which most truly reveal the nature of man.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, NEWINGTON

Historical Sketch Read at the Bi-Centennial Celebration.

November 3, 1915

By Jackson M. Hoyt

I have read that the most important part of history is its beginning. To this I attach the three familiar sayings: "a thing well begun is half done," "as the twig is bent so the tree is inclined," and "the boy is father to the man."

Now it is the history of this ancient church that I am to bring before you, and I wish briefly to allude to its beginning, and the question arises—when and where did it begin? Was it on the 26th day of October, two hundred years ago, and in this house where we are assembled today? I think not. Let us lift the veil and take a look back, at least forty-five years earlier, to 1670, when the white man's foot first pressed the soil of this section.

I believe the seed from which sprang this early church was then already planted in the hearts and souls of those early settlers; that they, being God-fearing and God-loving men, were fixed in their purpose to establish homes for themselves and those dependent on them, and to erect an altar to their God, where, without molestation, they might worship and give due reverence to the Almighty.

During this early period the lives of these hardy pioneers were fraught with danger, hardship and privation. They had to contend with the severity of the New England winter, the savagery of the red man and the fury of the wild beasts; for it was a wilderness where nature had held sway for centuries upon centuries. At first their sustenance was obtained principally from the waters of our beautiful river and bays, and by a very slow and laborious process they penetrated the forest and erected crude homes and cleared the land for cultivation. The

old Indian trail was the only path they found; with the advent of the horse the trail became a bridle path and, later, was made wider for the passing of vehicles; and thus, step by step, they advanced and increased till a settlement of several hundred souls was the result, and they called it "Bloody Point Settlement," belonging partly to Dover and partly to Portsmouth, and were subject to taxation in these earlier settlements.

About the beginning of the eighteenth century there was evidently an uneasiness manifested here, arising from the desire to establish a local government of their own; and the first act of theirs to bring this about was to plan and erect a public meeting house. This by much hard work and many sacrifices was accomplished. Next a petition to the General Court was drawn up and signed by fifty-two individuals, asking to be exempted from paying dues for the support of preaching in Dover; setting forth the difficulties they had to encounter in crossing the river, etc., and adding thereto the statement that they had recently built a meeting house of their own, and wished to become a separate parish.

This prayer was granted, and the first act that we find on record is that of a meeting held in this house in January, 1713, the purpose of this meeting being to confer in regard to obtaining a minister to settle among them. A paper was drawn up for subscriptions of money and an amount was pledged at once. A committee was appointed to carry out the purpose of the meeting, and their first candidate was Samuel Fisk, who preached several Sabbaths; then came John Emerson, but neither of these

reverend gentlemen could be induced to settle as their pastor. Later Joseph Adams, who had, previous to this time, been a private tutor in the family of one of the well-to-do residents, and who had a license to preach, was called, accepted, and terms of settlement were agreed upon. "On the 26th day of October, 1715, a fast was kept and a church gathered consisting of 9 men: John Downing, Thomas Rowe, B. Bickford, John Dam, Richard Downing, formerly members of Dover Church, and John Fabyan, John Downing, Jr., Hatevil Nutter and Moses Dam taken into full communion."

Three weeks later Mr. Adams was ordained, and on January 15, 1716, the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was celebrated for the first time in this parish. On March 11, 1716, the first woman to become a member of this church was admitted, by the name of Deborah Crockett. From that time on, during the long pastorate of Parson Adams, there were admitted to membership from year to year, including the nine men already mentioned, 172 persons—104 women and 68 men. Infant baptism was of common occurrence and the list is very lengthy. Of marriages performed by him I find recorded 348. The first is dated March 15, 1716, Jonathan Downing and Elizabeth Nelson—the last July 3, 1782, Stephen J. Thomas and Olive Bickford. No deaths are recorded; and now I deem it pertinent to remark that the settling of Joseph Adams in this place, to be the first pastor, was a most fortunate event and far reaching in its effects. He was a member of the famous and gifted Adams family of Braintree; now Quincy, Mass., a graduate of Harvard College and a man endowed with great talents and executive ability, well fitted to lead and guide this new church organization and to give advice in civic affairs to a newly incorporated township. His teachings, his influence, his example were an inspiration, and did much in shaping

the destiny of this people. Four generations have passed away, a few of the fifth remain and the sixth, seventh and eighth are here. His death occurred May 26, 1783, making a pastorate of nearly sixty-eight years, he having been on earth nearly ninety-five years, and now we, his children, rise up and call him blessed.

His co-workers in this church were Deacon John Fabyan and Capt. John Downing, who were chosen Elders in the church in 1724. Others who filled the office of deacon during his pastorate were—Deacon Dam, now Dame (whether John or Moses the record does not make clear), Seth Ring, William Shackford, Benjamin Adams, Moses Furber and John Nutter. Probably the most conspicuous and influential citizen of that time was the Hon. John Downing, Jr., who in 1740 was a member of the Governor's Council. Soon after Parson Adams' settlement he began the erection of a dwelling house on the plot of land given to him by the parish. This was completed in 1717, and, three years later, he married Mrs. Elizabeth Janvrin, widow, the daughter of John and Bridget Knight. To them were born three sons, all living to become prominent and worthy citizens, and whose descendants have been many and widely scattered throughout this broad land of ours.

After the death of Parson Adams, his youngest son, Deacon Benjamin Adams, was made clerk of the church and recorded in his father's journal seventeen baptisms performed by neighboring pastors. We find no other church records till 1788 when, on the 9th of January, Joseph Langdon, another college graduate and a member of the historic Langdon family of Portsmouth, was called. At this time there were twenty-six members, six men and twenty women. During Parson Langdon's pastorate fifteen members were taken into the church—ten of them women. I will state that during the two pastorates

of Adams and Langdon the town and parish were as one and the same. The minister's salary was voted and assessed the same as other town taxes. As I have already mentioned Parson Adams built his own house, and there resided and reared his family, and from the time of his demise it has been owned and occupied by his lineal descendants. Parson Langdon was provided for in another way. The town, about twenty years previous to his coming, had purchased, from Nicholas Knight, twenty acres of land,

wards called the "Old Parsonage." It was built about 1700, by Richard Pummery, who was the first sexton at this old church. During Mr. Langdon's pastorate William Hoyt and Joseph Tibbetts were the sextons.

For some reason Parson Langdon did not measure up to the needs and requirements of his people and they refused to attend service and even rebelled against being taxed to support him. At one time, it is related that the sexton, Mr. Hoyt, was his only hearer. Finally, after many



Congregational Church, Newington

with the building thereon, known as the Richard Pummery place, and adjoining forty acres of other land known as the parsonage, which Mr. Adams had been given the use of. In anticipation of Mr. Langdon's coming the town enlarged the Knight house and gave it a thorough repairing, and into this house Parson Langdon moved and reared his family of four daughters, Polly, Elizabeth, Temperance and Hannah. His wife was Patience Pickering, daughter of Thomas Pickering of this place. This house, now owned by the town, and used by the local Historical Society, was ever after-

futile attempts to persuade him to relinquish his charge and vacate the office of pastor, terms of settlement of claims were reached, through the good offices of a council, called for that purpose, and in 1810, after being here twenty-two years, he retired to his farm in Portsmouth, and died in 1824 at the age of 66.

Nothing further is found in the record for a period of sixteen years. Surely the spiritual needs of this people must have been sadly neglected. In October, 1826, Rev. Israel W. Putnam of the North Church, Portsmouth, administered the Lord's

Supper. Then there were but two surviving members of this church—Mrs. Eleanor Shackford and the widow of Parson Langdon. About twenty members of other churches were present. Rev. Henry Smith, of New York, while visiting relatives in Durham in 1827, became interested in this people and labored with much success here and five persons were added to the membership, including Joshua Downing Berry, who afterwards entered the ministry and was father to John J. Berry, M. D., now of Portsmouth. Ten more were added later. Two of these were living in 1870, when the church was re-organized.

There was occasional preaching here by Congregational ministers till 1843. They were neighboring pastors from Dover, Portsmouth and North Hampton.

Since that date nothing is recorded till 1857; but in the town records we find that the legal voters, about 1836, took action at the annual town meeting to remodel and improve the old meeting house so long neglected, and it was voted to expend the surplus money coming to this town from the National Treasury for that purpose, and in 1838 the old structure underwent a great change. It was raised two feet higher from the ground, and its exterior and interior made to conform to the style of architecture then in vogue, and about as we find it today.

We will now return to the year of 1857—a time when my own memory serves me. It was at this time that Rev. Jacob Cummings and Rev. Asa Mann came here and found the place destitute of religious worship. They visited among the people and held public services on the Sabbath. The outcome was that Mr. Mann, who was from Exeter, was invited to remain for a season and stayed eighteen months. In 1859, Rev. Amos G. Bartlett succeeded him for a while. The records say that the attendance was good, usually filling the church at the afternoon service. A library of

suitable reading matter was started, with 125 volumes. A new Bible was given for the pulpit, a gift from Rev. Alonzo H. Quint, whose grandfather was a native of Newington. A new organ was procured through Mr. Mann's efforts.

In the month of November, 1859, Rev. John LeBosquet came here and took up his abode as our pastor, and remained four years, supported in part by the N. H. Missionary Society and the Massachusetts Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, as well as by the people here. He was the first Congregational minister to reside here, with his family, since the removal of Rev. Mr. Langdon in 1810.

In 1862, during Mr. LeBosquet's ministry, several of our leading citizens formed themselves into a society to be called the Congregational Society of Newington. The first article in the Constitution reads as follows: "The object of this Society shall be the maintenance of Public Religious Worship, in conformity to the usual custom of Trinitarian Congregational Churches in this State." The charter members were Elias Frink, Darius Frink, John A. Pickering, James Hoyt, William Rollins, William W. Nutter, Isaac Brackett, Thomas G. Furber, Ruel J. Beane, Joseph W. Pickering and James A. Pickering. Although none of these gentlemen were church members, they were constant attendants at church and contributed liberally to its support; and it was largely through their efforts that religious services were continued to the time of the re-organization of the church in 1870, when two of the above named were received into the church—Messrs. John A. and James A. Pickering. After the retirement of Mr. LeBosquet, to another field of labor, Rev. Mr. Mann again visited the town, visiting from house to house, and remained a month, doing missionary work. The pulpit had at times been occupied by Rev. Tobias Ham Miller of Portsmouth, a preacher of Universalism.

In 1864, on January 31, and February 7, Rev. Sewell Harding of Auburndale, Mass., preached, passing his time during the week among the people, and continued to supply the pulpit till the autumn of the same year, when Rev. Franklin Davis succeeded him. After being here six years a desire on the part of several of his hearers was manifested for the establishment of the institutions of the church in their fulness, and, accordingly, a council was called, setting forth the fact that there were two members of this old church still living and others were desirous of joining. The council convened on Wednesday, September 7, 1870. Rev. Edward Robie presided. Deacon John S. Rand of Portsmouth was a delegate, and of the fourteen who participated in the deliberations of this body I believe the two above named are the only ones now living on earth today. Fourteen names were added to the roll on that occasion, making a membership of sixteen; and from time to time additions have been made, and now our membership is thirty-six, seven of whom are classed as absent members.

Rev. Mr. Davis remained six years, after the re-organization of the church, and filled the office of church clerk, and kept a true and faithful record of all the activities of the church.

He removed to Tamworth, N. H., and it was while serving that people as their pastor that he was called to meet his Maker, in whose service he had so faithfully labored. His successor here was Rev. Willis A. Hadley, whom you have met here today, and whose time of service here antedates that of all the surviving pastors of this church. After seeing him and listening to him today you will agree that it is needless for me to tell you how the people regretted his departure from us to his next field of labor, in the town of Rye, where, on August 21, 1878, he was ordained into the ministry. Mr. Hadley's term of service here was his first attempt to act as pastor over a

church, and, considering his youth, and lack of educational and theological training, he proved himself to be a very earnest and effective speaker, and, being an excellent singer, he became very popular, especially with the young people, who to quite a degree were moved to enter in by the straight and narrow way. Today Brother Hadley stands in the front ranks of our ministry.

The next to take up his abode with us as our pastor was Rev. Elijah John Roke, an Englishman—a man of very singular personality. He was unlike anyone we ever met. His eccentricity was noticeable in everything he did or said; yet he was an able preacher, and his sermons were of an high order, and his memory was such that he boasted that he could give the chapter and verse of any passage of Scripture that anyone might quote. Many who had not been accustomed to attend church services came to listen to him and he usually had a good-sized congregation to preach to. It was during his pastorate that the congregation voted to have but one service, doing away with the forenoon session. He preached his farewell sermon November 23, 1879.

During the summer of 1881 our pulpit was supplied by Rev. John S. Bachelder of Stratham. The next upon the list is Rev. George Smith of Northwood, who was with us two years. His family did not move here and he made his home with Mr. James Alfred Pickering. His term of service ended March 30, 1884.

It was in June, 1885, that Rev. Wm. S. Thompson of South Acton, Me., was invited to become our pastor, and remained till May 31, 1892. During Mr. Thompson's pastorate the new parsonage was erected, and he and his family were the first occupants, moving in during the latter part of the year 1886. He and his good wife are now spending their declining years on a farm at Hampton Falls, with an only son and several grand-

children. His earthly pilgrimage has been a life well spent in true Christian service and for the betterment of mankind.

In the month of October of the same year, Rev. Henry Pitt Page, formerly of Canterbury, N. H., was welcomed to the pastorate and remained till June, 1894, at which time he voluntarily resigned to enter into the employment of a publishing house as travelling agent. During his stay with us, eight names were added to the church roll, and a very enthusiastic Christian Endeavor Society was organized.

It was but a short time after Mr. Page's withdrawal that we secured the services of Rev. C. Wellington Rogers of Lisbon Falls, Me., a fine specimen of God's creation, strong and robust in body, with a mind well equipped for the service he had come to give us. It was during his term of service that the meetings were changed from afternoon to morning, a custom that still prevails, and this old house was generally well filled to listen to his preaching. But this small parish proved to be a "pent up Utica" for him and he yearned for a broader field and greater results, and after a short pastorate, of less than two years, he left us with our regrets and lamentations. In a few months from this time we had engaged Mr. John W. Bell of Amesbury, Mass., an evangelist, to occupy our pulpit, taking up his abode in the parsonage. He began his labors in July, 1896, and a council was called and he was ordained, August 26, it being 108 years since the ordination of Joseph Langdon. Mr. Bell was a faithful, earnest, Christian man, a most zealous worker in the Master's vineyard. Frail in body and of health impaired, he strove with all the power he could command to convert and save souls, and, like the Master whom he served, he was by many misunderstood and ignored. During his ministry here there were thirteen names added to the roll of membership. His

last service with us was on Sunday, June 3, 1900. He went from here to Beattystown, N. J., where, about a year later, he was called home to meet his God.

It was on November 4, 1900, that Mr. Charles R. Small, a licensed preacher, began a year's service as our acting pastor. Mr. Small was a young man of unusual powers of perception, and gave us excellent service as a preacher and singer, leaving us, at the close of the year, to become the pastor of a larger church at York, where he was ordained into the ministry. He has recently been called to locate at Bristol, R. I., as pastor of the Congregational church in that place.

His successor was Rev. Myron S. Dudley who, after supplying our pulpit for several Sabbaths as a candidate, began his pastorate here May 2, 1902. In Mr. Dudley we had with us a man ripe in the service of the Master, a veteran of the Civil War, a scholar and author, a gentleman in every sense of the word, a public-spirited citizen, an interesting and intelligent conversationalist, an able sermonizer and a man after God's own heart. While serving us as pastor, on November 17, 1905, he was stricken with heart trouble, and was taken from us at the age of 68 years, he being the first minister to pass away while serving this church, since the death of Parson Adams 122 years previous.

It was in the following month of May, 1906, that Rev. Frank E. Rand from Temple, N. H., began his ministry with us as a successor to Rev. Mr. Dudley, remaining till August 9, 1908. Mr. and Mrs. Rand united with this church during his pastorate, and are still numbered with this flock as absent members. He has retired from the ministry and resides in Connecticut.

On October 18, 1908, there came to us a young man, Mr. Don Ivan Patch, a student at Harvard College, with an endorsement from Rev. E. C. Smith, Secretary of the N. H. Home

Missionary Society. He was given an opportunity to show his mettle and preached five Sabbaths, and was then engaged to continue his labors here for an indefinite time, coming Saturdays and returning to his studies Monday mornings, and was entertained over the Sabbath by different families throughout the parish, giving him and the people an opportunity to become more intimately acquainted.

It was a very pleasing arrangement and resulted in many pleasant recollections that will be long cherished. Mr. Patch proved himself to be a person of sterling character, and of ability that gives promise of a brilliant future. During his term of service, lasting twenty-seven months, there were nine members added to the church, all women and by profession. The Christain Endeavor Society, which had ceased to exist for about seven years, was revived through his efforts and is still alive. Since leaving us he has completed his studies at college, taken unto himself a wife, been ordained, and is now a full-fledged preacher doing good service at North Beverly, Mass.

Mr. Patch voluntarily withdrew from this parish February 26, 1911, and it was April 30 when Rev. Isaiah Perley Smith, a veteran preacher, came as a candidate to preach and, on June 4, he was asked to come among us to be our pastor for a year, and remained till July 14, 1912. Mr. Smith retained his residence in Lawrence, Mass., during his pastorate here, and our people were becoming somewhat anxious to secure a minister who would become a resident and occupy the parsonage which had been lying idle since Mr. Rand's occupancy three years previous, believing that better results would follow with a resident minister and therefore Mr. Smith was asked to terminate his relations to us as pastor, and was followed by the coming of Rev. William G. Berkeley and family who have been with us since January 1, 1913. Mr. Berkeley is giving us excellent

service; his sermons are well received, and are nicely adapted to the times in which we live, but in no way departing from the fundamental truths recorded in Holy Writ, and we consider him a worthy successor to all the foregoing list of faithful teachers, through whose efforts the light upon the altar has been kept alive during these two hundred years.

And now, as I conclude this rambling sketch, I must not fail to mention the debt of gratitude we, as a people, owe to the good Dr. Robie, who has been our friend and neighbor at Greenland for sixty-three years; who, whenever there was a lapse between the going of one pastor and the coming of another, would come, and did come and minister to our needs. Many a Sabbath afternoon has he, after preaching to his own people in the morning, given us a service, and has officiated at many funerals besides, and in many instances refusing compensation, returning at one time a purse of seventy-five dollars to our church treasury which had been collected and presented to him; and we all hope to live to see him round out a century, even if in so doing he shall exceed in years of service the record of our first pastor, Joseph Adams, and we thus surrender to Greenland the distinction so long enjoyed by us, as having had the longest pastorate in the state.

I feel also that this paper would not be complete without some mention of the means provided for the erection of our neat and commodious parsonage. This was brought about, primarily, by Miss Lydia Rollins, a descendant of one of the early families to settle here. In her will, probated in 1884, some after her demise, was a bequest to the Congregational Society of five hundred dollars, to be applied to the building of a parsonage, provided an equal sum should be subscribed and expended for that purpose within five years after her decease. In 1886 the Congregational Society took hold of the matter and six of the

members subscribed one hundred dollars each, and other contributions were secured, making a sum of about eighteen hundred dollars. Land was procured and a commodious set of buildings erected, opposite the meeting house. They who subscribed most liberally were James Hoyt, Thomas G. Furber, Elias Frink, Darius Frink, John A. Pickering and James A. Pickering—one hundred dollars each. Other contributors of the same amount were Mrs. Hannah P. Newton, Francis E. Langdon, M. D., and the Church Aid Society of Newington; other smaller contributions swelled the amount to the total already mentioned. In 1913 running water was installed, the expense of the same being borne by Mrs. Amanda Pickering. In addition to the bequest of five hundred dollars for the parsonage, Miss Lydia Rollins also gave the sum of one thousand dollars, and her sister Martha the same amount, to constitute a fund, the income to be applied to the support of preaching in this church. We also have a fund of five hundred dollars, additional, for the same purpose, bequeathed by Mrs. Sarah A. Langdon, a native of this town. These funds bring us one hundred dollars annually. The remainder of our minister's salary is secured by voluntary contributions. The heaviest contributor at present is Hon. Woodbury Langdon, whose heart and purse are ever ready to respond to our needs. We also had another friend in the late Edwin Hawkrige, deceased a year ago, since which time Mrs. Hawkrige has continued to remember us.

Another and very important factor in solving the problem of obtaining a sufficient amount for the minister's salary has been and is the Reaper's Circle, composed wholly of ladies of

the parish, who have, for the past thirty years raised by various means about three thousand dollars which they have expended one way and another in furnishing the church and parsonage, besides helping toward paying our minister's salary, contributing the sum of fifty dollars annually.

And now as I close this narrative we find ourselves at the threshold of another century, a body of thirty-six members, seven of whom reside beyond the limits of our township, having but twenty-nine resident members to carry on the various activities of the church, raising by divers means six hundred dollars for the minister's salary. The conditions that exist here today relating to our temporal welfare are far superior to those of earlier times. Abundance and comfort abound in our homes; our blessings are far beyond compute, yet spiritually we are lacking and destitute, and the question arises—Does the present generation appreciate and cherish this blessed heritage passed down to us from the fathers of two centuries ago?—this beacon light that has stood unmoved, though often assailed, the emblem of God's imperishable Kingdom? For an answer I look around me and find that many of the fathers of the present day are seldom seen within these walls; the young men and boys spend their Sabbaths in desecration of the day by hunting, cycling, boating and other forms of amusement; only about one tenth of the inhabitants attend divine worship and many contribute nothing towards its support. This is indeed a sorry picture and it leads one to believe and to expect that, unless God in some mysterious way shall open the eyes of his perverse and wayward children, then this old church will languish and its history will cease.



THE METTLE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE*

By Fred Lewis Pattee

A beautiful thought it was, a poet's thought, a patriot's thought, an inspiration, that, forty-two years ago, impelled General John A. Logan to proclaim that the whole nation shall cease for one day its labors and dwell in the memory of the past; that it shall strew with the choicest flowers of the spring the graves of the gallant defenders of the republic. And for forty-two years without a break the order has been obeyed. Beautiful, I say, beyond the power of words to express, pathetic, inspiring. If there lives an American who could look without a swelling in his throat upon this little band of old men who today have marched to the graves of their comrades, followed by the children whose tiny hands were full of apple blossoms, that man—let him not call himself by the sacred name American. Glorious the nation that cultivates its heroic past, that lets not die the traditions of its early years, that forgets not those who toiled and who fought for her, those who gave their lives to preserve her unity and her sacred honor.

There has been small need in the years that are past to instruct New Hampshire men as to the meaning of patriotism, or to harangue them as to their duty in times of national crisis. If there is a territory anywhere in this world today that can boast of being free soil, that territory is our own Granite State. It was settled by picked men and women, doubly picked, the best from out the best. No cowards and weaklings dared to venture across that "vast and furious ocean" of colonial days. Only the strongest came, men and women of character and courage, and iron will. And their children, that second generation in America, fought

the wilderness and the winter and the savage, and again it was only the fit who survived the ordeal. This second generation, reared in hardship, made masters of themselves in the iron school of the frontier, pressed northward from the sea coast up into these hill lands, these rocky fastnesses, as rugged and as inhospitable a territory as the hand of man ever subdued. For a generation the valleys rang with the blows of their axes, and their shouts to their toiling cattle. It was a race of giants that cleared these hillsides, that built those thousands of miles of stone fences, that made meadows amid the boulders, and that smoothed down fields that were but heaped-up piles of glacial drift. There were giants in those days, and their sons were giants, mighty in stature and strong in limb. When the New Hampshire regiments were fitted out at the time of the Civil War it was found to be difficult to get uniforms large enough for them. The fathers of the state were toiling men, God-fearing men, and they were terribly in earnest. And the later generations that followed them were men of character. They had fought bare-handed with brute nature and had won; they had had about them the everlasting hills; they had lived under the stars and the free heavens.

They had the still North in their souls
And the hill winds in their breath,
And the granite of New Hampshire
Was made part of them till death.

And will you make slaves of men like these? Can you coerce or compel them? Can you make them compromise when freedom is at stake? Can you make them shrink from duty by the mere telling of danger? "Mountaineers," runs the saying, "are always free," and where were

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there ever mountaineers more free than those who breathed the air of these White Mountain fastnesses?

New Hampshire is one of the few states of the whole world that after nearly three centuries of corporate existence can boast that no foreign soldier ever set foot on her shore save as a guest or as a prisoner of war. New Hampshire is law-abiding: it is one of the two states in the Union in which there never has been a lynching. New Hampshire is free: it was the first colony to expel her royal governor. She has borne arms in ten wars and always with distinction. At Lewisburg in colonial days, William Vaughn, with four hundred New Hampshire men, captured the royal battery and decided the day.

The Revolution, suddenly as it came at last, found New Hampshire ready. By law every male inhabitant from sixteen to sixty had been required to own a musket, bayonet, knapsack, cartridge-box, one pound of powder, twenty bullets, and twelve flints. Every town was required to keep in readiness for use one barrel of powder, two hundred pounds of lead, and three hundred flints. Only four days after the battle of Lexington two thousand New Hampshire men of their own free will reported for duty, declaring, to use their own words, that they would "not return till the work was done." Three weeks later the state raised three regiments and placed them under General Ward. Then came Bunker Hill. Gentlemen of the Grand Army, you will search the standard histories in vain for the whole truth as to this battle. The reports were written by Massachusetts men who would fain turn the glory of that battle to the old Bay State. Little is said about how Sullivan and Langdon took Fort William and Mary, the first British post that was captured during the war, seized its garrison, and carried away one hundred barrels of powder, the powder that made Bunker Hill possible. Senator Lodge in his history of the

battle says: "Stark and his company now arrived on the field." Gentlemen, look at that company. It contained twelve hundred New Hampshire men, more than half of all the forces engaged in the battle. Fiske says that the American loss of life was almost wholly along the rail fence, but he does not add that that rail fence was held by New Hampshire men who did not break when the centre broke, but under the cool leadership of Stark covered the retreat, held the neck of the peninsula till the last Massachusetts man had crossed over, and thus prevented the battle from ending in disaster.

It was Washington himself who declared that the four New Hampshire regiments—six hundred mountaineers—won the battle of Trenton "before the other troops knew anything of the matter." And in the archives of our state are the trophies of Bennington, a battle won almost wholly by New Hampshire men after a march of fifty miles, and it must not be forgotten that it was the battle of Bennington that broke the power of Burgoyne and ultimately won our independence.

And in our Civil War the record is as glorious. In 1860, had New Hampshire wavered one moment, Abraham Lincoln would never have been nominated in the Chicago convention. She gave him the entire ten votes of the state and he was nominated by the bare majority of one and one-half votes. Nobly she supported him in the election which followed, giving him a plurality over Douglas of 11,639 votes. Lincoln never forgot his debt to the state: he spoke of it often. And her faith in him never wavered. When in the black April of 1861 he called for seventy-five thousand volunteers to put down the insurrection in the South, no state surpassed her in alacrity. In fifteen days her first regiment had been enrolled and was in camp, and there had volunteered a thousand men more than were needed. "We are coming, father

Abraham, a hundred thousand strong." Thirty-two thousand New Hampshire men first and last went into the Union armies, New Hampshire's full share.

What impelled these men of New Hampshire to go forth with such alacrity and in such numbers? They were not compelled to go. The old Granite State was hundreds of miles from the scene of action. My adopted state of Pennsylvania was invaded, and regiments were raised with the cry, "Your homes are in danger," but New Hampshire men were six hundred miles from danger of invasion. The South fought with a gallantry unsurpassed in warfare, but the enemy was on their hearth-stones. New Hampshire, on the contrary, was fighting merely for a principle, she sent her sons to battle for an idea, and rather than surrender this idea they would give their lives.

Fellow-citizens, that is character, that is the mettle of these northern hills. Rather than allow one star to be erased from the banner that Washington had made possible, that Jackson had battled for, that Webster had defended, they would lay down their lives. Desperately as the South fought, the North fought better, for they were fighting for the flag of their country and in their hearts they knew they were right. No more tremendously earnest men ever went into battle. They gave themselves utterly. Almost five thousand of them died in the struggle, or one man out of every six, to say nothing of those who came back sick and disabled. New Hampshire men lie in every one of the thirty-eight national cemeteries. Her men were in every battle of the war. Eight of her regiments were at Fredericksburg, three fought in the Wilderness, at Spottsylvania, and Port Hudson, three were at Gettysburg and Antietam and Deep Bottom, seven were at Drury's Bluff, nine were at Cold Harbor, eleven out of the total eighteen were at Petersburg, and, to speak of no other battles, there were

New Hampshire regiments at Bull Run, Malvern Hill, at Fort Fisher, Fair Oaks, Chancellorsville, South Mountain, Vicksburg, and Winchester. The first man to fall in the war was Luther Ladd, a New Hampshire man, yes, a Bristol man, and the first Union regiment to enter Richmond at the close of the long struggle was one of our own, honor to whom honor is due, the Thirtieth New Hampshire volunteers.

I might spend the whole hour telling of the deeds of New Hampshire men on the fields of this war. I might tell of the grape-vine bridge that saved from destruction the army of the Potomac at Fair Oaks and turned defeat into victory, a structure that stood when all other bridges had been swept away by floods, a structure built solely by Colonel Cross of Lancaster and the volunteers of the Fifth New Hampshire. I have no time for the recounting of heroic deeds. I can say this and it gives me pride to be able to say it: No New Hampshire regiment ever faltered a moment when ordered into battle even when, as in the case of the Twelfth at Chancellorsville and Cold Harbor, or the Second at Groveton, or the fighting Fifth at Antietam, advance meant destruction as surely as ever it did to the Light Brigade at Balaklava.

The Fifth New Hampshire lost during the war seventeen and six-tenths per cent. of its original volunteers by wounds in battle alone, to say nothing of those who died of disease; the Twelfth lost fourteen and one-tenth per cent.; the Third lost twelve and eight-tenths per cent. Counting deaths from all causes, the Ninth lost twenty-nine per cent. of its original volunteers, or almost one man in three; the Fifth and the Seventh lost almost the same; and the Twelfth lost twenty-six and three-tenths per cent., or one man out of every four.

But it is needless to eulogize New Hampshire or New Hampshire men. Her record is where the whole world can read it. She may be small and

rough, her soil may be rock-bound, and her winters may be severe, but the state that produced a Stark, a Sullivan, a Langdon, a Hale, and a Webster, needs no eulogist. Her past speaks to the whole world.

Four years ago on a June afternoon I was on the battlefield of Gettysburg. I stood on Round Top. I drove along the positions held by the Union lines—the Wheat Field, Plum Run, the Devil's Den, the Peach Orchard, Cemetery Ridge, Culp's Hill. It thrilled me, but on all that memorable day there were but three times when my heart fluttered fast and the tears came into my eyes. The rest of the field was a moving story, fascinating beyond words, but thrice it became more than a mere battlefield. There were no tears in my eyes as I stood where that gallant charge of the Southern chivalry swept like a thunderbolt into the Union centre, or as I stood where Armistead fell in the very heart of the Union lines, the high-water mark of the Civil War, nor even in that consecrated acre that holds the thousands of the unknown dead. It was not here that the tears filled my eyes till I no longer could see the battleground or the monuments to the dead. It was in the Wheat Field under Round Top in the edge of the oaks where I came upon a piece of New Hampshire granite and upon it the record that on that spot fell Colonel Cross of the Fifth New Hampshire and twenty of his men. That regiment I remembered had gone from home a thousand strong and after the battle it had mustered only eighty effective men. The rest had fallen at Fair Oaks, at Malvern Hill, Antietam, South Mountain, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, or had become incapacitated by disease or wounds. I remembered how that gallant leader had been wounded four times before Gettysburg, once at Fair Oaks where he had cried out to those who had stopped to bear him to the rear: "Never mind me, whip the enemy first and take care of me after-

wards," a speech as worthy of record as even that of Sydney at Zutphen. A New Hampshire man, and here he died. Again in the bloodiest angle of the advance I came upon the New Hampshire granite. It was where the Second Regiment's desperate defence made the Peach Orchard historic. I remembered that, of the three hundred and fifty-four men of this regiment who charged into this orchard, twenty were killed outright, one hundred and thirty-seven were wounded and thirty-six were missing, or every other man. And I remembered, too, that it was this same New Hampshire regiment that at Groveton, entirely unsupported, charged the Confederate position with bayonets, crashing entirely through their two lines in a hand-to-hand struggle that left behind them one third of their whole force in killed and wounded. Again as I followed the Emmetsburg road I came upon the New Hampshire granite. It was on what had been the most bloody angle of the whole field where the Twelfth New Hampshire had stood for two mortal hours on that awful July afternoon. I read the inscription on that monument. It is terse, it is eloquent, even as that on the field of Thermopylae:

July 2, 1863. Engaged, 224; killed, 20; wounded, 73; died of wounds, 6.

Do you realize what that inscription says? Just half of the regiment that went into that fight was killed on the spot or else wounded. Then I read on the back of the monument:

This regiment was raised in four days; served nearly three years in the armies of the Potomac and the James, and lost in killed and wounded over fifty per cent. of those engaged at Chancellorsville and Cold Harbor and of its original number while in the service.

It marched to this field on the night of the first, fought here on the second, and supported the centre against Pickett's charge on the third.

Citizens of Bristol, let me remind you that that regiment was recruited almost entirely within a radius of twenty-five miles from this town hall, that one third of it came from Bristol,

Alexandria, and Hill. To read its history is to realize the mettle of the men of these hillsides and valleys. Do you know that at Chancellorsville this regiment almost unsupported held the Confederate centre until a southern captive afterwards said that if they had moved up a gunshot they could have fought behind a rampart of rebel dead? Do you know that at Cold Harbor they charged a battery and fell so thickly that several of the regiment lay down thinking that since all about them had fallen to the ground the order to lie down had been given and they had not heard it? And do you know that the battleflag of that regiment as it rests today a priceless relic in the archives of our state is not all there? Ask any survivor of that regiment where the rest of that flag is and he will rise to his feet to tell you that Sergeant Howe of Holderness, who bore it at Gettysburg, fell dead in the charge, but his fingers were clutched so fiercely upon the flag that he was bearing that Corporal Davis who tried to take it from his hands could not loosen their hold, and in the haste of the battle could secure it only by leaving a piece a foot square in that dead grip. That is the mettle of New Hampshire men.

I have spoken of only three regiments, but the same tale could be told of every organization that went from our state. I could spend the day with incidents of heroic patriotism. I could tell of the Sixth at Bull Run, of the Eighth at Port Hudson when out of one company only four came back unhurt, of the Thirteenth at Fredericksburg, of the Sixth and Ninth in the Wilderness and Spottsylvania, but to tell it all would be to create another history of the war.

But to come nearer home: This town of Bristol has its record, and it is one that matches well the proud record of the state of which it is a part. Let me quote from Musgrove's History of Bristol. After giving a list of the soldiers from New Chester who served in the Colonial army during

the Revolution, it says: "The above list contained thirty-four names, which lacked but three of being just equal to the total number of enrolled men in New Chester in 1775, including those in the army." In other words the town furnished as many men for the Revolutionary war as there were men in the town, lacking only three. Truly, as the history says, it is enough "to make all succeeding generations proud of the record of the yeomen of the town."

For the Civil War Bristol furnished one hundred and twenty different men, a number which was more than half of those who voted in the election of 1861. Of these "twelve died of disease, twelve were killed in action or died of wounds, twenty-two were wounded, ten of them twice and one of them three times." The town furnished forty men for the Twelfth Regiment and Alexandria some thirty-five, nearly all of whom were enlisted in one day by Captain Blake Fowler, the father of Dr. H. B. Fowler, a father and son whom any town or any state would be proud to enscribe on her roll of honor. Furthermore, Bristol raised upwards of \$35,000 for the prosecution of the war, a sum which averaged between five and six dollars for every man, woman and child of her population.

But the price which Bristol paid, and indeed which the whole North paid, can never be estimated in amounts of money or in numbers of men. Not half of the suffering and the sacrifices of those dark days can ever be told. Not all the graves of those who died on account of the war were decorated today. Of many of those who suffered the most keenly the world will never hear. What pen can tell of the old mothers and fathers whose sons were at the front? Of the wives and the children and the sweethearts in these little New Hampshire villages as the days and weeks dragged on with no news? The soldier had the excitement and the comradeship of the camp, and even in the battle he was

carried along by the rush of events, by the thrill of the moment, by the *esprit de corps* that made him for a time forget the awful danger, and rush on in reckless excitement. And at the front he always knew the latest news of the regiment; he knew the worst at once and the best, but the mothers at home—there should be a wreath today on the grave of every mother who gave a son to this war. They are all gone now, those mothers of the war. The strife that united our nation added to their gray hairs and shortened their days. All honor to the mothers of New Hampshire men who could offer even their sons on the altar of freedom that their country might not perish!

But there is little need of my reviewing the war for you old soldiers of the Grand Army of the Republic. You know it all better than I can ever know it, though I might give my life to the task. I was born in the battle year of 1863, and all that I know of the great struggle has come from books and from the narratives of veterans, but there are those still living and present today who fought at Chancellorsville, at Fredericksburg, at Gettysburg, at Cold Harbor and Petersburg, and a score of other battles besides, and they need no words from me to tell them of the mettle of New Hampshire men, or of the deeds that helped to add to the glories of the old state we all love. Nonetheless it has seemed wise to me to dwell upon these things for the sake of those who, like me, know only of the traditions of the struggle. The greater part of this audience was born since the war. It will be half a century next April since the firing upon Fort Sumter. The man of sixty today in this audience was only nine years old on that historic day. To the children in our public schools the war seems as unreal and as far away as did the Revolution to you veterans in your own school days. The awful cost of the war, its suffering, its sacrifices, are fading from the realization

of our people. It comes no longer with a grip at the heart, and it is but natural. You of 1861 thought little of the War of 1812, a struggle that has been called our real war of independence, a war fiercely fought and proudly won, yet that war was as near to you when you enlisted as the Civil War is to our school children today.

As the old soldiers drop out one by one, as the years roll by with their new problems, we are in danger of forgetting what the war cost and what it meant. Memorial Day, after all, is more for the living than for the dead. It is for the impressing upon the rising generation of the lessons of the past; it is for a reviewing of the glorious deeds of the fathers on the fields of battle, not that war may be exalted or encouraged, but to instill deeply the lessons of loyalty to the flag and to the nation, of courage and fidelity to duty, of hatred of oppression, and of a love for freedom in this glorious land of the free. And it is only as we are true to our past, it is only as our boys and girls have instilled deeply in their hearts these vital principles, that our nation can exist.

The smoke has cleared with the years. The hatreds and the prejudice have died away. The marks of war have all been obliterated and a new South has arisen upon the battlefields and along the fiery trails of the armies. The war now is but the evening dream of things afar. What did it accomplish? Was it worth while that forty thousand young Northern men should be offered up on the altar of the Wilderness and Spottsylvania alone. Has it been worth the price of two hundred and fifty thousand human lives, the very heart's blood of the nation, the picked young men just in the blossom of their manhood? Was the truly fabulous sum of money expended in this war too great? Was the price too much?

No. Great as the price was, it was not too much. Today we are only beginning to realize what the war meant. Let us pause for a moment

and consider. In 1860 we had but thirty-one millions of people. The mighty empire across the Mississippi was largely primeval wilderness inhabited by savages and thundered over by countless herds of buffaloes. A railroad across the continent was undreamed of; news from England took two weeks to come; a journey to the Pacific coast took longer than it does today to circumnavigate the globe. We were a provincial little nation to be compared almost with the United States of Brazil as it exists today. Who could foresee that in scarce fifty years we should make of that mighty buffalo range, that vast American desert, the granary of the world, that we should throw railroad after railroad across the continent, that we should string its vast sweep with nerves that would bring all of its ends together in a moment, that we should bring Europe within four days' journey and be able to communicate with her as we do our next door neighbor at home? Who could foresee then that we were to increase from thirty to ninety millions with the prospect of two hundred millions within the next century, that we should become a world power, and that the sun would never set upon the territory over which waves the stars and stripes? But all this has come true and within the lifetime of you veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic. The thunder of Dewey's guns at Manila and of Schley's at Santiago echoed around the globe and it taught the nations that a new star had arisen, that the scepter of world power was no longer in the East.

"Westward the path of empire takes its way."

England, for centuries the mistress of the Atlantic, is not the mistress of the Pacific. Europe is awake. Our great armada that circled lately the globe changed the thinking of the Eastern world. Their day is past. The early history of the world, the first act in the mighty drama, centered about the Mediterranean, the second act centered about the

Atlantic, the third act will center about the Pacific, and the United States, with the Panama canal, the whole northwestern coast, the Hawaiian Islands, and the Philippines, holds in its hands the future of that ocean. The third act in the mighty drama is to be ours.

Now imagine, if you can, America with all this mighty future before her divided into two discordant parts. Think of the jealousies and the feuds between these two nations one of which had come into being in defiance of the other. Let us think of our Constitution as successfully defied and triumphed over, of disunion as an established precedent, of state sovereignty as an undisputed fact, of slavery as an institution which had been buttressed by a successful war. Is your imagination equal to it? Mine is not. And yet all this would have come had these soldiers not gone forth in their strength and poured out their last full measure of devotion.

In the rush and confusion of the war it all seemed like chaos. For a time it seemed as if anarchy reigned and as if the demons of hell had been let loose to work their will upon earth, but now all is in different light. The plans of Almighty God work themselves out often with slowness, but they work always to an end that at length is seen to have been inevitable. Lincoln saw it. His words in 1864 have become a part of our history:

The Almighty has his own purposes. . . . Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away, yet if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled up by the bondsmen's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn by the lash shall be paid by another drawn by the sword, as it was said three thousand years ago so still it must be said, "the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

It is clear now. To us of the twentieth century human slavery seems to belong to the far dark ages of mankind, to barbarism and savagery. It is inconceivable to us that it existed on the free soil of America not fifty

years ago. Had the war done nothing but this, these dead whose graves we decorate today would not have died in vain. It made the land of the free for the first time in its history, really and truly the land of the free.

Then, too, the war taught us that the yeomen of America are her standing army. She needs no great military system, no barracks in every town, no law that compels every young man to spend some of his best years as a conscript. Our war taught us that the volunteer soldier of America is the best fighting man that the world has ever seen, and that he can be depended upon in the crisis. The New Hampshire regiments, man for man, were remarkable bodies. Intelligent, alert, educated in the red school-houses of the hills, clear-brained and self-dependent. Strong of body, ambitious, trained to work, and free as the hill winds are free, they formed a fighting body that was remarkable. Until the substitutes began to come, the regiments were great families and no stringent laws were necessary. They had volunteered for business. Like the men of the Revolution, they had gone to stay until the work was done.

There were no peasants in those regiments. Several months ago I stood in a German barracks yard and watched the arrival of the new recruits: the peasant lads of eighteen ready for their two years of service in the army. A pathetic sight it was. The most of them were mere clods like that awful figure in Millet's "The Man with the Hoe." Thank God America has no war machine made up of material like this. The great conflict taught us that if war shall ever come to us again—and God grant it shall not—the free sons of America will rise again of their own accord and they will be invincible.

All honor to the volunteer soldier. It was he and not the officers who won the war. All honor to the little band of veterans who still survive. Four fifths of all that magnificent body of men that formed the army of the

North is sleeping now the sleep that knows no waking. And the most of those who remain have reached the Scriptural limit of threescore years and ten. A few more May days like this and we shall miss all of them; 32,831 died last year.

Fellow-citizens, the most valuable thing our nation has today is that little body of old men. While they live our country is secure. Their presence is an inspiration. Every veteran here should be on this platform in the place of honor where all may see. Their mere presence is worth a thousand-fold more than any paltry words of mine. Cherish them; make their old age joyous; nothing is too good for them. And here in their presence let us all resolve that, so far as it lies in our power, those things that they fought for shall not perish from our nation. Let us resolve that the traditions of the glorious past shall not die with them. Let us pledge ourselves that Memorial Day shall still go on after those who fought in the great war have all been gathered into the greater bivouac beyond this life. We need the lessons of those stirring days; we need the stimulus of their patriotism and their sacrifice.

Men of Bristol, keep the town's name true to its glorious past; keep your state's name abreast of its glorious traditions. There are no wars now to fight with rebellious states or with foreign foes, and we thank God there are not. May honorable peace forever sit on the banners of our nation, but, if war must sometime come, so live that Bristol men may be found again ready and efficient. Make the old town stand for law and order, for sobriety, for patriotism, for progressiveness, for righteousness. See to it that the sons and the daughters are reared so as to be worthy of their state. The call today is for men, and New Hampshire must not fail in her chief crop, and she will not fail if we are true to the traditions of this day. While America holds as her heroes

Washington and Lincoln she can never be craven; while New Hampshire remembers her Stark, her Langdon, her Cross, she can never sink into degradation; while Bristol keeps green the graves of her heroes of the great war and teaches her children the great lessons that the armies of that war have left as a priceless heritage, she can never be ignored and never be despised.

The world is rising ever to higher altitudes. Let us keep its tune in our hearts; let us keep step with the highest and the best. In the words

of the immortal Garfield, "It remains for us, consecrated by that great war and under a covenant with God to keep that faith, to go forward in the great work until it shall be completed." Following the lead of that firm sweet soul who stood at the nation's helm in all the storm, and obeying the high behests of God, let us remember that

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall
never call retreat,
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his
mercy seat,
Oh be swift my soul to answer him, be jubila-
lant my feet,
Our God is marching on.

TWO SONNETS

(IN MEMORY OF C. E. H.)

By James Riley

APPROBATION

He climbed steep stairs and knew it not that day,
So great his heart's contending hope and fear;
For he unschooled would critic ask to say
Was his the line of heart to heart sincere?
And would it reach the trodders on the way?
Stepping! Stepping! Stepping! On to his dread Near!
And all this in from winter's cold and gray!
What would be Learning's verdict midst this drear?
A genial late sun meets and leads him now
On to his lasting Light! And O the glow
On Approbation's more than ivied brow
As there the scholar read! Music's on-flow
Continued as Joy's ship with Hope at prow
Now sailed her seas afar where dream-flowers blow.

CHARACTER

A boy he looked to Greylock's tow'ring height,
That massed its cloud or daunted sun or star!
And there saw Truth in ever changing light—
Pointing! Pointing! Forever pointing far!
So 'twas the hill-taught child would later write
The world's great abstract from its books, and dare
Weigh Mind in marveled page!—Its halt or flight!
But more than all this was his round and whole
In grasp and hold of hand on Man's plinth high!
Strong as the hills he left his great far soul
Breathed character! Here coin rang to defy
Taint of man's unevened! And why Worth's roll
Flamed as she wrote his name, and reasons why.

THE LITTLE OLD MAID

By R. M. S.

Nothing but a little old maid,
 Shrivelled and plain, and prim;
 Her form in thread-bare garb arrayed,
 Her vision failing and dim;
 Yet unlovely wives,
 And soiled wives,
 And wives who hated their yoke,
 And foolish men,
 And faithless men
 Of manhood paupered and broke,
 Felt license to leer,
 To grin and to sneer—
 To sneer at the palpable joke.

They saw but scanty locks of gray,
 Though once a fluff of gold-brown hair;
 They saw but quivering lips that pray,
 Their smile a mirthless prayer.

The soul rears its altar, unmeasured, unseen,
 And its flame is fed with hopes once green;
 Youth, strength, and gold-brown hair,
 Love and dreams, are alike laid there,
 Till its blind fire dies, and its ash lies cold,
 And red warm youth is pale and old.

A daughter's debt she owed,
 And a daughter's debt is a long debt,
 As a waiting love is a waning love.
 The debt is paid;
 The burden lifted.
 But the bearer is wasted;
 Feet falter that ran.
 The jibe and the jeer grow dull on the ear,
 And the scorner may hoard his scorn.
 Stainless, uncared
 She walketh alone;
 Forgotten the girlish grace and form.

Nothing but a little old maid,
 Shrivelled and plain, and prim;
 Her form in thread-bare garb arrayed,
 Her vision failing and dim.
 Human flotsam and jetsam, the waste of the wave,
 That breaks on the shore and recedes to its cave.
 Yet no hero stood firmer, no martyr gave more
 Than that little old maid uncomplainingly bore.
 And the path unillumined that duty hath trod,
 Still leads to the smile of an infinite God.

STORY OF AN OLD HOUSE

By Fred Myron Colby

The old house stood at the end of a country road, with a beautiful outlook. On one side were the hills, gracefully wooded, sloping down to the valley, Bald Mountain, at the north, alone towering aloft with its bare sides and summit of granite, a noble point in the landscape. The house stood at the very foot of the mountain, and below extended the valley, bisected by a silvery stream and dotted with white farm-houses. Intermixed with these were green woodlands and cultivated fields—a quiet pastoral scene.

The house was the second oldest framed house built in town. Great-grandfather Durrell had built it before the Revolution. He had carried the boards on his back across lots a mile and a half from the Davis sawmill on Silver Brook. The bricks of the huge chimney were brought from the Evans' brickyard, down in the valley, in the same way. All the work was done by great-grandfather and the neighbors, and I suppose there was not a prouder woman than great-grandmother in the settlement, when she moved into it from the humble log cabin which they had built when they first moved into the wilderness.

All around the house were lilac and rose bushes, which great-grandmother had brought from her girlhood home in Newburyport. They grew and thrived in their transplanted home in New Hampshire, as they never did in their earlier home by the sea, and it was always one of the sights of the town—the quantity of roses and lilacs that bloomed by the old Durrell homestead. Rose Lawn and Lilac Lodge were names given to the old place by later generations, and were well deserved appellations.

In the casing of the front door was a bullet hole, which is plainly visible

today. The old house never stood a siege, but an interesting story is connected with this warlike insignia. The summer the house was built and before it was finished, great-grandfather's folks moved into it from the little log cabin. One September night great-grandfather was late in getting home from the "Corner," where he had been to buy some groceries, and great-grandmother was alone in the house with her firstborn child. The outside door was unhung and the entrance was protected by a heavy quilt hung across the inside. In the evening a bear, prowling about the premises, sought to enter the house. Great-grandmother recognized the enemy and made a vigorous defence. Bruin, despite her protests, insisted upon entering, and great-grandmother resorted to a great iron poker drawn redhot from the coals in the great fireplace. Just at that moment great-grandfather returned, and, seeing the bear trying to force an entrance, discharged his musket. The shot killed the bear, the bullet going through Bruin's head and penetrating the door post—mute memento of an adventure that was the neighborhood's talk for many months thereafter.

On the intervale, at the lower declivity of the farm, there was a famous spring, with some medicinal properties, which was frequently visited by the constantly decreasing band of Indians. Sometimes the red men would remain camped by the spring for a number of days, wandering up to the house occasionally for something to eat. Once great-grandmother was alone when the red men came up to the door. They made so much noise that grandmother, a baby in the cradle, was awakened. But the forest men hushed the child, and gave her of their feather head-

gear and of their red and yellow paint, so that the babe went to sleep again, and the Indians always afterwards called her their little pappoose. You may be sure that great-grandmother gave her visitors all that they desired in the way of food. And so that incident wove itself into the history of the old house.

When the Revolution broke out, great-grandfather and a dozen of his neighbors went to Cambridge, and were among those who made such brave defence with Stark behind the rail fence at Bunker Hill. Later he followed Stark to Bennington, and when he returned he brought with him as a captive guest one of Baum's Hessians—a young blonde Teuton who had been dangerously wounded in that decisive battle. The Hessian remained weeks in the old house watched over and cared for by grandmother (the little pappoose) who was now a young lady of twenty. With good nursing and care, King George's soldier gradually recovered, and to complete the romance he and grandmother married and bought an adjoining farm.

The years roll on and the old house has another story to tell. Grandmother and her Hessian were the parents of six children, the youngest of which was Ermentrude—the darling of them all. One July day all the neighbors, old and young, went up Bald Mountain to pick blueberries. Busily their fingers worked all day filling the pails and baskets with the luscious berries, and an hour before sundown the berry-pickers started homeward. But little Ermentrude could not be found. Where she had wandered they could not tell. Everybody turned out in the search, horns were sounded and dinner bells rung, but no trace was found of the lost child. All night long the search was continued, but just before dawn great-grandmother heard a feeble, piteous voice at the door, and when she opened it there stood the six-year-old child, tired and frightened,

indeed, but without a scratch upon her.

Great-grandmother had placed a lamp in the window of the great kitchen, for she said, perhaps the child may see it and it will be a guide to her feet and a light to her path. And indeed it had. Little Ermentrude had fallen asleep in the long sultry afternoon hours, and late in the night had been awakend by the clamor on the hills. Her eyes had caught the gleam of the lamp in the window and she had followed it all the long way from the hill to find home and shelter at last.

One more story the old house has to tell, although there are many others it might relate if it chose to do so. When the war between the states broke out and President Lincoln had issued the call for seventy-five thousand men, father Durrell was one of the first to enlist. He had just been married, his bride being Ermentrude's daughter. Grandfather and grandmother were still alive and carried on the old farm. The wedding had been on a beautiful May day. The last of June he went with his regiment to Virginia in time to participate in the first battle of Bull Run. His wedding suit packed in an old trunk, just as he left it, is still remaining in the attic of the old house. After the second battle of Bull Run he was reported among the missing, and as no news ever came of him it came to be believed that he was dead. In that time I was born.

Thanksgiving Day in 1862 was a notable event. It was the first Thanksgiving ever appointed by a President, and for the first time some notable successes had attended the Northern arms. So in every Northern household the Thanksgiving table was set with bounteous cheer. But at ours, as at many others, there was a vacant chair, and there was very small taste for feasting. Just as we were about to sit down, a tall thin man, pale and worn, dressed in a suit of Union blue that showed

usage and wear, came to the door. He was invited to enter and partake of our good cheer. But when he stood facing the household there was a loud cry, and mother fell into his arms. It was our soldier who had been mourned as dead.

He had been taken prisoner and had nearly perished in the rebel prison pens, but had been given a discharge and would have to serve no longer. And indeed he never was able to do a day's work afterwards. But that was a merry Thanksgiving,

the merriest we ever had, for the dead had returned to us, the lost had been found.

The old house still stands looking out upon the valley, through its blooming borders of rose and lilac bushes. It still gives shelter to the family whose ancestor built it one hundred and sixty-five years ago. It cherishes its old memories, but it has not forgotten to be hospitable. It loves to dream of the old times, but it has also a greeting and a welcome for all inquiring visitors.

MOUNT VERNON

By Bertha B. P. Greene

Sung in song and told in story, so the world its history knows:
 Standing there in simple grandeur it o'erlooks, in calm repose,
 The Potomac—grand old river—as silently it onward flows.
 I people its halls with grace and beauty—for the feast and for the dance—
 Brilliant hues and fine in texture, patch and powder,
 Standing in the stately parlor, lost in thoughts of a misty past;
 I see the old colonial statesmen, with belle and beau in the vision cast.
 I hear the scrape of a darkey's fiddle, and a call for the old "Virginia Reel";
 Feel the rhythm of the dancers, hear a low laugh's silver peal;
 And the glow of bayberry candles, from their silver stands so tall,
 Their perfumed radiance giving, softly gleam along the wall,
 Where a portrait there is hanging, rich in tone, of colors old;
 'Tis a face both kind and mighty, pictured by the lines so bold,
 And you read the heavy markings that deep thought and care have laid;
 (Borne with the strength of purpose that our Nation's history made).
 A mark, where he crossed the icebound river that cold December night;
 When the whirling snow and the bitter cold shut the land from his weary
 sight.

But my vision clings to the homestead, with its light and merry cheer;
 I do not sense the sadness, the sorrowing heart or tear,
 Or feel the velvet blackness of the tomb by the river near.
 Just the love, and faith of his countrymen, their trust in war or peace;
 Their courage and life, with his heart in the strife; to his glory as years increase.
 First, in the war for his country; in its heart the first he stood,
 And for peace when the need arose, first stood for his country's good.
 His home, his tomb and the river are left from the long ago,
 And his name shall be honored and cherished, as long as the river shall flow.

ONENESS AND OTHERNESS

The Musings of a Quiet Thinker

By Francis H. Goodall

Two of the gravest mental problems, with which thinkers have struggled, are oneness (unity) and otherness (diversity).

The problem is to separate, and, also, to attempt to reconcile, the conflicting views and differences which arise in considering these matters.

Unity leads us directly toward the hard-beaten paths of predestination, foreordination, fate, and to all the perplexing problems involved therewith: that is—everything is all fixed and predetermined from the beginning by universal laws and decrees.

But, diversity (or variety) leads us into every little by-path and way-side station, where we may wander around indefinitely, among illusions and pitfalls, in viewing the numerous changes going on about us—thus verifying that celebrated remark of Edmund Burke, namely—"What shadows we are and what shadows we pursue": or what my wise, ethical friend, Ralph Waldo Emerson, so aptly contends for, viz.: that "We are all poor empirical pretensions."

We should, therefore, try to keep our thinking machines in first class working order, so that we can better reconcile and understand these numerous, conflicting problems and sift out the illusions and deceptive appearances from what is really true, substantial and good.

In this semi-automatic age, the tendency grows much stronger toward dementalization, decadence and degeneration in the mad rush and whirl for "getting rich quick," regardless of everything else, and thus sacrificing

our spiritual, mental, moral and physical growth, vigor, and well-being to Mammon, which is really "Knocking us down and out" with a solar plexus blow, so that we are unfitted for any true enjoyment of life and its blessings.

There are two sides to almost every question; so that, if we wish to arrive at reasonably correct conclusions, we must learn to look at both sides before we act; then, after mature reflection and balancing of the different views, we shall finally arrive at a much more definite conclusion.

The mind naturally runs after and dwells on similarities—but to make it sharper and more discriminating, we should carefully notice "dissimilarities." We shall then form much more correct views and opinions of life and its varied duties.

To solve a problem in mathematics we must understand the relation of figures and take into consideration all the items relating thereto. So it is in solving the problems of life and destiny, we must learn, by careful experience and observation, to understand our limitations; to sift all the facts carefully; to reject that which is illusive and visionary; to hold fast to that which is based on the principles of right and truth, and which tends to promote the welfare and well-being of all men.

He who lives truly will see truly, and all true peace and happiness in this life rests, finally, on the triumph of principles. We may then, indeed, "glory in our tribulations," when, like great, dark shadows, they may happen to fall on our pathway.

TWILIGHT IN THE CITY.

By Lucy H. Heath

Hurry! hurry! crowd and crush.
Everybody's in a rush;
Cars are crowded everywhere,
Underground and in the air,
Surface cars a perfect jam.
Everybody's going home.

Faces tired, faces sad;
Faces anxious, faces glad;
Faces showing use of wine,
Faces pure, with love do shine.
How they mingle in the jam!
Everybody's going home.

TELL ME, DARLING

By L. H. J. Frost

Tell me, darling, do you love me,
Love me as in days of old,
Ere my eyes had lost their luster;
When my locks were tinged with gold?

Then you said my cheeks were roses,
And my lips like buds half blown;
And no wild bird's song was sweeter
Than the music of my own.

Then you said my form was sylph-like,
And my step as light as air,
As I wandered in the low lands
Gathering lilies blooming there.

But alas! Time brought sad changes,
Gold-hued locks now look like snow,
And the cheeks once fresh and blooming
Lost their beauty long ago.

Now my form has lost its lightness,
And my steps have slower grown;
Yet, my eyes, bereft of luster,
Gleam with lovelight all their own.

Tell me, darling, do you love me,
Love me as in days gone by?
Unto me wilt thou prove faithful,
True and faithful till I die?

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

DR. WILLIAM K. FLETCHER

William K. Fletcher, a native of Cornish, son of Quartus and Ann (Kelly) Fletcher, born February 28, 1838, died at Somerville, Mass., January 13, 1916.

Dr. Fletcher was a graduate of Dartmouth College, class of 1860, and Harvard Medical School, 1862. He served as assistant surgeon in the U. S. Army 1862-64, and commenced practice in Somerville in 1865, where he continued. In 1874 he married Annie L. Tufts, daughter of Oliver Tufts, in the house which was the home of General Lee, in the Revolution. She died in 1913. For the last twenty years he had been engaged in the real estate business. He was a member of John Abbott Lodge, A. F. & A. M.

ALPHEUS P. BLAKE

Alpheus Perley Blake, born in Orange, April 12, 1832, died in Hyde Park, Mass., January 13, 1916.

Mr. Blake went to Boston in 1856, where he organized the Boston Land Company, and, later, a land company which developed Hyde Park and founded "Fairmount," a residential section. He was at one time president of the New England Brick Company, and of the firm which constructed the Boston, Revere Beach & Lynn Railroad. He had a winter home in Florida, where he was connected with the company that built the Jacksonville, St. Augustine & Indian River Railroad. The town of Blake, Fla., was named in his honor. He is survived by two married daughters, Mrs. James D. Hope of Hyde Park, with whom he resided, and Mrs. Alfred H. Campbell of Windsor, Conn.

GEORGE CARPENTER

George Carpenter, the "grand old man" of the town of Swanzey, died at the old historic home, "Valley View," at Swanzey Center, December 29, at the age of 87 years.

He was the eldest son and sixth child of Elijah and Fanny (Partridge) Carpenter, born in the old home where he died, September 13, 1828. His first American ancestor, William Carpenter, settled in Weymouth, Mass., in 1638, and his descendant, Rev. Ezra Carpenter, great-grandfather of George, a graduate of Harvard College in the class of 1720, became pastor of the churches in Keene and Swanzey in 1753, and settled here, establishing the Carpenter home.

Mr. Carpenter was educated in the common schools, Mt. Caesar Seminary, Swanzey, and the Ludlow (Vt.) and Saxtons River Academies. He went to Springfield, Mass., in 1850, where he was in business till 1852, when he went to California, where he remained three years, then returning home to

Swanzey, where he had always retained his residence. He was a great reader and a student of political and economic questions; a radical Democrat for years, supporting John C. Breckenridge for President in 1860. Later he was interested in the Greenback party movement, and was the candidate of that party for Governor, as he was subsequently that of the Labor party. In 1892 he was a candidate for presidential elector on the People's party ticket.

Mr. Carpenter married, June, 14, 1864, Lucy J. Whitcomb, daughter of Col. Carter Whitcomb, a leading Democrat and prominent citizen of Swanzey. Mrs. Carpenter, like her husband, was a great student, and together they took an early Chataqua course, graduating in 1883. He was a charter member of Golden Rod Grange, No. 114, of Swanzey, a member of Cheshire County Pomona Grange, and had received the seventh degree of the order. Many years ago he purchased the old Mount Caesar Seminary building and presented it to the town for a library and museum purposes, and he and his wife, who survives, were deeply interested in maintaining the same. The home at "Valley View" was among the most hospitable in the state and a host of friends were there entertained.

AMOS BLANCHARD

Amos Blanchard, one of Concord's best known and most highly esteemed business men, in trade for more than half a century, died at the residence of his son, Dr. Walter I. Blanchard, of Belmont, December 30, 1915.

Mr. Blanchard was born in Methuen, Mass., July 6, 1830, the son of Emery C. and Dorothy (Wheeler) Blanchard. He was educated in the public schools of Lowell, Mass., and at Francestown Academy. In early life he was for a time in the grocery business in Lowell; but in 1855 removed to Concord, where he purchased the Osgood grocery on No. Main St., and continued in trade till 1861; when he became a traveling salesman for a New York firm, continuing till 1870, when he was again in the grocery line in Concord, locating at the West End, where he continued, his son, Mark M., being later associated with him, till his retirement a few years since, on account of advancing years.

Mr. Blanchard, while in Lowell, married Frances A. Morse of Francestown, who died about twenty-five years ago, leaving the two sons, heretofore mentioned, by whom he is survived. Subsequently he married Arlie A. Brown of this city, who died about ten years ago.

Mr. Blanchard was among the most public spirited of Concord's citizens—a friend of

every good cause and an especially ardent champion of the cause of temperance, to which he gave time and money, and earnest effort for years. He was an active member of the Concord Commercial Club and Board of Trade and had attended more meetings of the State Board, than any other member. He was also an interested member of Capital Grange, P. of H. In religion he was a Congregationalist, being connected with the South Church, but was liberal in his views and interested in the welfare of all churches, and all organizations and movements for the betterment of mankind. He was a hater of all sham and hypocrisy, and a genuine lover of the good and the true. His memory will long be cherished by a host of friends.

DR. SAMUEL C. SAWYER

Dr. Samuel C. Sawyer, a prominent dentist of Littleton, died at his home in that town, December 15, 1915.

He was a native of Bethlehem, born August 21, 1845, but his parents soon removed to Whitefield, in the schools of which town, and in the Philadelphia dental college, he received his education. He practiced in Lakeport about four years, removing then to Littleton where he continued, with much success.

Politically he was an active and lifelong Prohibitionist, and was a member of Burns Lodge, A. F. & A. M., and of Mt. Eustis Chapter, O. E. S. He was a Congregationalist and was for some years superintendent of the Sunday School.

He married, May 6, 1868, Eliza Jane Burns of Whitefield, who survives, as does one daughter, Gertrude P., of Boston. A son, Dr. Fred B. Sawyer, died in Franklin, three years ago, at the opening of a promising career.

BENJAMIN F. WEBSTER

Benjamin F. Webster, born in Epsom, September 7, 1824, died in Portsmouth, January 5, 1916.

He was a son of Richard and Mary (Philbrick) Webster, and went to Portsmouth when seventeen years of age, where he learned the carpenter's trade, and was afterward engaged for some years as a ship joiner. Later he engaged extensively in building operations in Portsmouth. At the time of his death he was not only one of the oldest residents, but also one of the largest property owners, in the city.

Mr. Webster was a Republican in politics; had served as ward clerk and assessor of taxes, and was a director in the Portsmouth Trust and Guaranty Company. He was active in Masonry, having been for twenty-five years secretary of St. John's Lodge, and was the oldest member of DeWitt Clinton Commandery, K. T. He married, June 2, 1849, Sarah A. Senter, who died April 23, 1913. Two children, Merrit V., and Stella C., survive.

FRANK B. MILLS

Frank B. Mills, formerly chief of police in Goffstown, and of late an employee in the quartermaster's office in Boston, to which he had been transferred from the Naval Observatory at Washington, died December 31, 1915, at the age of 70 years.

He was a native of Dunbarton, and had spent his life in that town till his removal to Goffstown about twenty years ago. He enlisted, in 1861, in Berdan's Sharpshooters, at the age of sixteen, and was discharged in May, following, for disability, his right hand having been shattered by a bullet. He was a member of St. Mary's Episcopal Church, Dorchester, of Eureka Lodge, A. F. & A. M., of Concord, and a past Noble Grand of Webster Lodge, I. O. O. F. He married Miss Abbie A. Hoit of Dunbarton, who died about a year and a half ago, leaving two sons and a daughter.

DAVID W. CHEEVER, M. D.

Dr. David William Cheever, an old-time Boston physician, died at his home on Boylston St., December 27, 1915, at the age of 84 years.

He was born in Portsmouth, December 30, 1831, son of Dr. Charles A. and Adeline (Haven) Cheever, and a lineal descendant in the seventh generation from Thomas Cheever who came from England in 1637 and was the first master of the Boston Latin School. He graduated from Harvard College in 1852, and from the Medical school in 1858, having meanwhile spent some time in Europe, attending lectures and visiting hospitals. After graduation he commenced practice in Boston. He was made surgeon in the Boston City Hospital when opened, in 1864, and was the last survivor of its original surgical staff. He became Demonstrator of Anatomy in the Harvard Medical School in 1861, and had served there continuously in different capacities, up to the time of his decease, having been Professor Emeritus of Surgery since 1893. He had written much and published many medical and surgical volumes.

Dr. Cheever was president of the American Surgical Association in 1889; of the Massachusetts Medical Society, 1888-90; was an overseer of Harvard College for twelve years and a trustee of Mount Auburn Cemetery for two terms. He was a Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences and Honorary Fellow of the American College of Surgeons; also an Associate Fellow of the College of Physicians of Philadelphia, and a foreign member of the Surgical Society of Paris, France. He belonged to the St. Botolph Club.

He married, in October, 1860, Miss Anna G. Nichols, who survives him, as do several children—Dr. David Cheever, of the Harvard Medical School and of the surgical staff of the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital, now serving

in charge of the second Harvard Unit at a British hospital in France; Mrs. George S. Whiteside of Portland, Ore.; Miss Alice Cheever and Miss Helen Cheever of Boston.

ELIZABETH M. K. REMICH

Elizabeth M. K. Remich, wife of Gen. Daniel C. Remich of Littleton, died, after a long and painful illness, at Pinehurst, N. C., December 17, 1915.

Mrs. Remich was the daughter of the late Benjamin W. Kilburn, of Littleton, the noted manufacturer of stereoscopic views, born September 14, 1854. She had been twice married, her first husband having been William Jackson, Jr., of Littleton, with

whom she was united in November, 1874, and who died December 3, 1884. May 18, 1886, she married Daniel C. Remich, by whom she is survived, their residence having been in Littleton, at her parental home.

Mrs. Remich was endowed with much business ability, as well as a kindly nature and generous disposition; and was widely known and universally esteemed. For many years she had the direction of her father's extensive business; and was ever alert in religious, charitable and philanthropic work, and the various activities of social life. She had a wide circle of friends, to whom the intelligence of her death brought a deep sense of loss and sorrow.

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER'S NOTES

New Hampshire seems to have seen the last of her old-time political nominating conventions, for the present at least, the legislature having done away with conventions for the choice of delegates to the national conventions of the respective parties for the selection of candidates for President and Vice-President of the United States. Such delegates are to be chosen by the voters of the State at primary elections to be held at the time of the annual meeting on the second Tuesday of March, in the various towns, which comes, this year, on March 14. Thus far, the candidates for delegates, whose names have been filed with the Secretary of State, are: James F. Brennan and Albert W. Noone of Peterboro, Henry F. Hollis of Concord, and Gordon Woodbury and Eugene F. Reed of Manchester, for delegates at large; and Robert C. Murchie, delegate from the Second Congressional district, Democrats; and Dwight Hall of Dover, William D. Swart of Nashua, Walter M. Parker of Manchester, and George H. Moses of Concord, for delegates at large, and Perry H. Dow of Manchester and George A. Carpenter of Wolfeboro, delegates for the First District, and Merrill Shurtleff of Lancaster and Philip H. Faulkner of Keene, for the Second District, Republicans. Candidacies for all the alternate delegate positions had been filed by Republicans, up to January 21, but only two Democrats had filed—Samuel T. Ladd of Portsmouth and Charles E. Tilton of Tilton, for alternates at large. The Republican candidacies were all filed in a bunch by the Secretary of the State Committee; the Democratic by the individual aspirants.

The annual meeting of the New Hampshire Board of Trade was held in the General Committee room at the State House, on Tuesday, January 18. The Manchester Publicity Association, with which the Manchester Chamber of Commerce has been merged, was admitted to membership in the organization. The secretary, who has completed ten years of service, presented an extended report. The officers elected for the

ensuing year are: Omar A. Towne, of Franklin, president; Henry H. Metcalf, of Concord, secretary; Ira F. Harris, of Nashua, treasurer, and Lester F. Thurber, of Nashua, auditor, with the presidents of local affiliated boards as vice-presidents. The annual spring meeting is to be held in Newport. The afternoon session was devoted to an illustrated lecture on the milk question, by John C. Orcutt, secretary of the Committee on Agriculture of the Boston Chamber of Commerce, which was open to the public, and proved of great interest.

Isabelle V. Kendig (now Mrs. H. B. Gill), who made an exhaustive study of the situation regarding feeble-mindedness in this state, in 1914, and the result of whose investigations was embodied in the elaborate report presented to the last legislature by the Commission under whose auspices she carried out her work, is now similarly engaged in Massachusetts, for the "League for Preventive Work," a federation of some twenty private charities, with various public and private affiliations, throughout the state. She finds the Massachusetts situation relatively little, if any, better than that in this state, though there seems to be there a much keener realization of the importance of the problem.

In the article on the Baker Memorial M. E. Church, published in the last October number, it was stated that Rev. Foster W. Taylor, the late pastor, retired to become superintendent of the Children's Work at the Morgan Memorial Church in Boston, Mass. It should have been stated that he "Accepted a call to become one of the ministers to the Morgan Memorial Methodist Episcopal Church in Boston, Mass. Mr. Taylor's pastoral duties during the week will be to supervise the Children's and Young People's Work."

Vol. 10, New Series—47 Old Series—of the *GRANITE MONTHLY*, is now bound and may be had by subscribers, in exchange for the year's numbers (1915) for fifty cents.



GORDON WOODBURY

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. XLVIII, No. 2

FEBRUARY, 1916

NEW SERIES, VOL. XI, No. 2

GORDON WOODBURY

A Leading Representative of a Notable New Hampshire Family

Conspicuous among the notable names in New Hampshire family history is that of Woodbury. Representatives of this family served their country gallantly in the Colonial, Revolutionary and Civil wars, while others have won distinction in civil affairs—in public and professional life.

GORDON WOODBURY, of Bedford, who, though not a native, comes of sturdy New Hampshire ancestry, both paternal and maternal, is, perhaps, the most prominent representative of the name in our midst, at the present time, and has spent the best years of his life, thus far, in labor directly promotive of the welfare of the State.

His first American ancestor was John Woodbury who came from Somersetshire, England, in 1624, and was one of the original settlers of Beverly, Mass., but removed to Naumkeag, now Salem, in 1626, where he became a member of the first church. He returned to England in 1627 to secure a patent of land from the crown for the Salem colonists, and came back the following year, the patent having been granted. He was made a freeman in 1635, and was chosen a Deputy to the General Court, and received a grant of 200 acres of land on Bass River the same year. His eldest son, Humphrey, who came to America with him on his return in 1628, located in Beverly, where several generations of descendants were born and resided. One of these, Peter, a great-grandson of Humphrey, removed to Mont Vernon, N. H., then a part of Amherst, about

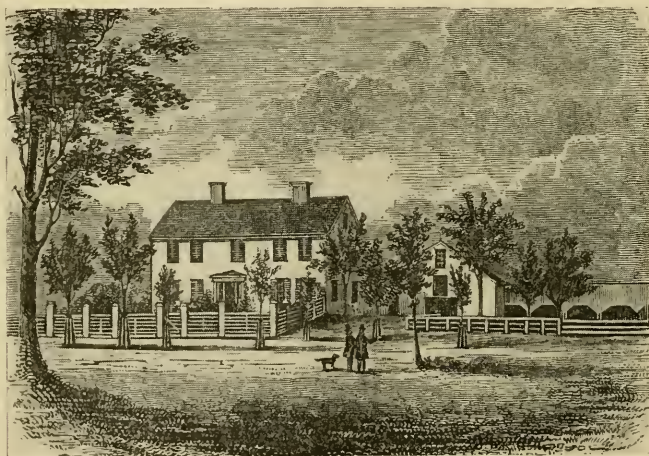
1773, where he resided for many years, removing, in his old age, to Antrim, where his youngest son, Mark, was located. This Peter Woodbury had served in the French and Indian wars, and was a member of Captain Taylor's company, December 8, 1775, to join the Continental Army at Winter Hill. He was the first man in town to sign the famous "Association Test," and served as a member of the town Committee of Safety.

An older son of this Peter, bearing the same name, who removed to New Hampshire with his father, settled in the town of Francestown and engaged in agricultural and mercantile pursuits. He became one of the most prominent citizens of the county, serving fifteen years as a representative in the state legislature and two terms as a Senator, and was a justice of the peace and quorum for forty years. He married Mary, daughter of that James Woodbury who rendered brilliant service in the French war, at Louisburgh, and at Quebec, where he was wounded on the "Plains of Abraham," and reputed to have lain under the same tree with General Wolfe.

Peter and Mary Woodbury had eleven children born in Francestown, six daughters and five sons. The eldest daughter married Dr. Adonijah Howe of Jaffrey. Three others became the wives of eminent lawyers—Nehemiah Eastman of Farmington, Perley Dodge of Amherst and Isaac O. Barnes of Boston, Mass. The eldest son, Levi, became an eminent lawyer and statesman, and was the

most noted man of the name in the country. He was a justice of the Supreme Court of the State at twenty-seven; Governor at thirty-three (the youngest man who ever held the office), and was elected to the United States Senate in 1825, at the age of thirty-six, serving six years. He was then appointed Secretary of the Navy, and subsequently Secretary of the Treasury, continuing in office under two Presidents. In 1841, he was again elected to the Senate, and served with distinction till 1845, when he was made an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United

grandfather of Gordon, the subject of this sketch. He attended the Academies at Atkinson and Frances-town, and studied medicine with Doctor Howe of Jaffrey, and, later, sought the instruction of Dr. Nathan Smith of Hanover, where he attended lectures at the Dartmouth Medical School. Subsequently he took a course at the Yale College Medical School, and, later, another course at Dartmouth, after studying for a time with Dr. Jonathan Gove, of Goffstown, with whom he commenced practice in 1814, but removed the following year to Bedford, where he



Residence of Dr. P. P. Woodbury, Bedford
From Wood Cut in First History of Bedford

States, serving till his death in 1851. He shared with General Pierce the meed of popularity as a leader of the New Hampshire Democracy, and, had he lived, in the belief of many, would have received the nomination for President of the United States accorded the latter in 1852. So able and brilliant was his service to his party and country, while in the Senate, that he was characterized by the great Democratic leader, Thomas H. Benton, as the "Rock of the New England Democracy."

The second son of Peter and Mary—Peter P. Woodbury—born in Frances-town, August 8, 1791, was the

continued till his death, December 5, 1860.

Doctor Woodbury was not only a skilful and successful physician, gaining high rank in his profession; but he was also a man of high character and of wide influence in the community, taking a deep interest in public affairs and commanding the respect of the people in full measure. He was a president of the New Hampshire Medical Society, as well as of the Southern District Society. He was also at one time President of the Hillsborough County Agricultural Society. He was the leader in the movement for the proper celebration

of the Centennial Anniversary of the settlement of the town of Bedford, was chairman of the committee of arrangements providing for the same, and was President of the day on the occasion of the celebration—May 22, 1850. He was also chairman of the town committee, which prepared and published the history of Bedford the following year, in the opening pages of which the proceedings of the celebration were presented.

Doctor Woodbury was thrice married, first to Mary, daughter of William Riddle, January 8, 1818. She died, a few months later, and he next married her sister, Martha, by whom he had six children. She died in 1832, and he subsequently married Eliza Bailey, daughter of Josiah Gordon, who was the mother of four children. The youngest of his second wife's children, Freeman Perkins Woodbury, born December 1, 1831, was the father of Gordon Woodbury. He married, November 11, 1856, Harriet A. McGaw, daughter of John A. and Nancy (Goffe) McGaw, and a granddaughter of Matthew Thornton, signer of the Declaration of Independence, and engaged in mercantile business in the city of New York, where he died, April 18, 1886. They had four children, of whom Gordon was the youngest.

Gordon Woodbury was born September 17, 1863, at 8.30 a.m.—one month, to a minute, after the death of his father's half brother, Gordon Woodbury, Paymaster on the U. S. S. *Catskill*, who was killed in the attack on Fort Wagner, in Charleston Harbor, August 17, 1863, as appeared by his uncle's watch, which was broken and stopped when he fell. He was born in the 9th Ward of New York, generally known as the "American Ward." He attended the public schools of his native city, fitted for college at Phillips Exeter Academy, from which he graduated in 1882, entered Harvard and graduated with the class of 1886; and graduated from Columbia University Law School in

1888. After a year's overwork his health gave way, and, in July, 1889, he was sent to the "old New Hampshire home" in Bedford "to die," as was supposed, of acute miliary tuberculosis. Thanks to a good constitution, a clear conscience buttressed by sound Democratic principles, undaunted courage and determination, and pure New Hampshire air and water, the fears entertained in his case were not realized, and a few years sojourn here restored health and strength and capacity for strenuous and effective labor.

He soon took an interest in political affairs as a member of the historic party with which most men of his family had been prominently identified, and in November, 1890, the next year after coming to Bedford, he ran as the Democratic candidate for representative in the legislature from that town, and was elected by one majority, though the town was normally Republican by from 40 to 60. He served in the legislature of 1891 as a member of the Committee on Revision of the Statutes. There were many strong men in the House that year, including, among Democrats, Harry Bingham of Littleton, Michael M. Stevens of Lisbon, John B. Nash of Conway, E. B. S. Sanborn of Franklin, Charles McDaniel of Springfield, Ira Whiteher of Woodsville, and among Republicans, James F. Briggs of Manchester, Jacob H. Gallinger of Concord (first chosen U. S. Senator at that session), John J. Bell and John D. Lyman of Exeter, C. A. Sulloway of Manchester, and Ezra S. Stearns of Rindge. His initiation into the public and political life of New Hampshire was effected under favorable auspices, and the interest aroused was deep and lasting.

Subsequently he was the candidate of his party for State Senator in old District No. 19, and was defeated by only 28 votes, though the normal Republican majority in the district was about 500. In 1896 he was a member of the New Hampshire dele-



Residence of Gordon Woodbury, Bedford

gation in the Democratic National Convention at Chicago, and in 1902 represented the town of Bedford in the State Constitutional Convention. Here again he was associated in the public service with men of prominence and distinction in both parties, including Attorney General E. G. Eastman, of Exeter; S. W. Emery, A. F. Howard and True L. Norris of Portsmouth; Stephen S. Jewett and Edwin C. Lewis of Laconia; Thomas Cogswell of Gilmanton; Wm. B. Fellows of Tilton; Henry M. Baker of Bow; William E. Chandler, Frank S. Streeter, John M. Mitchell, James O. Lyford, Benjamin A. Kimball and DeWitt C. Howe of Concord; E. B. S. Sanborn, E. G. Leach and Omar A. Towne of Franklin; John B. Smith of Hillsborough; David Cross, James F. Briggs, Nathan P. Hunt, Cyrus H. Little and Edwin F. Jones of Manchester; C. J. Hamblett, Edward E. Parker and Edward H. Wason of Nashua; M. L. Morison of Peterboro; Charles A. Dole of Lebanon; Tyler Westgate of Haverhill; Edgar Aldrich of Littleton; Henry O. Kent and Irving W. Drew of Lancaster, and Jason H. Dudley and Thomas F. Johnson of Colebrook. In this Convention he served as a member of the Committee on Bill of Rights and the Executive Department.

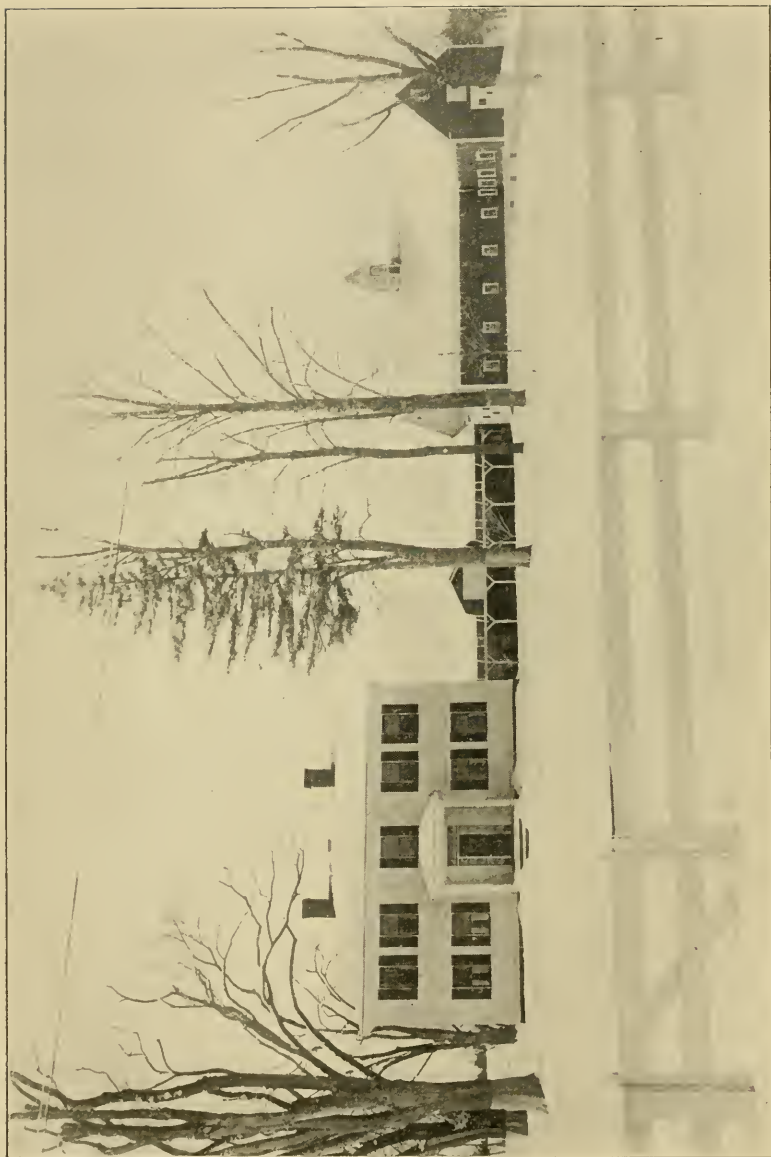
Meanwhile, in 1896, he acquired control of the *Manchester Union*, which had been launched, in November, 1879, upon the then untried waters of morning journalism in New Hampshire, by the late Stilson Hutchins of Washington, and had, later, pursued its uncertain, erratic and variously troubled course, under the management of the redoubtable Dr. Joseph C. Moore.

In becoming principal owner and manager of the *Union* Mr. Woodbury entered upon a task presenting great and unusual difficulties. The *Union* had become almost a New Hampshire institution—it is only Mr. Woodbury's due to say that he made it one—but when he took charge of the

paper it had fallen upon evil days, and had almost gone to wreck and ruin. Its credit—in every sense of the word—had been shaken. It was involved in litigation, which was fated to be protracted. It had suffered the blows to its prestige which inevitably followed the disasters to its old management.

The undertaking to which Mr. Woodbury set himself may fairly be compared with the restoration and strengthening of a house so racked by a tempest as to be in grave danger of falling. Broken walls were to be rebuilt; sagging beams to be replaced by stout timbers; the whole structure was to be set back to plumb, and put firmly on its foundations. And, still carrying out the figure, all this was to be done while the house was still in occupancy and in daily use. It was a man-size job. It was done, and well done, but only at cost of ten years' hard, unrelaxing, consistent work.

A newspaper office is a manufactory, and a business proposition. It manufactures newspapers and it must sell them and its advertising space to live. But to achieve real success it must be something more than a factory and an advertisers' bulletin. It must command public confidence. There must be behind it energy, brains, honesty of purpose, a strong personality. The record shows that in ten years Mr. Woodbury put the *Union* on its feet. He found its affairs in confusion; he left them in order. He strengthened every department. Everybody in New Hampshire might not agree with its policy, this being a region of healthy developed individual opinion, but nobody could charge that the paper stood for ideas and ideals in which it did not believe. Taking New Hampshire as its especial field, it steadily spread the net of its news-gathering service over the state until it had about 200 correspondents, distributed from Stewartstown to Nashua and from the Connecticut to the Piscataqua, with a number of others in



Farm Buildings of Gordon Woodbury, Bedford

Vermont and Maine, in towns whose interests were allied with those of their New Hampshire neighbors. It developed its illustrated service, and printed the work of the cleverest New England cartoonist of his day, the late John E. Coffin, whose pencil enlivened political campaigns as they had not been cheered hereabouts before his day.

Throughout this period the *Union* grew steadily. Each year showed advance in circulation and influence. Good year or bad year, so far as the conditions of the community might be concerned, the *Union* had more readers at the close of a year than it had had a twelvemonth earlier. And throughout this period Mr. Woodbury was the captain of the ship, the man on the bridge, the "old man," the boss. It was his paper, and his personality was impressed upon it. He was a hard worker. He came early to his office; he worked long hours. He kept in touch with the various departments, and, what was as important, perhaps, he did not lose touch with the rest of the world outside the office walls. He kept up his interest in the doings in Washington and London and Berlin, as well as in Manchester and Concord, and Colebrook; and his paper was the better for it.

While it was through his editorship and control of New Hampshire's leading newspaper, for the ten years from the time when it passed into his hands till his sale of the same to Rosecrans W. Pillsbury, that Mr. Woodbury became best known to the people of New Hampshire, it is proper to say that he has most effectively served the State in another and entirely different direction. There has been a great deal of theorizing, for many years past about the possibilities of successful agriculture in this State. Many men have rushed into print or onto the platform to tell New Hampshire farmers what they must or should "do to be saved." Even recently we have seen men engineering

new movements for the "uplift" of New Hampshire agriculture who could scarcely distinguish a sub-soil plow from a potato digger. Mr. Woodbury, however, became practically and extensively interested in agriculture a score of years ago, along dairy lines, with such success, indeed, that he repeatedly carried off the first prize for butter at the Grange State Fair.

The famous McGaw place, two miles down the river from Manchester, on the Bedford side, his mother's old home, and since retained by the family, to which he had come from New York on his quest for health, and where his legal residence has since been, became the nucleus of one of the most extensive agricultural holdings in the State, in his hands, he having acquired several adjacent farms, including two historic homesteads once owned by representatives of the Chandler family in Bedford, upon one of which Zachariah Chandler, the famous Republican leader, of Michigan, was born, and the other the birthplace of the late George B. and Henry Chandler, successful Manchester bankers. Altogether Mr. Woodbury has here 1,300 acres of land, some of which is the best in the Merrimack valley. A single level field opposite his residence, between the highway and the river, contains nearly 100 acres of highly productive land, reputed to be the finest single field in Hillsborough County. Mr. Woodbury's operations here have been mainly confined to stock raising and dairying. He cuts about 250 tons of hay annually, and keeps a large stock of cattle and half a dozen fine horses. His present stock is mostly Holstein, milk production being now his main line, though he has at times had some first class Guernseys and Ayrshires. A considerable portion of his land, it should be said, is now in young pine growth, much of it having been planted by himself.

Mr. Woodbury's strong interest in, and his practical contribution to,

the cause of agricultural progress in the State, has been duly recognized in his selection as the Hillsborough County member of the Advisory Council of the New Hampshire Department of Agriculture, as organized under the act of the last legislature.

When, in May, 1900, the town of Bedford celebrated its One Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary, Gordon Woodbury held the same position in reference to the enterprise, as did his grandfather, Dr. Peter P. Woodbury, to the celebration fifty years previous, being prominent in perfecting the arrangements and serving as president of the day on the occasion of the celebration (May 23) and also as a member of the committee to prepare the new town history, issued in 1903, which was indeed edited by himself and largely the work of his hand.

He married, April 18, 1894, Charlotte E., daughter of George E. Woodbury, of Methuen, Mass. They have three surviving children—a daughter, Eliza Gordon, now in Bryn Mawr College, and two sons, Peter who is

to enter Phillips Academy, Exeter, the coming autumn, and George, to follow as soon as practicable. Both he and his wife are members of the Presbyterian Church of Bedford. He is also a member of the Masonic fraternity and of the Derryfield Club of Manchester.

Mr. Woodbury is a man of commanding presence and dignified manner. Although not what is generally known as a "mixer," he has an engaging personality and wins and holds the friendship and esteem of all those with whom he comes into close relationship. His character is unimpeachable, his word invariably to be relied upon, and his ability of the high order naturally regarded as characteristic of the name he bears. He is a forceful speaker as well as a vigorous writer, and not a few New Hampshire Democrats are hoping to see him actively prominent in party leadership in the State in the not distant future, in which capacity it is believed he can render efficient service.

TO MOUNT WASHINGTON

By David E. Adams

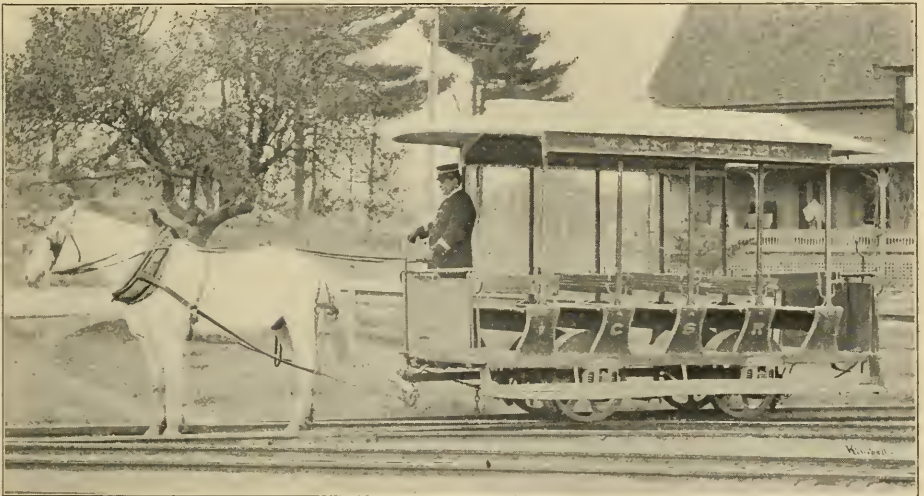
Mount Washington! Thy hoary head
 Hath seen the passing of untold generations
 Marching down the endless files of time!
 In rugged peace thy massive head reclining
 Hath watched the slow succession of the onward years—
 'Mid storm and sunshine, 'mid the gale's wild fury,
 Through the drifting snows and icy blasts of winters, end on end,
 Thou hast beheld the little race of men pass on,
 And of thy massive strength thou giv'st to each as evêr
 That boon for which he seeks thy lofty fastness:
 To youth—the joy of contest, and the meed of valor won—
 To age, surcease from toil, and rest for wearied heart and brain—
 To sorrow—consolation in the kinship of thy mighty and enduring rocks—
 To joy—the fuller joy of racing breezes and of distant scenes.
 To *all* thy sons the mighty inspiration of thy noble self,
 The glory of thy flaming dawns and glowing sunsets—
 The mystery of thy flowing veils of cloud—
 The knowledge that thou art, and ever shalt be standing
 As long as earth endures, eternal—the pledge and handiwork of God.

THE CONCORD STREET RAILWAY AND ITS BUILDER

Much interest was evinced by passing travelers along the sidewalk west of North Main Street in Concord, by the display for several days, recently, in the show case of the Kimball Art Studio, of two striking photographs—one representing one of the first street cars used in this city, and the other the man to whose enterprise and energy the city of Concord owes the existence of its present convenient and efficient street railway system.

of our people are unable to recall any such sight. For their benefit, therefore, as well as for the interest of all, the GRANITE MONTHLY deems it worth while to reproduce, at this time, the pictures alluded to, and to make brief reference to the initiation and development of the street railway enterprise, and to the big-hearted, courageous and enterprising citizen, long since departed, to whom the same was due.

The legislature of New Hampshire,



First Open Car on Concord Street Railway

To the older inhabitants it seems but a short time since the Concord street railway, a pioneer enterprise in the State in this line, was first put in operation, and many on seeing these pictures, vividly recalled the days when cars, each drawn by a single horse, at a slow-going pace, passed up and down the street, for the convenience of those who wished to pass from point to point along the line, more easily if not much more rapidly than they could do on foot. And yet a generation has passed since that time, and the greater part

on June 26, 1878, granted a charter of incorporation for the Concord Street Railway, but it was not until July 12, 1880, that the organization of the corporation, under the charter, was effected. The first board of directors included Daniel Holden, John H. George, Moses Humphrey, Lewis Downing, Jr., Samuel C. Eastman and Josiah B. Sanborn, of whom, it may be noted, Mr. Eastman is now the sole survivor.

Moses Humphrey, then seventy-four years of age, who had been the prime mover in the enterprise, was

president, and was made building agent to construct and equip the road, and was subsequently chosen superintendent. The line, as originally laid out, ran from the Abbot & Downing shops at the South End, to West Concord, a distance of four miles. The line was completed in April 1881, the first car to run going from the Abbot & Downing shops (where it was built) to what is now called Foster-ville, April 21, and cars running through to West Concord on the 25th. June 1, 1884, the line was extended to Penacook, and on July 4, 1893, to Contoocook River Park. Meanwhile a branch line had been built down South Street, and an extension made to the Fair Grounds, on Clinton Street, opened August 20, 1901 (Old Home Day) the same having been discontinued some years since when the Fair Ground enterprise was abandoned. The "West End" extension was opened October 15, 1891, and the South Street line extended down Broadway, July 4, 1891. Six years ago the Center and Franklin Street line was opened, completing the present comprehensive and convenient street railway system of the city, which, after various changes and reorganizations, had passed into the control and management of the Boston & Maine Railroad with whose line from Concord to Manchester, opened August 11, 1902, it had been connected.

It is proper to note, as showing the difficulty which besets the path of progress in every line, that not only was the building of the main line in the first instance violently opposed by a large class of people, but every extension made, and every change for the better—from horse power to steam and steam to electricity—was effected against the bitter opposition of many citizens, who saw only prospective danger and loss in the proposition.

Of Hon. Moses Humphrey, the original projector, builder and operator of the railway, whose notable

career was fully sketched in the *GRANITE MONTHLY* for October 1901, a few words should be added here for the benefit of those who do not recall the days of his activity and prominence.

Mr. Humphrey was born in Hingham, Mass., October 20, 1807, the son of Moses Leavitt and Sarah (Lincoln) Humphrey. His educational advantages were slight, including a few short terms of district school before he was fourteen years of age, and one or two terms of select school where he studied navigation and engineering, preparatory to "going to sea," which he did at an early age, and became master of a fishing schooner at nineteen. He followed this line till twenty-five, when he quit, and engaged in the coasting trade, cooperage and the grocery business in company with his brothers.

In 1841 he originated the idea of manufacturing mackerel kits by machinery, and two years later removed to the town of Croydon in this state, where, at the village known as Croydon Flat, he established a manufactory for the production of the same, which he operated till 1851, when he removed the business to West Concord, meanwhile having taken a deep interest in public affairs and the welfare of the town. He carried on the business at West Concord a number of years, and also engaged in agriculture, in which he was always strongly interested.

He was a member of the first Common Council elected under the Concord City Charter, in 1853, was re-elected and served as President of the Council the following year; was an Alderman and acting Mayor in 1855; Alderman again in 1856, and representative in the legislature in 1857 and 1858.

In 1861 he was chosen Mayor of Concord and served till March 1863, during which time the Civil War opened, and the affairs of government were complicated and burdensome, but were most faithfully and effi-

ciently administered. At this time the Mayor had charge of both the Street Department, and the work since in the hands of the Overseer of the Poor, in addition to the ordinary and extraordinary duties of

beginning of the war. In 1869 and 1870 he was a member of the Executive Council of the State, and in 1875 was again a representative in the legislature, being elected from Ward Five, to which he had removed



HON. MOSES HUMPHREY
Builder of Concord Street Railway

the office. During this time, too, the Fire Department was reorganized and improved, and the use of the steam fire engine introduced.

He served as Mayor again, in 1865, being at the helm on the return of the soldiers from the front, as he had been on their departure at the

shortly after his first election as Mayor. He served as superintendent of the Concord Street Railway ten years, till 1891, and as president and director a year longer.

In 1870 he was elected President of the N. H. Board of Agriculture, just then established, and which he

had been actively instrumental in providing for. This office he held continuously for twenty-seven years, until ninety years of age, never relaxing his interest in its work, to which he gave time, thought and energy. He was also instrumental in the organization of the Merrimack County Agricultural Society, in 1861, and was its first vice-president and second president, holding the office for seven years. In the New Hampshire and New England Agricultural Societies he was also long a leading spirit. When eighty years of age,

through his strong interest in agriculture, he became a member of Capital Grange, of Concord, and continued his membership till his death, August 20, 1901, at the great age of ninety-four years.

On the ninetieth anniversary of his birth, October 20, 1901, the people of Concord and of the State, tendered a public reception, at the State House, to this "grand old man" and public-spirited citizen, who had done more for the material development and prosperity of the State than any other man in its borders.

BRIGHT STAR

By H. Thompson Rich

Bright star, bright star,
Afar—afar!
Gleaming through a desert space,—
In thy gleaming
(Am I dreaming?)
Is the seeming
Of a face.

Bright star, bright star,
'Tis God you are!
Watching while the world goes on
Fighting, hating,
Loving, mating—
Unabating
Since its dawn.

Bright star, bright star,
O tell me, Star!
Must we then go on forever,
Never knowing
Whence our blowing,
Where our going?
Never? NEVER?

Bright star, bright star,
Alas so far!
Shine the brighter on us then,
If we must go
Darkly below.
We are, you know,
Only men.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF GENERAL JOHN SULLIVAN

By Rev. Everett S. Stackpole

For a long time there has been considerable controversy as to where John Sullivan was born, general in the Revolution and governor of New Hampshire. Nothing definite has been published concerning the life of his father in New England. The traditions are conflicting, and insufficient effort has been made to search public records for facts. Some of the traditions are manifestly inventions of a romancing imagination. One account has it, that he landed at Belfast, Maine, and worked in a sawmill; another, that he landed at York in 1723, driven there by stress of weather, although the desired harbor was Newburyport. His wife, Margery Browne, is said in one account to have come over later than he; another account says that she came over, a girl nine years of age, on the same ship as he. One writer says that he paid her passage money at Portsmouth, or the equivalent in shingles which he made and carried down the Piscataqua river by boat. We are told that he worked, immediately after his arrival, on the McIntire farm, in the Scotland parish of York, and that he sought the aid of the Rev. Dr. Moody* in a letter written in five—some say seven—languages. Some have asserted that he taught school in Dover, New Hampshire, in 1723, immediately after the earliest date set for his arrival.

The last statement is based upon something found in the town records of Dover, dated May 1723:

"Ordered that 2 Schoolmasters be procured for the Towne of Dover for the year Ensuing and that ther Sellery Exceed not £30 Payment

a Peace and to attend the Directions of the Selectmen for the Servis of the Towne in Equill Proportion.

"At the same time Mr. Sullefund Excepts to Sarve the Towne aboves^d as Scoole master three months Sertin and begin his Servis ye 24th day of May 1723, and also ye S^d Sullefund Promised the selectmen if he left them Sooner he would give them a month notis to Provide themselves with a nother, and the Select men also was to give him a month notis if they Disliked him."

The conclusion was too easily reached that the schoolmaster here named was John Sullivan. One may find, however, in the published Province Papers of New Hampshire (IV, 83) the following: "Humphrey Sullivan Preferred a Petition to the board Praying for £50 to be paid him by the Town of Dover for his service there as schoolmaster," and the House of Representatives ordered that the selectmen of Dover be served with a copy of the petition. This was on the 19th of February, 1722-3. It is evident that Humphrey, not John, Sullivan was the schoolmaster at Dover. He taught in Hampton from 1714 to 1718 (Dow's History of Hampton, Vol. I, p. 476), and witnessed the will of William Fifield of that place, February 18, 1714-5 (N. H. Probate Records, I, 754). He witnessed a deed from Dr. Jonathan Crosby of Oyster River to the Rev. Hugh Adams of the same place, April 12, 1720 (N. H. Prov. Deeds, XI. 402), and another deed at Oyster River, August 31, 1725 (N. H. Prov. Deeds, XLII. 387).

Court records show that Humphrey Sullivan taught school at Oyster River from May 20, 1723 to April 19, 1726,

*The Rev. Samuel Moody was pastor of the First Church of Christ, York, not of Scotland parish, in the northwesterly part of York, and he was not a Doctor of Divinity. Rev. Joseph Moody, his son, became the first pastor of Scotland parish in 1732.

in seven different houses; that for the first year he was paid according to agreement; and that he continued to teach without being duly authorized and sued for wages. A little later he brought action in court against the constable, Joseph Jenkins, for assault in the street of Portsmouth, in which the schoolmaster was kicked and insulted. A recital of the incident is spread out in the beautiful penmanship of Humphrey Sullivan, to which he signs his name in large and copy-worthy letters.—N. H. Court Files, No. 20101.

It is said that in the old age of schoolmaster John Sullivan, when he and his wife were calling at a neighbor's, they got to talking about his younger days, and he told the following story, which was recorded by the person who heard it:

"I sailed from Limerick, Ireland, for New England in 1723; owing to stress of weather the vessel was obliged to land at York, Maine. On the voyage my attention was called to a pretty girl of nine or ten years, Margery Browne, who afterwards became my wife. As my mother had absolutely refused to furnish me the means for paying transportation, and I had no means otherwise, I was obliged to enter into an agreement with the captain to earn the money for my passage.

"After I landed at York, for awhile I lived on the McIntire farm in Scotland parish. Unaccustomed to farm labor, and growing weary of manual occupation, I applied to Rev. Dr. Moody, pastor of the parish, for assistance. I made my application in a letter written in seven languages, so that he might see that I was a scholar. He became interested in my behalf, and being conversant with my ability to teach he loaned me the money with which to pay the captain the amount I owed for my passage. Thus set free from the McIntires, I was assisted to open a school and earn money to pay Dr. Moody."

This story, told by Mr. John Scales of Dover, is published in the *Proceedings of the New Hampshire Historical Society*, IV, 194. Its source is not

declared. We know not who wrote down the account, nor when it was written. Some unknown neighbor probably told this story many years after the alleged event. It is neighborly gossip filtered through many years, or unsupported tradition, and there is direct evidence to the contrary, as we shall see.

It seems incredible that a girl nine years of age came from Ireland to Maine unattended and with no money to pay her passage. What was she doing while John Sullivan was making shingles to redeem her? Where was she from 1723 to 1735, the asserted time of her marriage? How happens it that John Sullivan, said to have been of a well-to-do family in Ireland, had to depend upon an unwilling mother for money to pay his passage? He was thirty-two years old in 1723 and must have had opportunities to gather some money of his own. What were the seven languages that he knew well enough to compose a letter in them? That is what few eminent scholars can do. He knew English well enough to misspell many words. He seems to have known Latin better, and we may well suppose that he was acquainted with Irish. Some have conjectured that he lived in France as a boy and learned French like a native, but his obituary says that he learned French in his old age. Those seven languages belong to the story of the "Three Black Crows." All traditions concerning John and Margery Sullivan are as unreliable as that she, on the passage to America, when asked what she was going there for, replied that she was "going to raise governors for them." That story must have been invented after her sons, John and James, had become governors. No record of the marriage of John Sullivan and Margery Browne has been found, and there is no tradition where they were married, nor by whom. Testimony is conflicting in the Sullivan family. One granddaughter reports the tradition that "John Sullivan was born in

Dublin, Ireland, in June, 1691. Margery Browne was born in Cork, Ireland, 1705. They were married immediately previous to their leaving for, or during their passage to this country." (See the Family of John Sullivan, by Thomas G. Amory, p. 15.)

So we are told that he was born in Limerick, in Dublin and in Ardea, and that she came over with him as a girl of nine years, or as his wife at age of eighteen. We are reminded of the remark of Mark Twain, that when he wrote history, he did not like to know too much about the facts, for it hampered his imagination.

Now, what are the ascertained facts in the life of schoolmaster John Sullivan, as found in trustworthy records? With some research the following have been gathered.

A communication was published in the *Oracle of the Day*, a newspaper of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, in the issue of June 30, 1795. The communication was dated at Berwick, June 27, 1795, and is unsigned. It says:

"Died—at Berwick on Saturday the Twentieth of June instant Mr. John Sullivan of this Town, Schoolmaster, aged One Hundred and Five years and three days.

"This respected and extraordinary character was born in the village of Ardea in the County of Kerry and Kingdom of Ireland. He arrived in this country when he was forty-one years of age, from which time till he was ninety he was most part of his time employed in teaching public and private schools; and perhaps but few persons ever diffused so much useful knowledge," etc., etc.,"

The rest of the letter is irrelevant to our purpose. It contains the statement that John Sullivan learned French in his old age. The entire obituary may be seen in Amory's Family of John Sullivan, pp. 51-53, although the author was uncertain about the date of the communication. The above dates were taken from the files of the newspaper, found in the library of the New Hampshire Historical Society.

This communication was printed

only three days after the death of the schoolmaster. It was written at the time of his death, when many relatives were gathered and all possible effort was made to secure accuracy. Probably James Sullivan, his brother, formerly a lawyer at Biddeford and afterwards governor of Massachusetts, was there. It is almost certain that some writer, the parish minister, perhaps, gathered the biographical facts from the family, or that one of them wrote the communication. Any traditions that contradict this evidence must be set aside.

John Sullivan, the schoolmaster, then, was born in Ardea, Ireland, June 17, 1690, and died in Berwick, Maine, June 20, 1795. He came to America when he was forty-one years of age, that is, in 1731, and not in 1723. At that time Margery Browne, if she was born in 1714, as most authorities agree, was in her eighteenth year; and if she was born in 1705, as one line of family tradition has it, she was twenty-six years of age. We think that the date, 1714, is more reliable, but in either case she was old enough to be the wife of John Sullivan when they came over. If they were married in 1735, he was not waiting for her to grow up, and it is a wonder that she waited for him four years after their arrival. Girls of her age were in demand at that time. Is it not more reasonable to conclude that they were married before leaving Ireland, as one tradition in the family says? And is not that the reason why no record or evidence of their marriage can be found in this country? Mr. Amory made careful search to find out all he could about them, and others have tried to learn all that history has recorded.

We now come to a series of historical facts that go to prove that John Sullivan, the schoolmaster, lived at Somersworth, now Rollinsford Junction, from 1736 to about 1747. The old Somersworth church stood in or close by the cemetery that is seen very near to the railroad station.

John Sullivan was janitor of that church, or meeting house as it was then called, in 1737. Our facts are here arranged chronologically.

Dec. 3, 1736. John Sullivan witnessed a deed from Thomas Tebbetts of Somersworth to his son, Thomas Tebbetts. Joshua Stacpole was the other witness. The property transferred was part of a saw in Quamphegan sawmill, at what is now South Berwick, Maine, close by the bridge that joins South Berwick to Rollinsford. Joshua Stacpole then lived on what was recently known as the Hale farm, where Samuel Hale long lived, and before him Ichabod Rollins, but for more than a century after 1680 James Stacpole and his descendants lived there. It is half a mile below Quamphegan bridge. The Tebbetts farm was the next one north of Stacpole. John Sullivan was living or teaching probably somewhere in that vicinity. (See N. H. Province Deeds, XXV, 484.)

July 10, 1737. A deed of Ebenezer Downs of Somersworth to Thomas Downs, of land in Rochester, was witnessed by John Hall, Jr., Joseph Varney and John Sullivan. It is certain that all these persons named with Sullivan were living in Somersworth and not far from what is now Rollinsford Junction. (See N. H. Province Deeds, XXX, 274.)

1737. The parish of Somersworth voted "sixty pounds for a schoolmaster. Voted that Mr. John Sullivan be the schoolmaster for the ensuing year. Voted John Sullivan to sweep and take care of ye meeting house & to have thirty shillings". This is a citation from the parish records of Somersworth, found in Knapp's Sketch of Somersworth, p. 28. The writer of this has examined the original record. Sullivan swept that meeting house, which was burned a century ago, after every Sunday service and every parish meeting. Perhaps he taught school in it when the season was warm enough, for there was then no school-house, and

there was no chance for a fire in the meeting house. Schools were then itinerant and kept in private houses.

January 10, 1737-8. Deed of Thomas Tebbetts of Somersworth to son, Thomas Tebbetts, of land bordering on land of Philip Stacpole, witnessed by John Sullivan. (See N. H. Prov. Deeds, XXV, 485.) Philip Stacpole lived on a part of the old Stacpole-Rollins-Hale farm.

November 14, 1738. Deed of John Vickers of Somersworth, shop keeper, to Alley McColley of Berwick, one acre of land bought of Thomas Tebbetts of Somersworth, witnessed by Nell [Neal] Vicker and John Sullivan. (See N. H. Province Deeds, XXIII, 468.)

February 1, 1738-9. Deed of Thomas Hobbs of Somersworth to Thomas Wallingford of Somersworth, witnessed by Benjamin Plumer, James Jeffry, John Sullivan and Thomas Nock. (See N. H. Province Deeds, XXVIII, 209.) Hobbs, Wallingford and Nock lived just south of the Stacpole farm in the district called "Sligo."

February 17, 1740. Birth of John Sullivan, Jr., the general and governor.

September 6, 1749. Deed of Samuel Stacpole of Somersworth to Philip Stacpole "ye uper pasture", witnessed by Joseph Jemkins and John Sullivan. The land deeded was in what is now Rollinsford, a part of the old Stacpole farm. (See N. H. Province Deeds, XXV, 292.)

May 19, 1743. John Sullivan and fifty-two others of "the Freeholders and Inhabitants of the parish of Somersworth" signed a petition, asking for town privileges. (See N. H. Town Papers IX, 762.) Here is positive assertion that John Sullivan was then living in Somersworth as an inhabitant.

July 11, 1743. Margery Sullivan wrote a letter, dated at "Summersworth New Hampshire," to her absent husband and had it inserted in the *Boston Evening Post* of July 25,

1743, beseeching him to return to his sorrowing wife and children. She says, "I pray you to harken to what your pupil, Joshua Gilpatrick, hath below sent you." Joshua Gilpatrick's letter does not appear. See Amory's Family of John Sullivan for the letter in full. There had been a family disagreement and hasty words had been spoken. Her husband had probably gone to Boston and she knew where to advertise for him. The letter must have brought him home immediately, for his son, James Sullivan, later governor of Massachusetts, was born April 22, 1744.

October 20, 1744. Deed of Daniel Clements of Somersworth to Job Clements, of land bounded partly by land of Rev. James Pike of Somersworth, witnessed by Ebenezer Roberts and John Sullivan. (See N. H. Province Deeds, XXIX, 334.) Rev. James Pike, the minister of the parish, lived within half a mile of the meeting house. His records of baptisms, marriages, etc., which he probably had, were burned with his parsonage long ago.

July 22, 1746. The muster roll of Capt. Thomas Wallingford of Somersworth shows the name of "John Sullevant" among 101 others. He must have been a resident of Somersworth in order to have been enrolled in the militia. These were not volunteers, but all of military age residing in the parish. (See N. H. Province Papers, IX, 760.)

The evidence seems to be conclusive that schoolmaster John Sullivan lived in what is now Rollinsford, N. H., from 1736, or a little before, to 1747, and that consequently his sons, Benjamin, Daniel, John and James, were born there. The evidence is equally conclusive that he moved over into Berwick, Maine, about 1747-8, as the following citation shows:

Berwick, 14 April 1748. Then sold to Joseph Nock all my Right, title & Entrest, that I have to all my Loggs in Salmon fall

River, or on the Land joyning to the Said River, or Lying by any of the mills on Said Stream, Mark'd with a girdle on the Side of the Logg, and an N on Each end of the Girdle, which Logs thus Mark'd the Said Joseph Nock may hall, Saw, Sell Carry away or Convert to his own proper use or dispose of as he Sees proper, as his own absolute right and property. In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand the Day and Date above written.

Benjamin Nock.

The above is a true copy of an original Paper in the Infe^r Court' office for the Province of New Hamp^s in the case between Joseph Nock Pla^t and Elisha Andross Def^t

Att. H. Wentworth Cle^k.

The Deposition of John Sullivan who Testifieth & Saith that on or about the 7th Day of Sept. 1748 at the request of Joseph Nock of Berwick in the County of York he wrote the original Instrument of w^{ch} the above is a True Copy, he the Deponent haveing compared the original now in the clerks office of the Infe^r Court of the Prov. of New Hamp^s with the foregoing copy with which it agrees.

John Sullivan.

Prov. of
New Hamp^s

John Sullivan made oath to the truth of the foregoing Deposition by him subscribed, Joseph Nock the adverse party not living in the Province of New Hamp^s was not Notified the Deponent living at Berwick in the County of York.

Before me Josh^a Pierce.

The above was copied from the Court Files of the Province of New Hampshire by the writer hereof. The number is 22099. Here we have positive proof that John Sullivan was living in Berwick in 1748. The original paper, or instrument, in the handwriting of John Sullivan appears in the bundle of court files, and as given here the spelling is made to conform to the original. Notice "Entrest" for interest, "hall" for haul, "Loggs," and the irregular use of capitals. Surely his English was not up to the present standard of school-masters and makes one dis-

trust that he was a master of seven languages. There is evidence that he was acquainted with Latin. Where did he learn it? In the time of his youth about one in ten of the population of Ireland could speak English, and only the priests, clerks, or clergy, could write in Latin.

March 2, 1750. A bond was written and witnessed by John Sullivan, in York County, Maine. (See Amory's Family of John Sullivan.)

1751, 1752, 1754. Samuel Bracket of Berwick, Maine, sold various things to "John Solevent" and balanced accounts with him October 10, 1754. (*Id.*)

1753. "John Sullivan of Berwick" brought action in New Hampshire Court against Ebenezer Downs of Somersworth and recovered £35 s6, wages for his sons, Benjamin and Daniel. Benjamin had worked from July 29th to August 16th, 1752, and Daniel had worked seven days at "Mowing." The work was evidently done on Ebenezer Downs' farm in Somersworth, which was on the Indigo Hill road, within a mile of Great Falls, the present city of Somersworth, just across the river from where John Sullivan then lived in Berwick. His son Daniel was then only fourteen years old, pretty young to be hired out as a mower with a scythe. (See N. H. Court Files, No. 21491.)

January 23, 1753. The bounds of Samuel Lord's farm at Berwick were renewed and forty acres were set off to John Sullivan, who probably had been living there since 1748 or 1747, at least five years. (See Amory's Family of John Sullivan.)

April 8, 1754, John Sullivan signed a petition from North Berwick parish.

April 29, 1756. He witnessed the will of Peter Grant of Berwick. (See published Maine Wills.)

Where was schoolmaster John Sullivan before he came to Somersworth to teach, in 1736? There is something in the above cited letter of his wife that may hint at an answer.

She says Joshua Gilpatrick was a pupil of her husband, or had been a pupil. Where? No such surname appears in New Hampshire at that time, but there were plenty of Gilpatricks in Biddeford, Kennebunk and Wells, Maine, descendents of Thomas Gilpatrick, who settled in old Saco, now Biddeford, about the year 1720. The records of the first church in Biddeford say that Joshua Gilpatrick married Elizabeth Smith, March 1, 1750, and he witnessed the will of John Davis of Biddeford, May 9, 1752. It may be, then, that John Sullivan before settling in Somersworth, New Hampshire, taught school in Biddeford or vicinity. A search of the town records of Biddeford, Kennebunk, Wells, and York, and of records at Alfred, Maine, might add something to what we know of schoolmaster John Sullivan.

In the year 1915 a bronze tablet was set up as a marker, by the John A. Logan Women's Relief Corps, No. 76, near the place where schoolmaster Sullivan lived in Berwick. The marker declares that his sons, who served in the American Revolution, Daniel, John, James and Ebenezer, were born here. That is, doubtless, true of Ebenezer, born in 1753, but Daniel, John and James were born in Somersworth, in the vicinity of Rollinsford Junction, and it would have been more accurate to have said upon the marker, "on this farm were reared" his sons, etc. Seven cities claimed to be the birth-place of Homer. All cities and States are proud of their great sons. The writer of this, in his History of Durham, N. H., stated that General John Sullivan was probably born in Berwick. Later the foregoing evidences were discovered, and the consideration of them convinces him that the General and Governor of New Hampshire, as well as James Sullivan, the Governor of Massachusetts, was born on New Hampshire soil. I am a native of Maine and am sorry to part with the honor, but

the fact that my ancestors were near neighbors of the Sullivan family in Rollinsford makes it easier to acknowledge my former error and to admit the force of the stubborn facts. If anybody can produce counter evidences, I shall be happy to change my mind again.

UP IN OLD NEW HAMPSHIRE

By Charles Poole Cleaves

Up in old New Hampshire farmin' pays.
 Ain't a doubt about it; I've been farmin' all my days.
 Sold my latest crop this mornin', and the cash
 Lies reposin' in my pocket. How d'ye think I got the trash?
 Say now! Farmin's quite a secret!
 But up in old New Hampshire—where we know a thing or two—
 We've just cottoned to the secret. And I don't mind tellin' you.

First: Your father has a farm.
 And he rakes and scrapes and skins it with a stout and tireless arm
 Till for every stone he gathered—there they lie in yonder wall—
 He can count a yaller turnip in the fall;
 And for every child a heifer in the stall;
 And for every day of labor in the years that came and went
 He can count a heap of comfort and an age of sweet content.

Then *you* come in possession. And *you know*
 That the old man's ways o' farmin' were all tarnation slow.
 So you read the western papers and you study catalogues
 Till you wonder Yankee farmin' hasn't run to cats and dogs.
 Plain truth to any youth. Ain't a farm jest like a bank?
 If you drop your money in it won't a crop grow where it sank?

You can buy a sorrel rooster for ten times the worth of yours,
 And that figger makes his bigger—and handsomer, of course.
 You can buy a fertilizer that will cost as much agin
 As the heap o' native compost that your father carted in.
 You can find a fancy seed that costs a dollar more a pound;
 You can stock with new machines—and what a joy to have 'em 'round!
 You can build a barn to hold 'em and a shop to make repairs;
 And—say *now!* Farmin' pays!—
 You support a dozen fellers that are peddlin' out their wares;
 And you keep the factories hummin',
 And, with signs of good times comin',
 All the passin' politicians stop to ring your bell—and hand!
 And proclaim the prosperous farmer
The salvation of the land!
 And a flock o' city cousins come to cry their "Hardly-knew-er!"s
 And to sit around the table at Thanksgivin' hallelujahs.

And you say: "Wal—y-e-s; farmin' pays.
 But an awful sight o' money I've had to raise.
 Still, I s'pose it's well invested, and it's all there—every cent!
 And I've got the bills and figgers, I can tell jest—where—it—went!
 It's jest as good as cash in the bank
 I can see the—bubbles—where it sank!
 And down in old Concord, when we go down,
 I'll show you men farmin'—like me on a sulky plow—settin' down!
 I set down my figger at six o'clock a. m.;
 They set down their figgers at six cents per annum.

Wal'! Farmin' pays,—
 Up in old New Hampshire!
 'Tis a pretty hefty winter when you're eatin' more'n you 'arn.
 But you're feedin' grain by bushels to the critters in the barn;
 And when the spring-time opens, mebbe ten or twenty more
 Lambs and calves and pigs—say nothin' o' chickens by the score.
 And *you* feed 'em! And creation bubbles up with livin' things:
 'Tater bugs and caterpillars, gapin' mouths and flyin' wings.
 And *you* feed 'em! by the million! And the hawks and skunks and crows
 Git a rich and riotous livin'. So the world o' Natur' grows.
 And *behind all is the farmer!* feedin' every livin' thing:
 Skunk and man and politician,
 Merchant, preacher and physician,
 Agent, editor, musician,
 All that walk or swim or cling.
 And the farmer's ragged weskit hides a sproutin' angel's wing.

Talk of angels! There's a real one in the kitchen on the farm,,
 Raisin' up a flock o' cherubs that shall keep the world from harm.
 And when you're jest—fit—to—stagger, under all you have to raise,
 She—takes in a summer boarder! And—say now! Farmin' pays!

Next: You advertise your Eden:

"Farm for Summer rent or sale."

And you git some lit'ry feller to draw up a fancy tale:
 How the grass is green as natur'; pink-blue skies and bubblin' waters;
 How the farm was made for raisin' stalwart sons and heaven-born daughters.
 Add up all that you've invested, salt it down at six per cent.;
 Double that, from whence you figger what it's worth at annual rent.
 Or, you—could—be—induced to sell it: at—a trifle more'n you've spent.

Set that bait

Where some tired city feller longin' for a breath of air,
 That shall cost what he can spare
 Picks his mornin' paper off his breakfast plate
 And—say now! Farmin' pays!
 Bet the jingle in my pocket you won't have long to wait!

THE STORY OF LITTLE JANE*

By Katherine C. Meader

Little Jane's heart was set on going to Jacob Merrill's funeral, but there seemed to be no one to go with her, "and you will be afraid to walk all that four miles alone," objected her mother.

"Afraid—indeed!" Little Jane tossed her curly head at the idea. Had not her father been a Revolutionary soldier, and was not her grandfather Harriman one of the first settlers of nobody knows how many towns? Besides, what was there to be afraid of between here and the meeting house? (This was in the year 1821 and Jane was not quite eleven years old.)

Really there was nothing to fear, and Mrs. Carleton did not wonder that Jane was anxious to go. If only one of the older children was at home to stay with little Mary Annette, who was too young to walk so far, she would go too, for the tragic fate of this young man, cut down before he had fairly reached his prime, crushed to death by some logs rolling onto him in the millyard, would give Father Sutherland a grand opportunity to preach one of those powerful funeral sermons for which he was so famous, and which not many months before had called forth a letter of remonstrance from some of his parishioners.

"And there is one thing more we would mention," wrote the good

brethren, "and that is your sermons you preach at funerals, which got to be a great grief to your friends at home and abroad. They think you had better not say anything about the character of the dead unless in Extraordinary cases, we think it has attendancy in one case to fill the minds of the friends with pride and Exalted feelings to extol them, and in the other case with very disagreeable feelings and cause resentment. Sir, these things have made a great deal of talk in this and neighboring towns, and your friends have been quite alarmed about the matter.

"We feel and think that on such occasions the living are the ones that ought to be preached to in such an Emphatic manner, that they may see the necessity of Living constantly prepared for death."

But Jane was impatient to be off and could hardly wait while her mother curled her long auburn hair (her brothers sometimes called it red when they wanted to tease her), buttoned her pink print dress down the back, tied on her little white sun-bonnet and with many parting instructions bade her goodbye.

Jane set out happily, carrying her shoes and stockings in one hand and in the other a few caraway cookies carefully wrapped in her clean hand-

*Jane McKinley Carleton, the daughter of Jesse Carleton and his wife, Nancy Agnes Harriman, was born at Bath, N. H., July 29, 1810; married James Sidney Morse of Groveland, Mass., October 17, 1830. Her married life was spent in Groveland and, later, in Worcester, where she died, September 10, 1890.

She spent several years of her life with her daughter in Enfield, Conn., and the above little anecdote of her childhood was told me by her granddaughter Jessie Brainard Abbe, an expert genealogist of that town, who had it from her grandmother's lips.

As will be noted, she came from pioneer stock on both sides, her maternal grandfather, Jasaiah Harriman, being one of the signers of the famous New Hampshire Association Test, and one of the very first settlers of both Haverhill and Bath; while her father, Jesse Carleton, had a distinguished Revolutionary record and traced his ancestry in an unbroken line back to the Norman, Baldwin de Carleton the founder of the family in 1066.

Soon after Carleton Hall was built near Penrith, Cumberland County, England. This ancestral home was occupied by successive generations of the family for more than 600 years.

The immigrant, Edward Carleton, the immediate ancestor of our branch of the Carleton family, came to America in 1638, with Rev. Ezekiel Rogers' party, and settled in Rowley, Mass.

kerchief. How she enjoyed the walk that lovely April morning, though the road for the first mile was hardly more than a bridle path—up by the old Indian wigwams now deserted, across the Wild Ammonoosuc on the stepping stones; then on past the “Big Rock” where years and years before, her Aunt Carr, then little Mercy Harriman, had planted the first pumpkins and cucumbers ever raised in the town. She had heard the story told so often that she could almost see the child busily carrying the rich loam up to the flat top of the rock in her little apron, while her pioneer father and mother were building their first rude shelter just below.

Then, begging a few seeds from their much prized and scanty store, she planted her little garden in play, unconscious that she was at the same time planting for herself unfading laurels.

But, with many a backward look, Jane kept on past the grand Payson mansion and through the village. She did not loiter here, for the meeting house was two miles further on, but she could not forbear, as she crossed the Big Ammonoosuc, to stop on the long bridge and look down into the millyard, where poor Jacob had met his untimely death.

It made her feel so sad and mournful. She wished she was a grown up lady and could wear a black dress and veil, to show how much she mourned. As she went on she kept thinking how hard it was to try to mourn properly in a pink dress and white sunbonnet.

But when she reached Widow Blanks, where she was to stop and put on her shoes, the door of Opportunity suddenly opened, and little Jane, a true daughter of her race, walked bravely in. Widow Blank, poor soul, had twisted her ankle that very morning and could hardly walk a step.

“Oh,” exclaimed Jane breathlessly, “if you are not going mayn’t I wear your bonnet and veil? We all liked Jacob so much and I want to do something to mourn.”

“My bonnet and veil, child?” echoed the good woman in surprise. “Why yes, and my gloves too if you want them.” So the simple minded, good hearted widow brought out the coveted finery, albeit somewhat faded and worse for wear.

The church was full. All the big square pews, with their cunning little doors and with the benches on three sides, all the seats in the long gallery over head were packed.

How still everything was, and how saintly Father Sutherland looked, standing up there in the high pulpit with the great sounding board over his head.

Yet at this solemn moment who could help smiling at the quaint little figure, which came demurely up the aisle, her sweet earnest face framed with golden curls and surmounted by the rusty crape bonnet, while the limp folds of the veil, nearly enveloping the slender form, hung several inches below the hem of the pink gown. Her little hands, encased in the faded black cotton gloves, were primly folded over her clean handkerchief.

But nothing could disturb Father Sutherland’s sweet serenity. As he lifted his hand, a solemn, almost awful, silence fell upon the congregation and they sat there as if spellbound by his eloquence for almost two hours. It was a most dramatic and powerful discourse and little Jane listened, awestruck, and mourned sincerely, clad in all the “trappings of woe.”

That night she gave the family a complete account of the funeral—who were there and what they wore, as well as what the minister said, but she did not mention the borrowed bonnet—she probably forgot it.

A few days later, however, a neighbor who had more curiosity than good manners, asked Mrs. Carleton *why* did little Jane wear Widow Blank’s bonnet to Jacob Merrill’s funeral?

“Widow Blank’s bonnet! Indeed, she did not. She wore her own little ruffled sunbonnet.”

"Ah, but she did, for I sat directly behind her and I should know those big brass pins anywhere." So little Jane was called upon to give an account of herself and obliged to "fess up."

Little Jane lived to be eighty years old and used to delight in telling her grandchildren this story as well as many others of her childhood days, away up among the New Hampshire

hills. But she never would quite finish the story. "What did your mother say?" we children would ask eagerly. "Was she cross? Did she scold you or did she laugh?"

Grandmother would always shake her head and with a mysterious smile and a twinkle in her eye, would reply, "You know my mother was a Harri-man."

SOME TIME, SOME DAY

By Mary Alice Dwyre

A child sat in a ball room,
And watched the shifting crowd
Of dancers on the polished floor,
And then she spoke aloud—
"I'll dance like them, some time,
If Mother says I may;
Oh! I'll be like them some time,
Some time, some day."

A maiden walked by the seashore,
And looked out on the troubled sea,
As a pair of youthful lovers
Strolled past her aimlessly;
And as the breakers roared,
She turned to softly say,
"Oh! I'll be like them some time—
Some time, some day."

Love came unto the maiden,
And she became a wife,
And soon the gift of a child,
Brightened all her life;
But often, when about her tasks,
She was heard to gently say,
"I want other joys,
They'll come, some time, some day."

And so is our life, and our pleasures
Are like the mists before the rain;
They enfold us for a minute,
And then they are gone again;
But if all our trials we conquer,
When death's angel comes our way,
We shall rest contented in Heaven,
Some time, some day!

THE ACADEMY IN EXETER

— A RETROSPECT

By Charles Nevers Holmes

O memories whose embers burn!
Those years of youth when life was free;
Back, back again my thoughts return,
Fair Exeter, to thee.

Once more, amid romantic days,
Ere deeper knowledge dulled the heart,
Ere soul was wise in worldly ways
Of man and money's mart,

I pause beneath some shady tree,
Or rest upon yon campus-lawn,
And there in vivid vision see
The faces dead and gone.

Again our chapel's bell recalls
My drowsy mind to morning prayer,
Once more within those classic walls
I climb that chapel's stair;

Or in some recitation room,
When Nature beckons out of door,
Bedecked with Maytime's fragrant bloom,
I doze o'er Latin lore;

Yet oft amid the dead of night,
When all the town is still and dark,
My study-lamp shines clear and bright
Like learning's sleepless spark.

Again those Sabbath church-bells sound
Their summons to the souls of youth,
To visit consecrated ground
And hear the words of Truth;

Ah, like some dream, far, far away,
The student days that I spent here,
Ere care awoke or hair was gray,
Ere sorrow shed a tear!

O memories whose embers burn!
Those years of youth when life was free;
Back, back again my thoughts return,
Fair Exeter, to thee.

DIAMOND LEDGE

By George Wilson Jennings

Early last summer, some friends, who reside in the southern part of the Granite State, extended to the writer an invitation to accompany them on an auto trip to a section of the White Mountains, known as "Diamond Ledge," which is situated one "country" mile from Sandwich Centre, New Hampshire. Leaving just before sunrise, our party set out on this journey of seventy miles, the first stops being Rochester and Three Ponds. Passing through Union and Ossipee, we had a charming view of Ossipee Lake. In the distance, the Chocorua Mountain and Chocorua Lake; "First a lake tinted with sunrise; next the waving lines of the far receding hills" . . .

After a short rest at Sandwich Centre we proceeded to do a little climbing, in order to reach Diamond Ledge, no easy task, and a bit perilous. We soon reached the top, without mishap, however, and found ourselves at our destination. It was very thoughtful of our former President, Theodore Roosevelt, at the end of an extended journey, to compliment the engineer who brought him safely through. We lost no time in following his example upon reaching the end of our trip, and heartily congratulating the New Hampshire son, who was our pilot.

It is a good and safe rule to sojourn in every place as if you meant to spend your entire life there; improving every opportunity, as well as making friends.

Here we found nothing to obstruct our view of the horizon. Diamond Ledge is set on a mountain, 1,600 feet above the sea level, a diamond as it were, to its jeweled neighbors, a clear-cut gem of nature, polished with scenic environments and set in a wealth of mountain scenery. For miles the eye commands a succession

of rocky and verdure-clad peaks. The mountains of Maine, Mount Pleasant, White Face, North East Passaconway, and Old Chocorua; looming up in the distance are the Weetamoo, and Pennacook Mountains. The Pennacook Range was so named by Pennegan, an Indian chief, who gave one of his daughters in marriage to the chief of the Pennacooks. The tribe was numerous in New Hampshire in 1660, and it is interesting to relate that a remnant of their number is still in existence in St. Francis, Province of Quebec, Canada. Ossipee Range is plainly seen, as well as the old Indian trail which leads into Canada. As the eye follows this trail, one can fancy a band of Indians going through the pass; especially at the autumn season, when nature is all aglow. At the sunset hour one can imagine a procession of warriors, some on horseback and some afoot, with a slow measured tread; paint, buckskin, beads and feathers galore. A vision that brings to mind these lines:

Would you learn of the Forest
Its tears and its laughter?
Go follow the trail,
When the sunlight lies pale,
And the shadows creep after.

At Diamond Ledge we were entertained at the homes of several friends, who spend many months yearly in this country. One of the lodges, where our party stopped, bears the name of Lindisfarne; the name was taken from an island in Northumberland, on the coast, near York, England. These lodges are surrounded by the most luxuriant trees, the Colorado spruce, natural pines, fir balsam, maples and poplars. As we sat in the great living room at Lindisfarne, our genial hostess read to us from her favorite books: "Mid-Summer in Whittier's Country" (a little study

of Sandwich Centre), and the "White Hills in Poetry," relating at intervals many little anecdotes concerning that section of the White Mountains. This room contained some rare examples of antique furniture, a Willard banjo clock of the period of 1810, a "Ben" Franklin, or "gate leg" table, and before the open fireplace, with blazing logs, stood one of those great roomy chairs, known as the "hood" chair. About the room, here and there, stood several Windsor chairs of the period of 1800. All of these heirlooms were handed down through successive generations. The hospitality that was extended to us at Weetamoo Lodge will not soon be forgotten. This home, with its porches, and the open fireplaces, would tempt one to remain there all the year round. After a sumptuous dinner at the old-fashioned hour of one o'clock, we repaired to the veranda, where we sat for several hours watching the many changing scenes on the hills, and the clouds that floated above the summit of the mountains, while in the valley below could plainly be seen a severe storm. As we looked toward Pennacook Mountain, one of our party repeated that verse of Whittier's:

Not for the jar of the loom and the wheel;
The gliding of shuttles, the ringing of steel,
But the old voice of waters, of bird and of
breeze,
The dip of the wild-fowl, the rustling of trees.

This cordial entertainment, like all other good things in life, was soon at an end, and it was with a feeling of regret that we bade our friends adieu. When at the sunset hour we turned our faces homeward, among these hills renowned in story and song, the legends and traditions that always cling to the White Mountains were retold. There is a lesson to be learned from the hills; they have a tendency to lift mankind from the sordid side of life, and teach us to be firm of mind, to cultivate strength of purpose; and, at times, silence. "To the hills we turn for strength for they are everlasting."

On our return trip down the mountain, it is always a source of pleasure to look at old Chocorua (that is, if one can forget the sad legend connected with it). Chocorua was a chief of the Ossipee tribe. He was afraid of nothing; he fought in many battles to keep the white men away from his people, and their "hunting ground." But the settlers and the soldiers were too strong for his warriors. The Ossipee tribe was driven, foot by foot, over the border into Canada. Chocorua and a handful of braves remained. The Colony of Massachusetts offered many pounds of silver for scalps of the Indians. One by one Chocorua's men were killed; then he held his ground alone. He retreated further and further up the mountain when pursued by the white men. His arrows were gone; death or capture were before him. With folded arms he stood silent on the peak. A bullet whizzed by him. Then he lifted up his voice in prophecy of woe to the white men's land, of sickness to the cattle, of death to the young men; he sang the cry of abandonment of the land, then he plunged in the dark sea of mist and pines to his death three thousand feet below. The mountain was called by his brave name. A huge gray boulder today lies at the base of Chocorua Mountain, which is known as this chief's last resting place.

Another enjoyable incident was the view we had of Asquam Lake, with its mirror-like surface stretching northward. Much could be said about this famous lake named by the Indians as signifying (literally) "beautiful-surrounded-by-water-place." Its waters are as clear as crystal and reflect every change and tinge of color of the clouds, trees, and sky. The graceful lines of its shore, its miniature islands, the mists which at dawn and sunset veil the distant landscape, add the charm of mystery to the region.

Nearing Ossipee, we were halted by the sound of a key-bugle, and there is

nothing that stirs the blood more than this music among the mountains in particular. It ranged from the low soft notes of a mother's lullaby, to the clear ecstatic ring which kindles the fire among armed men and makes them smile at death. About sunset the mountains and the woods seemed to be filled with the birds calling each other, and the air seems to contain silver bells. Think of woods filled with chiming bells. How interesting is all this mountain and wood life going on year after year, musical with bird songs, the chatter of squirrels, the clear call of the deer to each other. The songs and sound of the mountains still linger as of a place of dreams and repose; the silence is eloquent with God's presence.

Here was the beloved ground of Whittier, where Indian legends float in the breezes, and when the little mists rise over the mountains, all the people say "Look! The ghosts of the Indians are abroad on the mountains;

See! they are smoking the pipe of peace over their once happy hunting grounds."

The following lines appeal to a native born son of New Hampshire and contain a wealth of deep-rooted sentiment:

Yet far beyond her hills and streams New
Hampshire dear we hold,
A thousand memories our glowing hearts
unfold;
For in dreams we see the early home by the
elm or the maple tall,
The orchard-trees where the robin built, and
the well by the garden wall
The lilacs and the apple blossoms make para-
dise of May,
And up from the clover-meadows, floats the
breath of new mown hay.

One of the stillest moonlight evenings; not a sound but the bleat of a lamb, and the murmur of a river; all the rest a cool broad friendly silence. Peace comes down with the soft clouds and the mists that veil the hills, and the mountains sing all night in the moonlight.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

TILL THEN AND AFTERWARDS

By Stewart Everett Rowe

Come here, my queen; to you I now must say
A word before I lie me down to rest—
Throughout this pure and perfect autumn day
All, all my thoughts have been of you, the best,—
Best soul for me; and when I'm old and gray,
When I'll have climbed and stood upon the crest
You'll still be queen for me to lead the way
To paths where walk the sanctified and blest!

Why speak me thus? I cannot answer why;
I only know I never felt before
These strange, dry sobs that make me pray to cry
My eyes out for the one down on the shore.
I only know I want you till I die
And after that,—forever, evermore!

A NEW YEAR'S GREETING

By Harry V. Lawrence

All was quiet on the good ship *Blue Bell* as she steamed out of the bay, bound for a trip to the Old World. On this vessel one could find clergymen, doctors, nurses and many people who were prominent in good works in the various communities from which they had come. For several days the ship held a very quiet set of passengers, as the weather was rather rough, and many of them had not adjusted their "sea legs" to the strenuous conditions of the stormy Atlantic. On the sixth day out the passengers began to show more interest in each other, and more or less singing of religious songs was indulged in, much to the disgust of the rugged looking crew, and amusement of the robust looking Captain Fair.

Early on the morning of the seventh day out, as the ship was nearing the European coast, First Officer Lucas thought he discovered the periscope of a submarine on the ship's port side, and he immediately reported his suspicions to Captain Fair. The captain rushed up to the bridge and adjusted his marine glasses for a better view. By this time the passengers had heard the news and flocked to the upper decks to get a glimpse of the dreaded under-sea boat. First Officer Lucas was correct in his deduction, and in a few minutes the submarine rose to the surface and fired a shot across the bow of the *Blue Bell*. Captain Fair gave the signal to stop his vessel, and in a short time the submarine, which seemed to be of the *Holland* type, drew up alongside the *Blue Bell* and sent officers aboard to examine the vessel and its papers.

As the young submarine commander appeared on deck he immediately saluted the captain and his officers and demanded, in perfectly good English, to be shown the ship's papers. After detailing Officers Cha-

pin and Jennings to show the other submarine officers about the boat, Captain Fair took the young commander to his cabin for an interview. In the meantime the passengers divided their time by watching the submarine and casting furtive glances at the strange officers who were inspecting the vessel.

While the inspection of the vessel was in progress the passengers were decidedly anxious, as they had heard fearful stories about the destructive powers of a submarine, and they also observed that First Officer Lucas was having about all he could attend to in keeping the vessel steady, as there was a strong wind blowing from the East. Down in the cabin the captain was explaining the reasons for his passengers visiting Europe while the war was in progress.

The young foreign commander said: "Captain, do you mean that you have no munitions of war aboard this vessel, and that these passengers are bound for the battlefields to help relieve distress?" The captain said: "That is exactly what I mean, sir." As the argument went on in the captain's cabin the passengers became more nervous, and, as this condition had been observed by Chief Engineer Stone, on a trip about the boat, he went to the upper deck, pulled a machine-gun from under some canvas and trained it on the submarine's deck. His idea was to force respect for the *Blue Bell*, as the machine-gun was his own private property. Unfortunately the two cabin boys, George and Tom, thought it would be a good joke to put a cord across the opening to the captain's cabin so that the young foreign commander would trip up as he left the captain's quarters. In a few minutes the interview was over, and the submarine commander started for the door, fell

over the cord, and landed heavily on the deck. He immediately arose to his feet with an oath, and, as he had seen the boys laughing a short distance away, gave the following order to his men: "Take the young rascals aboard the submarine for punishment."

Captain Fair immediately said: "Sir, I will discipline the boys myself, but you cannot take them from my vessel while I am in command." The situation had become tense and, as the two commanders glared at each other, Chief Engineer Stone came up, and said: "Captain Fair, at the present moment I have the submarine covered with a machine-gun and one volley will put her on the bottom of the ocean as she is only

twenty yards away." The submarine commander glared at the chief engineer a moment, and then said: "Well, I'll admit you have got the drop on us as we all know she could not stand a volley at twenty yards, and, if you will agree not to fire, I will leave your vessel alone, as I realize most of your passengers are visiting Europe to accomplish much good, and we will all be glad when the big fight is over." As the submarine officers left the *Blue Bell* some of the passengers remembered it was January First, and they called out greetings to the foreign officers, and, just before submerging, the entire submarine crew shouted: "A Happy New Year to all."

A BASKET OF CHIPS

By Delia Honey

I picked them up, and saw at once
 No two were just the same—
 A school boy, be he wise or dunce,
 If he took them as they came,
 Could not but see some large, some small;
 Yet we gather them in, we gather all.

The maple chips were large and white,
 With birds'-eye knots in their grain;
 The curly birch with its bark, at night
 Makes a cheerful flame, and in the main
 Each chip is all that we desire
 To bring good cheer in an open fire.

The Good Lord holds us as so many chips
 In His spacious basket, to use;
 There are no two alike, we make blunders and slips,
 But He will never abuse;
 And if we are ready, and in faith do ask it
 He will gather us all in His spacious basket.

He will use us, too, to make light and cheer
 In this world He has put us in;
 Till He calls us hence, into visions dear,
 His chips, be they thick or thin—
 For the Master's use, be we great or small,
 He'll gather us in—He'll gather all.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

DR. JOHN GEORGE DEARBORN

John George Dearborn, M. D., born in Meredith, May 27, 1835, son of James and Sally Blake (Prescott) Dearborn, died in Charlestown, Mass., January 2, 1916.

Dr. Dearborn was educated in the Meredith schools, and at Gilford Academy. He studied medicine with Drs. Albert A. Moulton and George Sanborn of Meredith, and was graduated, M. D., at the University of the City of New York in 1858. He located in practice in Gilford, in October of that year continuing three years. February, 10, 1864, he was appointed Assistant Surgeon in the U. S. Navy, and continued in this service till January 22, 1866. He then located in practice in Charlestown, Mass., where he continued.

He was physician and surgeon to the Massachusetts state prison from 1869 to 1872, and was also physician to the Charlestown Free Dispensary and Hospital. He was a Knight Templar Mason; a member of the Military order of the Loyal Legion, of the Bunker Hill Monument Association, and of the Massachusetts Medical Society. He served several years on the Charlestown School Board and was a vestryman of St. John's Episcopal Church for some time.

He married, June 17, 1879, Miss Susan Edwards of Charlestown who survives, with one daughter, Helen M.

FRANK H. CARLETON

Frank H. Carleton, a prominent lawyer and business man of Minneapolis, Minn., and a native of the town of Newport in this state, died at St. Barnabas Hospital in that city, February 1, 1916.

Mr. Carleton was born October 8, 1849, the son of the late Henry G. Carleton of Newport, for forty years associate editor and proprietor of the *Argus and Spectator* of that town. He was educated at Kimball Union Academy and Dartmouth College, graduating from the latter in 1872, and removing to Minnesota soon after graduation, where he first engaged in newspaper work, but, later, became clerk of the St. Paul Municipal Court, and pursued the study of law with Cushman K. Davis and C. D. O'Brien. He was the private secretary of Gov. John S. Pillsbury, and afterward engaged in law practice in Minneapolis, gaining prominence in his profession.

He had served as assistant city-attorney, and as a member of the library board, and was a director of the Minnesota Congregational Home Mission Society. He was a Mason, an Elk, a member of the Minneapolis Athletic Club, and a trustee of the Park Avenue Congregational Church of Minneapolis. Last year he made an extended visit

in Newport and was planning to come again this year.

He was united in marriage in 1881, with Ellen, daughter of Judge E. S. Jones, who survives, with a daughter and five sons, the youngest of whom is now a student at Dartmouth.

REV. ALBERT H. THOMPSON

Rev. Albert H. Thompson, for many years pastor of the Congregational Church at Raymond, died suddenly of angina pectoris, on Saturday evening, January 29, 1916.

Mr. Thompson was born in Chelsea, Mass., January 27, 1849. When he was three years old his father, a sea captain, and his mother were drowned at sea and he was reared in the home of his mothers' relatives at Searsport, Me.

He was graduated from Phillips Academy at Andover in 1868, and from Amherst in 1872. He was the valedictorian of his college class and its permanent secretary. In 1875 he was graduated from Yale Divinity School, and was also its permanent class secretary.

In 1874 Mr. Thompson was licensed to preach by the New Haven West Association, and on February 26, 1879, he was ordained at Bingham, Me. From 1875 to 1877 he was stated supply at Georgetown, Conn., and then for two years at Bingham, Me. In 1880-87 he was acting pastor at Wakefield and during this period wrote a history of the town for the History of Carroll County. He had served the Raymond church since 1888, and on March 30, 1905, was installed as its settled pastor. He long served the Rockingham Conference of Congregational and Presbyterian Churches as secretary-treasurer.

He was a Mason, an Odd Fellow and a Patron of Husbandry, and had served many years as chaplain of Raymond Grange, and of Gov. Bachelder Pomona Grange. He was also the correspondent of many papers, his regular contributions to the *Exeter News Letter* being of special interest.

He leaves a wife, who was Arvilla P. Hardy, daughter of the late Loammi Hardy, of Ossipee, long registrar of deeds for Carroll County, and two daughters, Miss Elizabeth H. Thompson, who has a library post at Trinity College, and Mrs. Arvilla H. Ewell, of Fostoria, Ohio.

MISS HARRIET W. TUTTLE

Harriet W. Tuttle, who died at her home in Worcester, Mass., February 7, 1916, was a native of the town of Harrisville, N. H., fifty-five years of age.

She was the daughter of Rev. William G. and Harriet Wallace Tuttle, her father being a Congregational clergyman, who after

leaving New Hampshire was long pastor of the church at Ware, Mass., where was her home in early life. Her education was completed at Wellesley College, which she left in 1879 to become the first principal of Northfield (Mass.) Seminary, which position she held three years. After a year of study abroad, she became assistant to the President, Alice Freeman Palmer, at Wellesley but was compelled to resign in 1893, to care for her parents in their declining years.

Miss Tuttle held an enviable place among an unusually wide circle of friends, as a member of the Congregational Woman's Board of Missions in Boston, and its Worcester County branch, which last body she served for many years as home secretary and later as a vice-president. She was a member of Piedmont Church in Worcester. She is survived by a brother, Dr. Edward Gerry Tuttle of New York.

AMOS H. WHIPPLE

Amos H. Whipple, a prominent hotel man of Boston, and long proprietor of the Copley Square Hotel, died there suddenly January 24, 1916.

He was a native of the town of New London, a son of Dr. Solomon M. and Henrietta K. (Hersey) Whipple, born June 21, 1856. He received his education at Colby Academy, in New London, and at an early age began his business career. His father was a prominent physician, who, in addition to his professional work, established a pharmacy in New London, which his son managed for awhile, becoming a registered pharmacist.

He later acquired and conducted two stage lines which had their terminus in New London and he also conducted a livery stable there, as he did at Potter Place, N. H., and another business interest was a carriage and harness repository. When the first telephone company was established in New London, Mr. Whipple became half owner in starting the business. He also conducted the Heidelberg Hotel in New London, his first hotel experience, and he made it popular with summer visitors.

Removing to Boston, to engage in hotel life, he was first employed at Hotel Thorndike, going later to the Nottingham, as manager, where he continued seven years, and about eleven years ago became proprietor of the Copley Square Hotel which he managed thereafter, and was it is said, the only hotel manager in Boston who owned the house which he conducted.

Mr. Whipple was president of the Boston Hotel Men's Association, past president of the Massachusetts Association and was at one time vice-president of the Hotel Men's Mutual Benefit Association, a national organization. For several years he was a member of the Algonquin Club. He was unmarried and leaves as his nearest surviving relative one brother, Sherman Leland Whipple

the eminent Boston lawyer who resides in Brookline. A third brother of the family was Dr. Ashley Cooper Whipple, a physician in Ashland, N. H., who died at the age of twenty-eight years.

REV. HENRY S. KIMBALL

Rev. Henry S. Kimball, born in Candia seventy-seven years ago, died at the State Hospital in Boston, January 26.

He was for a time in youth a dry goods clerk in Manchester, but later studied for the Congregational ministry, and was ordained. He held several pastorates in Massachusetts, and about eighteen years ago became the pastor at Troy, where he remained eleven years, then removing to Surry where he had been located for the last seven years, preaching his last sermon there December 19, soon after which he suffered a slight shock from which he never rallied but grew worse till his decease.

He leaves a widow and three daughters, Mrs. A. W. Bowser of Halifax, N. S., wife of a sergeant in the Seventy-fourth Overseas Regiment; Mrs. F. W. Cross of South Royalston, Mass., whose husband is a member of the Massachusetts legislature, and Miss Annie Kimball, a school teacher in Bridgeport, Conn.; also three grand-daughters.

WILLIAM R. BURLEIGH

William R. Burleigh, a native and for years a prominent lawyer of Somersworth, but of late a resident of Manchester, died at his home in the latter city, January 27, 1916.

William Russell Burleigh was a son of Micajah C. and Mary (Russell) Burleigh, born February 13, 1851. He was educated in the public schools, Phillips Exeter Academy and Dartmouth College, graduating from the latter in 1872, in the class with Frank H. Carleton, Albert S. Batchellor, George Fred Williams and Adna D. and Anson L. Keyes. After a course at the Harvard Law School, he engaged in practice in 1874, at Somersworth, at first in company with Nathaniel Wells, subsequently with his son, Christopher H. Wells, now editor of the *Somersworth Free Press*, and later with William F. Russell. He held high rank at the bar, and was for a time solicitor of Strafford County.

After a time he abandoned the law to engage in manufacturing, having come into possession of a bobbin factory which was removed to Dover and there operated for some time. Going out of this business he removed to Chicago, and resumed legal practice which he continued till about seven years ago, when he returned to New Hampshire.

Mr. Burleigh was prominent in Masonry, had been Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of New Hampshire, and was a Knight Templar.

Mr. Burleigh was twice married. His

first wife was Miss Mary Lord, who died in 1887. He later married Miss Jennie White of Manchester, who survives him, as also do one son, John R., of Manchester, one brother, Edward S. Burleigh, of Tavares, Fla., and two sisters, Mrs. Charles W. Wright of La Grange, Ill., and Mrs. Edmund S. Boyer of Exeter.

REV. WILLIAM H. WALBRIDGE

Rev. William H. Walbridge, born in Brookfield, Vt., March 5, 1841, died in Milford, N. H., January 27, 1916.

He was educated in the public schools and at the Theological Seminary at Greenfield, Mass., and entered the Unitarian ministry, holding pastorates at Stowe, Vt., and other places. He became pastor of the church in Milford, September 4, 1881, and continued until 1894. Fifteen years ago, in 1900, he relinquished a pastorate in Rochester, returned to Milford, bought a large farm and engaged extensively in agriculture for a number of years, but sold out about four years ago and bought a small place near the village where he died. He served six years as chairman of the school board in Milford, refusing re-election last year. Milford honored him by election to the legislatures of 1909 and 1911, when he served on the education and railroad rates committees.

He was a staunch Republican and in 1912 was his party's candidate for the state senate from the Thirteenth district.

In 1861, Mr. Walbridge married Miss Fannie Burnham of Roxbury, Vt., who died in 1895. Two years later he married Mrs. E. F. Adams of Portland, Me., who survives him, together with three children: Elmer B. Walbridge of the West Indies, Mrs. Lucy M. Annis of Rochester, and Charles F. Walbridge of Milford.

ANDREW J. HOLMES

Andrew Jackson Holmes, a veteran printer of Concord, died at his home in that city February 16, 1916, aged eighty-one years.

He was a native of Jaffrey, born October 28, 1834, and spent most of his life at the printer's trade, which he learned in youth, in various offices in Manchester and the Capital City, except for a period of service in the Union Army, during the Civil War, as a member of the Third New Hampshire Regiment, from August, 1861, to December, 1862, when he was discharged for disability. He was long an employee of the Patriot Office, but for many years previous to and up to the time of his death, was engaged by the Rumford Printing Company. He was highly esteemed by his associates, a man of fine principles, an Odd Fellow and an uncompromising Democrat.

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER'S NOTES

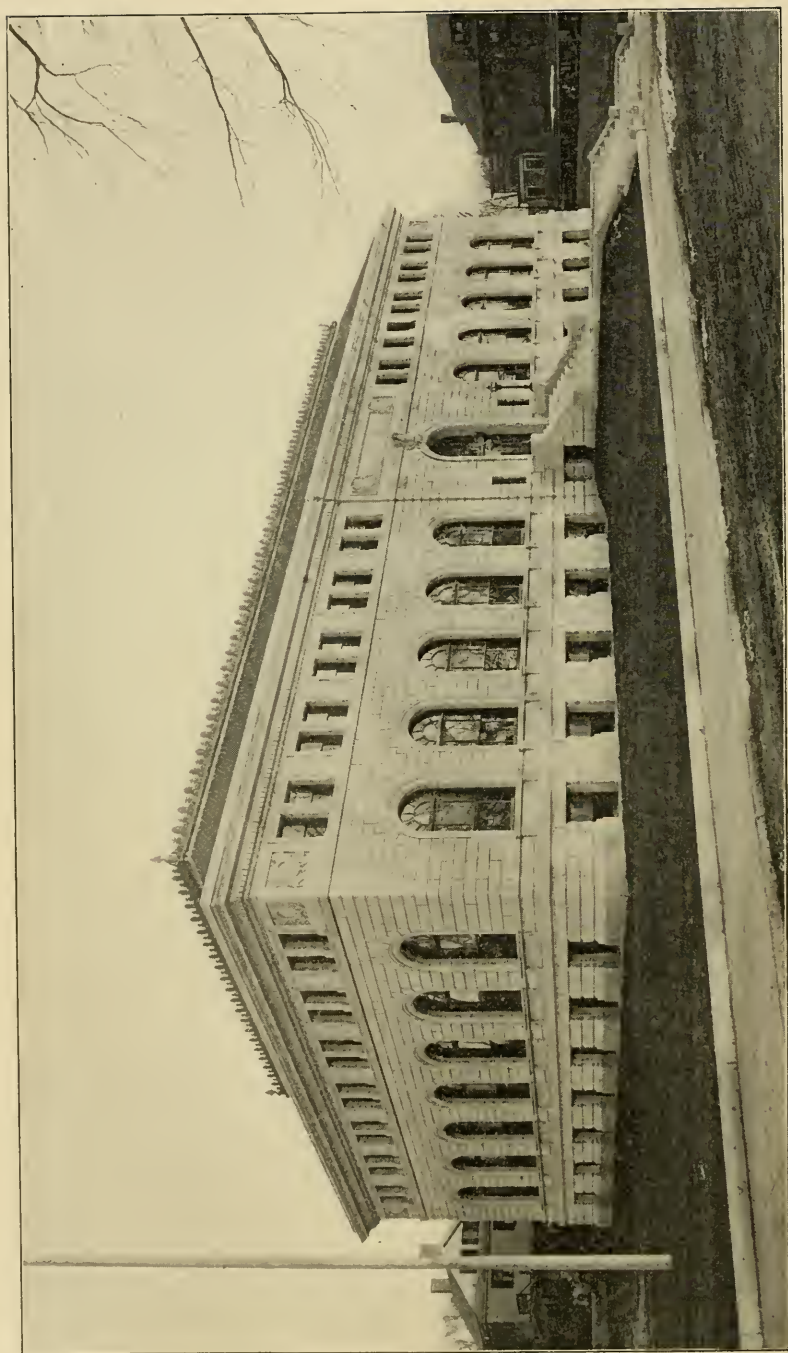
It now seems to be settled that there is to be no contest in either party over the choice of delegates from this state to the several national conventions for the nomination of candidates for President and Vice-President, the withdrawal of certain previously announced candidates in the Democratic party having left only the requisite number in the field. There seems to be no question as to whom the Democratic delegates will support for the presidential nomination, there being only one man mentioned in that connection; but with the Republicans and Progressives (the latter party having entered the field with delegate candidates) the situation is different. The Weeks boom, which apparently had strong Republican support in the state, for a time, seems to have spent its force, and the "watchful waiting" policy now seems to prevail, though there are a good many uncompromising Roosevelt men in both the Republican and Progressive ranks.

The Manchester Equal Suffrage Association is engaged in an active and systematic campaign for the promotion of the cause of "Votes for Women" in that city, where very little work along that line has been done in the past. The State Association is furthering the movement, apparently

believing that the state's largest city furnishes the most promising field for effort in this direction at present. A grand suffrage rally, to be addressed by Carrie Chapman Catt, president of the National Woman Suffrage Association, in the Manchester Auditorium was arranged for Sunday evening, February 27. Mrs. Catt, who is a brilliant and entertaining speaker, will be remembered as having made an extended campaign here thirteen years ago, since which time she has traversed this country and Europe in advocacy of the cause.

It is the purpose of the publisher to issue a mammoth double number of the GRANITE MONTHLY, for March and April, to be devoted in the main to the industries, and commercial and professional activities of the city of Manchester. He expects to present a number equal in extent and attractiveness to the May-June number of last year devoted to the interest of the Capital City and issued on the occasion of Concord's One Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary.

Subscribers are again reminded that they can exchange their 1915 single numbers for bound volumes by forwarding an order for the same, accompanied by 50 cents for cost of binding.



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THE GRANITE MONTHLY

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MARCH-MAY, 1916

NEW SERIES, VOL. XI, Nos. 3-5

PROGRESSIVE MANCHESTER

Introductory Chapter—Historical and Descriptive

By Edgar J. Knowlton

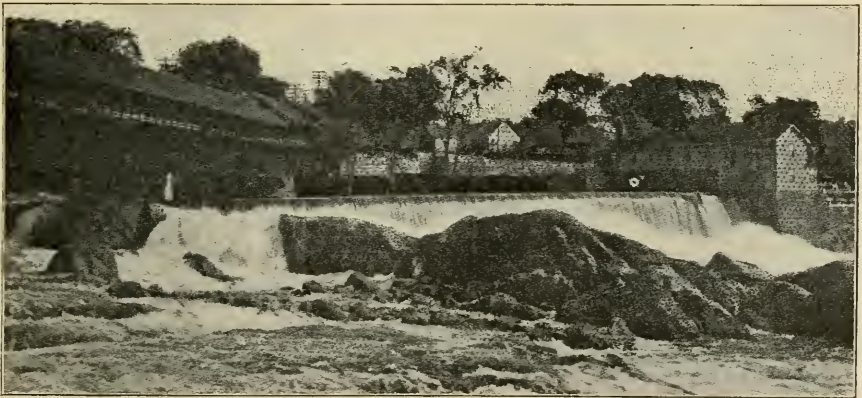
Manchester! The marvelous! The magnetic! The magical!

It is a name to conjure by. In its expansion, its enterprise, its teeming, forceful, commanding, pulsating, virile life, in its wondrous accomplishments, it stands preëminent in all northern New England.

It is a city of homes; a city where a great industrial army is housed and lives in contentment. Nowhere are

manufacture of cigars, brushes, bobbins, seamless bags, paper, doors, window sashes, hosiery, baseball bats, bowling pins, needles, spokes, trunks, jewelry, boxes, mattresses, carriages, picture frames, harnesses, soap, and innumerable other products. In Manchester's population of 85,000 there are comparatively few idlers.

Manchester is one of the first cities in the country in the production



Amoskeag Falls and Bridge

the relations between Capital and Labor more amicable and harmonious as here invested capital has a care and concern in the welfare of its employees, and labor dissensions are unknown.

Its industrial life is reflected in the daily occupations of more than 20,000 textile workers, more than 10,000 makers of shoes, and in the activities of those who are engaged in the

of textile fabrics, the making of shoes, and the manufacture of cigars, and in many other lines she is abreast if not in advance of her sister manufacturing cities of equal size.

Manchester is richly endowed by nature as a manufacturing and distributing center, and as a place of residence. Her development is based first of all upon her magnificent water power, afforded by Amoskeag



United States Government Building

Falls. She commands in her growth both banks of the Merrimack River, which has the distinction of turning more spindles than any other river in the world. In the southwesterly section the city is pierced by the Piscataquog River, an affluent stream, which is tributary to the Merrimack south of Granite Street, and which is of sufficient size to afford power for manufacturing. On this stream is located one of the large plants of the United States Shuttle Company, and one of the large power plants of the Manchester Traction, Light, and Power Company.

Manchester is on the main line of the Boston and Maine Railroad extending from Boston to Canada, is eighteen miles south of Concord, the state capital, and eighteen miles north of Nashua which is the second city in the state in population. The city has branches connecting with Lawrence on the south, Portsmouth on the east, Milford on the southwest, and Goffstown, Weare, Henniker, and Hillsborough on the northwest. With all these priceless advantages in her favor, with an honorable history and an industrious



Manchester High School

The city rises from the banks of the Merrimack and Piscataquog Rivers to the heights beyond, and possesses many charming scenic attractions, chief among which and the most conspicuous are the Uncanoonuc and Joe English mountains, eight miles distant to the westward. The Uncanoonucs are accessible by electric car service and an incline railway, and are visited each summer by thousands of people who come from all quarters of New England and who are thrilled by the inspiring outlook from the tower, on the top of the mountain hotel.

population, the claim that Manchester will become one of the first cities of the East, and attain to a population of more than 100,000 in 1920, seems to be fully justified. She is so big already that she affords a magnet for the attraction of new industries and development, and with their installation come thousands to augment the population.

No inland city can surpass Manchester in the matter of street car service. The system is owned and managed by the Manchester Traction, Light, and Power Company, which



St. Paul's Methodist and First Baptist Churches

also furnishes electricity for municipal, corporate and private purposes, and is one of the big enterprises of Manchester. Besides serving all sections of the city with an efficient transportation it runs its cars to Nashua, Derry, Goffstown and Auburn, and also has electric car service with Concord.

borrowing from the agitated air about her the one requisite needed to make her universally known, she would be welcomed and acclaimed by the brotherhood of towns which, save in this pneumatic characteristic, she so much resembles. For Manchester is a typical western town in almost all that is best in western towns, a town with western energy, celerity, directness of public and



Franklin Street Congregational Church

Under the caption, "The Spirit of Manchester," the *Boston Herald*, editorially, recently paid Manchester the following encomium:

Were the metropolis of New Hampshire on the lush prairies of Illinois, or where the chinook and blizzard sing forever on the steppes of the Dakotas, or yet the less windy and sun-blistered plains of Kansas, she would have a national renown. For,

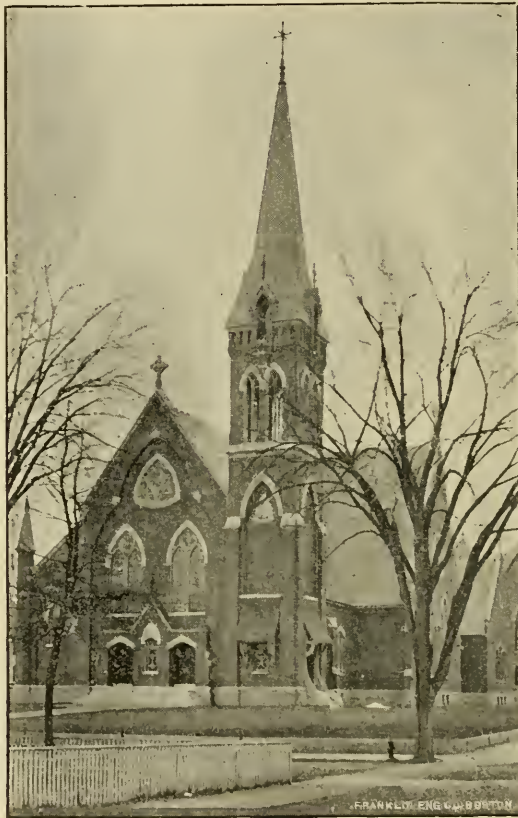
private purpose, with that admirable and peculiarly western quality of coöperation, public and private coöperation, unity, good fellowship, absence of jealousy—jealousy, that cankerous bane of New England from the cities to the dying hamlets in the clefts of the mountains. Proud, but not conceited, buoyant, yet not inflated, hustling, but not jiggling, clean, bright, handsome, orderly, so amazingly orderly and courteous, Manchester happily has seized what is best in

the West without losing the equally fine things of New England and assimilated and joined them in a whole which daily increases the pride of the whole state.

Manchester is the largest city north of the Massachusetts line in New England; she has an area of 21,700 acres, and a water area of 3,060.48 acres; she has approximately

commons are valued at over \$700,000; her corporations and clubs own hundreds of acres of land which are devoted to recreation.

Manchester is from 100 to 500 feet above sea level; she has the finest athletic field, in the Amoskeag Textile Club's park, in New England outside of Boston. She has over one hundred passenger and forty freight trains



Grace Episcopal Church

10,000 dwellings, and fully 16,000 families; her assessed valuation is \$75,000,000, and her wealth, including personal property not assessed, is estimated to be more than twice her assessed valuation; she has more than 210 miles of public streets and more than 150,000 square yards of street paving; she has 206.91 acres of parks and commons in the built-up section of the city; her parks and

daily, sixty-four miles of electric railway lines, which carry more than 12,000,000 passengers yearly. Her water works, owned by the city, has had expended upon it fully \$9,000,000, and furnishes the city with more than 4,000,000 gallons daily. She owns 4,119 acres about the city's source of supply, Lake Massabesic, which has a watershed of forty square miles. She has more than 132 miles of water pipes in use.

Her public and parochial schools have an enrollment of 14,000 pupils. She has three private commercial colleges, and is the seat of the Roman Catholic see. She has a county court house, in which two sessions of the superior court are held each year and monthly sessions of the probate court, and a county jail, and a State Industrial School. Her Institute of Arts and Sciences is the only free institution of its kind in the country. Her public library contains

twelve months; she has a paper mill which produces 100 miles of paper each working day; she employs more than 10,000 people in her shoe factories which turn out a product valued at \$20,000,000 yearly. She occupies seventh place among the cities of the United States in the production of shoes. She has the largest single cigar factory in the United States, which gives employment to more than 1,000 persons, and which has a payroll of nearly \$1,000,000 annually.



Elliott Hospital

70,000 volumes. She has one of the best statues of Lincoln in existence, one of the most imposing soldiers' monuments, a Y. M. C. A. building which cost \$150,000, a Masonic Home, two Odd Fellow buildings, a Knights of Columbus, and a Knights of Pythias building, and she has the second oldest woman's club in New England.

The pay-roll of her industries aggregates more than \$12,000,000 annually; she manufactures more than 250,000,000 yards of cotton cloth and 13,000,000 yards of fine worsted cloths every

Her brush factory furnishes more brushes than any other factory in the world, and its product is valued at more than \$1,100,000 yearly. She turns out 20,000,000 bobbins each year. She has fire insurance companies with assets exceeding \$7,000,000, manufactures 2,000,000 baseball bats annually, also 75,000 automatic knitting machines, and 9,000,000 knitting machine needles. She has more than fifty churches, and with very few exceptions they are free from debt.

Her gas company produces more than 230,000,000 feet of illuminating



HON. EZEKIEL A. STRAW

gas each year. Her street lighting is by both electricity and gas. Manchester is considered one of the best lighted cities in the United States. Manchester held fifth place among all of the cities of the country in building operations during the past year, her expenditures in this direction, in 1915, amounting to \$2,543,440.

The Manchester Public Library is a pretentious and most beautiful marble and granite structure calculated to meet the needs of the city for half a century. It is the gift of Hon. Frank P. Carpenter as a memorial for his departed wife. In close proximity to this splendid structure is another ornate building which is the home of the Manchester Institute of Arts and Sciences, a gift from Mrs. L. Melville French. This edifice is entirely in harmony with its companion building, the public library. These two structures are examples of the progress which Manchester is making architecturally and along educational lines. Another public building, a magnificent six-story hostelry, is contemplated for the corner of Chestnut and Concord streets, but a short distance from the public library and the Institute building.

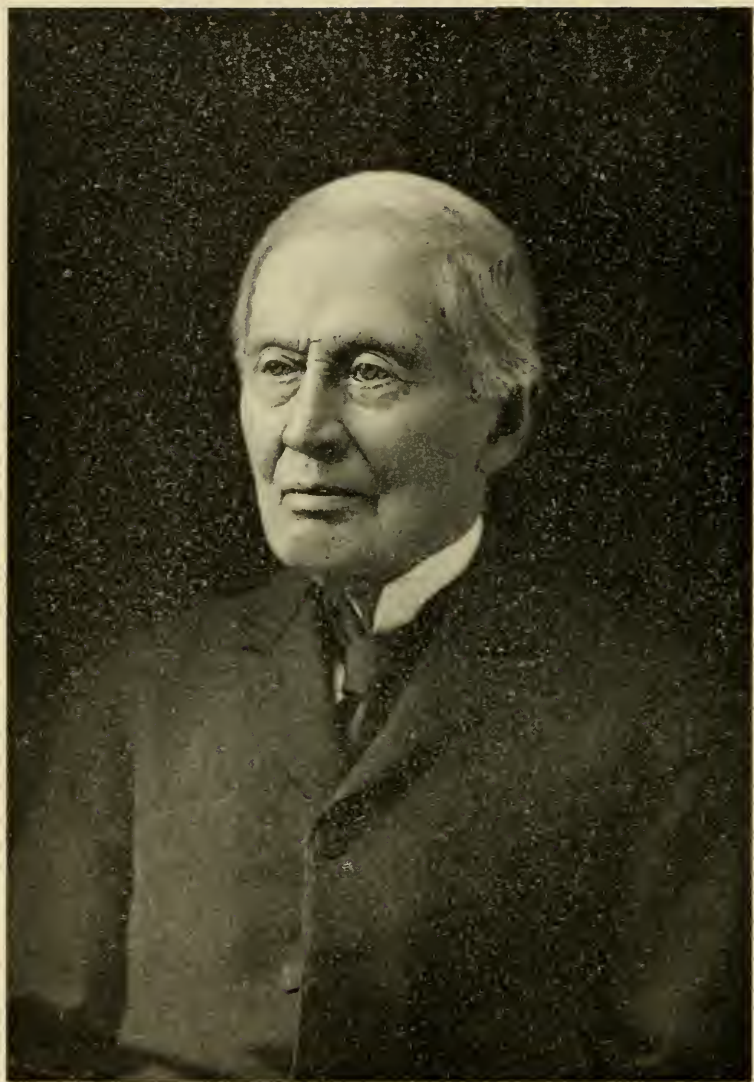
In dollars and cents a valuation of nearly \$75,000,000 is placed upon

Manchester. Her eleven banks and her single Building and Loan Association carry deposits well above \$45,000,000. Manchester pays one half of the entire expense of conducting the affairs of Hillsborough County, the most populous county in the state. It requires more than \$1,500,000 to annually meet the expenses of her municipal affairs, and yet her taxation is not burdensome.

Rev. William J. Tucker, D. D., for many years the brilliant and distinguished head of Dartmouth College, who served his first pastorate in Manchester, delivered an address on the occasion of Manchester's celebration of its semi-centennial in which he said: "Manchester is yet in the formative state. Our churches are not separate from the workshop, the office, the school, the college. The men with whom we worship are the very men with whom we walk the street, at whose side we work, with whom we lay the plans of our business enterprises, with whom we study in our search after knowledge and truth."

That this locality was originally a favorite resort for the Indians has been attested by the finding of numerous stone implements and human bones. The celebrated chief, Passaconaway, of the Penacook tribe, and the sachem, Wonolanset,

HON. EZEKIEL A. STRAW. No man, in all its history, has been more prominently identified with the progress and development of the city of Manchester than was Ezekiel A. Straw, for many years the agent and executive of the great corporation upon whose growth and prosperity that of the city itself has been built. Born in the town of Salisbury, December 30, 1819, but reared in Lowell, Mass., to which place his parents removed in his infancy, and where his father—James B. Straw—was engaged in the service of the Appleton Mills, he was educated in the public schools of that city, and at Phillips Exeter Academy, devoting his attention particularly to higher mathematics in which he became proficient. His first work, while yet under twenty years of age, was as assistant civil engineer for the Nashua & Lowell Railroad. In July, 1838, he became, temporarily, engineer for the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company, but what was supposed to be a temporary service, became permanent and lifelong. His advancement was rapid till, in 1851, he became agent of the land and water power department, and five years later the shops were placed in his charge, and the mills added in 1858, from which time, till his decease, October 23, 1882, his master mind and wonderful executive ability directed the complicated machinery of this great corporation. Meanwhile he was a dominating force in public and political affairs. He was conspicuous in the organization and management of various important business corporations in Manchester, including the New Hampshire Fire Insurance Company of which he was the first president, and the Manchester Gas Light Company. In 1864 and 1865 he served in the State Senate, was Governor of New Hampshire in 1872 and 1873, a delegate in the Republican national convention of 1876, and a member of the Centennial Commission from this State that year. A biographical sketch of Governor Straw appeared in the *GRANITE MONTHLY* for October, 1877.



HON. DAVID CROSS

made their home a good share of the time at Amoskeag Falls where the river teemed with fish. Upon the bluff east of the falls, now occupied by the pretentious residence built by the late ex-Governor Frederick Smyth, was a large Indian village, and there, about 1650, John Eliot, the famous English apostle, taught the aborigines to pray, preached to them, and conducted a school for their instruction. His labors gave to this locality the distinction of having the first school and preaching service northwest of Exeter.

The first settlement by the whites was on Cohas brook, in the vicinity of Goffs Falls, in 1772, by John Goffe, Edward Lingfield, and Benjamin Kidder, who came from the Massachusetts colony. Eleven years later these pioneers were followed by Archibald Stark, the father of Gen. John Stark, and by John McNeil, and John Riddle, who came from Nutfield, now Londonderry, with their families, and settled near Amoskeag Falls. To reside at the falls in those days was to experience all the dangers and vicissitudes of border life, and the names of Stark, Goffe, and Rogers became conspicuous in the galaxy of noted Indian fighters.

The first step toward the establishment of manufactures, for which Manchester has since become noted, now sending her produce into every civilized land, was the outcome of a public award for engaging in battle with the Indians. Maj. Ephraim Hildreth, who built the first industry in this then new country, a sawmill

on the Cohas brook, and several other Massachusetts men, were awarded a tract of land extending from Litchfield to Suncook, on the east bank of the river, and three miles in width, this territory embracing what is now the most populous part of the city.

It is well authenticated that the early settlers of Londonderry supposed that this tract of land, eight miles in length and extending eastward from the river, was included in their grant, but, through error in making the survey, this strip appears to have been left outside their jurisdiction. The grant was named Tyngstown, in honor of Capt. William Tyng, who was prominent as a leader among the Rangers. Subsequently there was a long dispute between Massachusetts and New Hampshire authorities with regard to the settlement of the boundary line between the two states, the contest then involving the question as to which state Tyngstown belonged. In 1740 a settlement was agreed upon so far as Tyngstown was concerned, and the decision made that it belonged to the Granite State. September 3, 1751, the Governor and Council granted a town charter in response to a petition, and gave to the new town the name of Derryfield. At what is now known as Manchester Center, a locality first settled by John Hall, William Gamble, and their associates, the first town meeting was held, September 9, 1751, and for nearly one hundred years thereafter that locality remained the seat of government.

HON. DAVID CROSS, born in Weare, July 5, 1817; died in Manchester, October 1, 1914. Judge Cross practiced law in Manchester for a longer period of time than any other man. Admitted to the bar in 1844—three years after his graduation from Dartmouth in the class of 1841, of which he was the last living member, as well as the oldest alumnus of the college at the time of his decease—he continued in practice till within a few months of his departure. Three generations of lawyers came and went during the period of his professional career, and all found him a genial associate. He witnessed the growth of Manchester from a factory village to a Metropolitan city, and never failed to manifest a deep interest in all phases of its development. He was a member of the common council in its first city government; served many years in the State legislature; was long Judge of Probate for Hillsborough County, a member of the Constitutional Conventions of 1889, and 1902, and held various other positions of trust and responsibility. A Republican in politics and a Congregationalist in religion, he was prominent in the affairs of both party and church. An extended sketch of his life appeared in the *GRANITE MONTHLY* for August, 1911.



John B. Clarke.

When the War of the Revolution was inaugurated by the battle of Lexington the men of Derryfield were among the first to respond. The selectmen and thirty-four out of thirty-six men able to bear arms left at once for the scene of hostilities, leaving but two able-bodied men at home with the old and infirm. They were present with Stark at Bunker Hill, where the men from New Hampshire outnumbered all the other patriots on the field, and behind the historic rail fence won undying fame. They were the last to leave the field. Again at Bennington, Stark and his men from old Derryfield, and other New Hampshire towns, turned back the tide of English invasion and

achieved a victory which was to the Revolutionary War what the battle of Gettysburg was to the War of the Rebellion. At Trenton, Princeton, Springfield, Saratoga, West Point, and Yorktown, the men of Derryfield showed their fidelity and heroism, and, when independence was achieved, the signing of the articles of peace was celebrated by a general merry-making at Amoskeag Falls on July 10, 1783.

The grave of the immortal Stark is located on a bluff overlooking the Merrimack, near the place where he made his home, and on land which he owned. It is a sightly, beautiful spot, and it is the expectation that at no distant day there will be erected above the ashes of the old hero and

COL. JOHN BADGER CLARKE, born in Atkinson, N. H., January 30, 1820; graduated from Dartmouth, second in class of 1843; teacher of Gilford Academy three years; admitted to Hillsborough bar in 1848; went to California in 1849; returned to Manchester in 1851; bought the *Daily and Weekly Mirror* at auction, October, 1852, and for nearly forty years devoted himself to building up these papers and a job printing plant; died October 29, 1891. Upon this skeleton hangs the story of one of New Hampshire's strong men of the nineteenth century, who achieved a greater degree of success and influence in newspaper work than any other in this State. John B. Clarke was easily a leader—dignified, resolute, determined, courageous, sagacious, practical. He compelled the success which made his papers leaders in circulation and influence. The *Mirror* was his pride, creature of his tireless energy and industry, his utmost devotion, so imbued with his personality as scarcely to be dissociated from it. Ever keeping in touch with the people, loyal to the right as he saw it, he was fearless in opposing wrong. Country born, he never lost interest in growing things, and genuine enthusiasm impelled his efforts to make the *Mirror and Farmer* the best possible for New Hampshire farmers. Said President Tucker of Dartmouth: "He magnified his calling, and then tried to fill up the measure of his enlarged thought. He was impatient of inferior work and small results. I never knew a man in whom the element of true pride was more conspicuous or more useful." Mr. Clarke encouraged all manly sports, had rare knowledge and love of horses, and contributed greatly to the improvement of trotting horse stock in New England. He loved Manchester and believed in its future and was active to recommend and push forward measures for its prosperity and welfare and to promote its educational, religious and charitable enterprises. Through his liberality and foresight the Clarke prizes for elocution in Manchester schools were established in 1880, and made permanent. For five years, from 1874 to 1879, he encouraged elocution in Dartmouth College, by the bestowal of prizes. He published many valuable works of his own and others, among his own publications being the "Londonderry Celebration," "Sanborn's History of New Hampshire," "Clarke's Manchester Almanac and Directory," "Clarke's History of Manchester," and several smaller works. Mr. Clarke always refused to be a candidate for office, because he believed that office-holding would interfere with his influence as a public journalist, but was a delegate to the Baltimore convention that nominated Abraham Lincoln for a second time to the presidency, and was one of the national committee of seven (including ex-Governor Claflin of Massachusetts, ex-Governor Marcus L. Ward of New Jersey, and Hon. Henry T. Raymond of the New York *Times*), who managed that campaign. He was connected with the College of Agriculture, was a trustee of the Merrimack River Savings Bank from its organization in 1858; a master for three years of Amoskeag Grange, No. 3; for two years lieutenant-colonel of the Amoskeag Veterans, and was twice elected commander, but declined that honor. Six times he was elected state printer, in 1867, 1868, 1869, 1877, 1878, and in 1879 for two years. Big-hearted, generous, sympathetic, genial, he loved and enjoyed life more than most. Appreciating all the good things of life, nature's great out-doors, society, friends, most of all he loved his home and found his truest happiness there. He married, in 1852, Susan Greeley Moulton of Gilmanton, by whom he had sons, Arthur E. and William C. Mrs. Clarke died, May, 1885, and in July, 1886, he married Olive Rand of Warner, who survives him.



Arthur E. Clarke.

to his memory an imposing equestrian statue. The national government has the matter in hand. The city has purchased twenty-five acres of the surrounding land and converted it into a public park.

In the War of 1812, and later still, in the War of the Rebellion, the citizens of Manchester were true to their martial history and sustained the renown of their ancestors. Although possessing a population of but 20,107 in 1860, of whom but 8,668 were males, Manchester sent 2,352, or 27.13 per cent of her male population, to the front, and of this number 11.50 per cent never returned. The bravery, heroism, and patriotism of the men from this city were written in their life blood, which dyed every great battlefield of the war, and demonstrated that the men of Manchester were worthy descendants of Revolutionary sires.

It was not until after the War of the Revolution, the colonies having won their independence, that the settlers about Amoskeag Falls were able to turn their attention to the arts of peace and to lay the permanent foundations of the future metropolis of New Hampshire. The population was not lacking in men of progressive mold, and conspicuous among them was Hon. Samuel Blodget, a native of Woburn, Mass., who had been a sutler in the Colonial and Revolutionary wars, judge of the court of common pleas, and a merchant with extensive business connections. He was, moreover, possessed of an ample fortune, and, with a sublime faith in the future of the settlement which could not be shaken by storms of adversity, he devoted his entire fortune, and all the money which he could raise by lottery, to the con-

COL. ARTHUR EASTMAN CLARKE, eldest son of Col. John B. Clarke, born May 13, 1854, naturally came into control of the *Mirror* establishment, including the daily *Mirror and American*, the weekly *Mirror and Farmer* and the extensive job printing plant connected therewith, upon his father's decease and has successfully managed the same to the present time. Upon his graduation from Dartmouth College in the class of 1875, he entered the *Mirror* office to familiarize himself with all lines of work in the establishment, commencing with the composing room and going through the press room, job department, and proof room, finally arriving at the position of city editor, which he held a long time, for some years doing all the work himself, and subsequently with an assistant. Later he held various other editorial positions, successively, including that of agricultural editor of the *Mirror and Farmer*, which had come to be one of the most widely circulated agricultural journals of the country. He also served for several years as legislative reporter at Concord. In these various capacities he acquired an all-around experience, as well as a wide acquaintance with men and matters. A Republican in politics, Colonel Clarke has served in the Manchester common council and in the State Legislature. He was for several years Adjutant of the First Regiment, N. H. N. G., and gained his rank as Colonel by service as an aide on the staff of Gov. Hiram A. Tuttle. He was agricultural statistician for New Hampshire during the administration of President Garfield. He has been President of the N. H. Press Association, the New Hampshire member of the executive committee of the National Press Association, of the Boston Press Club, the Manchester Press Club; president of the Derryfield Club; a member of the Calumet Club, and the Algonquin Club, of Boston. He is a Past Exalted Ruler of the Manchester Lodge of Elks, and a member of Amoskeag Grange. Interested in elocution in his student days, and carrying off high honors in that line, he has continued this interest, and promoted elocutionary drill in the public schools of Manchester and other places. As a dramatic critic he has done excellent work, and enjoys a wide acquaintance in the theatrical world. He has also long been interested in all lines of athletics and all fields of sportsmanship, being a crack shot with all kinds of firearms and an enthusiastic fisherman. For many years he managed the well known *Mirror* farm, just outside the city limits, where extensive agricultural experiments were conducted, and some of the finest stock as well as the most prolific crops ever known in the State were produced. He inherited his father's executive ability in a large degree, and his mastery of all the details of the work in the various departments of the *Mirror* establishment is complete. He has travelled extensively abroad as well as in his own country, and has published an interesting volume of "European Travels." He is an active member of the Society of the Franklin Street or Second Congregational Society of Manchester, and was chairman of the committee that secured the services of the present able pastor, Rev. B. W. Lockhart, D.D. January 25, 1893, he united in marriage with Mrs. Jacob G. Cilley, then of Cambridge, Mass., daughter of the late Rev. Nathaniel Bouton, D.D., of Concord.



GORDON WOODBURY

struction of a canal around Amoskeag Falls, through which might be carried to the large markets down the river the vast quantities of lumber which grew on the banks of the Merrimack.

This herculean enterprise, for those days, was commenced in May, 1794, and it was not until thirteen years later, May, 1807, that the indomitable Judge Blodget saw his cherished enterprise completed. By his exertions in constructing this canal Judge Blodget won the proud distinction for himself of being the pioneer of internal improvements in New Hampshire. He only survived the completion of his great enterprise three months; but just before his death he foretold with prophetic exactness that Derryfield was destined to become the Manchester of America, and three years later the initial step, out of compliment to his memory, was taken by the change of the name of the town from Derryfield to Manchester.

In 1846 the town attained to the dignity of a city, having at that time a population of 10,125. On the east is Massabesic Lake, the largest sheet of still water in the state south of Concord, which is the city's unsurpassed source of water supply. Manchester's daily consumption of water is more than 4,000,000 gallons. On the south are the towns of Litchfield and Londonderry; on the west, Goffstown and Bedford; and on the north, Goffstown and Hooksett.

The government of the city is vested in a mayor, and thirteen aldermen, one from each ward, who are elected biennially by the people. The condition of the operatives in Manchester is best shown by an agent of the department of labor of the national government, who spent several weeks in their homes for the purpose of reporting as to their circumstances and surroundings. She says:

"Manufacturing life in Manchester was a great revelation to me. I was very agreeably surprised to find such intelligent and happy looking operatives. My work has taken me among the operatives themselves, in their homes, and the condition of the mill employees in Manchester is better than I have found elsewhere. One only needs to walk and meet the returning streams from the mill to see what respectable, orderly operatives are to be found in factories; no unseemly conduct, no disorder on the street; neat-looking garments are the rule.

"The corporation tenements demonstrate that their owners have a sense of responsibility, a regard for the condition of the homes in which the operatives live. The tenement houses, instead of being great ill-shaped, rambling structures, are solidly built and comfortable, and, as a rule, have never more than three families to one entrance. An effort seems to have been made to secure the privacy of family life, which is so essential to happiness. The presence of a front door-bell is of itself a mark of civilization, and private entrances for each family are very general. I find that special

GORDON WOODBURY is a name familiar to Manchester through the ten years' connection of Mr. Woodbury with the *Daily* and *Weekly Union* newspapers, as editor and manager. A native of New York, but a resident of Bedford and a descendant of notable Bedford families, he has long been intimate with Manchester interests, and, through his conduct of the papers mentioned, rendered no small service to the State. The *Daily Union* was started upon its career as New Hampshire's only morning paper by the late Stilson Hutchins of Washington, himself a New Hampshire man by birth, in the autumn of 1879, taking over the plant of the *Union Democrat* conducted by Campbell & Hanscom, from which a small evening daily had also been for some time issued. Three years later control of the paper passed into the hands of one J. C. Moore, under whose management the prestige and character of the paper depreciated to such extent that when control thereof was acquired by Mr. Woodbury, in 1896, it was practically without standing or influence. The work of rehabilitation, to which he applied himself, and the restoration and wonderful extension of circulation and influence which he secured for the paper, is in some measure set forth in the biographical sketch of Mr. Woodbury in the February issue of this magazine. When, after ten years' control of the paper, he sold it to Rosecrans W. Pillsbury, it held the leading position among New England daily newspapers, which, under Mr. Pillsbury, and the present proprietor, Major Frank Knox, it has since retained.

attention has been paid to the important matter of drainage. As a rule, the sanitary condition of tenements is good, and the operatives themselves are extremely desirous of obtaining the advantages which they recognize the tenements afford, as they informed me that instances are common where applications are made for two or three years before the applicant succeeds in obtaining possession of a tenement. Shady yards and well kept sidewalks are particularly attractive to those who have been accustomed

toward the employees. I find comparatively little suffering and a general recognition of the fact that the mill operatives of Manchester are quite as well off, if not more comfortably situated, than those of other manufacturing cities. They are also remarkably stable. There are many native Americans still employed in the mills—people of character and education—and there are a number holding responsible positions who began at 50 cents per day."



Masonic Home

to the bareness of tenement districts in other places.

"The agents of the mills seem fully to appreciate the importance of good sanitary conditions as regards both the health and the working capacity of their employees. In all of the mills I find great attention has been paid to this matter. The consequence is that the mills themselves are as comfortable working places as the nature of the occupation will possibly admit. The agents seem to be acquainted with the family and circumstances of many of the operatives. They themselves overlook the excellent boarding houses and in every way show a sense of responsibility

Manchester was made the seat of a signal station by the national government March 1, 1887, which was maintained for several years. The records of the office show the following deductions: highest recorded summer temperature, 96; average of highest summer temperature, 94; average summer temperature, 67; lowest recorded winter temperature, 11; average rainfall per year, 41.72 inches. The signal office when first opened was in charge of Sergt. Frank Ridgway.

Situated as it is, with the land affording a perfect system of drainage,

its houses built separate, one from another, and having in most instances ground about them, giving air and light, having the purest of water, and being under the supervision of a board of health which has all the needed authority to enforce whatever requirements it may deem advisable, Manchester can point to its vital statistics with a degree of pride.

The census returns establishes Manchester's position at the head of the list of northern New England cities. The enumeration for each decade is herewith given:

worship here find expression. The house of the first Methodist Episcopal Society, still in use, was the first built by a religious society in the original town, and the First Congregational Society was the first to build a house of worship in the compact part of the city. The population increased, other churches were built, and of the many advantages possessed by the city it may well be said that none are greater, more lasting, or of higher importance than those which the numerous houses of worship afford.

Manchester is the home of the



Boston & Maine Railroad Station

1700.....	362
1800.....	557
1810.....	615
1820.....	761
1830.....	877
1840.....	3,235
1850.....	13,932
1860.....	20,107
1870.....	23,536
1880.....	32,630
1890.....	44,105
1900.....	56,987
1910.....	70,063
1916, estimated	85,000

Catholic bishop, the Right Rev. George M. Guertin, whose diocese embraces the State of New Hampshire. He occupies a large palatial residence on Lowell Street. Associated with the Catholic churches are several convents—Mount St. Mary's, Jesus and Mary, and Holy Angels—whose devoted Sisters of Mercy accomplish a vast deal of good in the lines of charity, education, and benevolence.

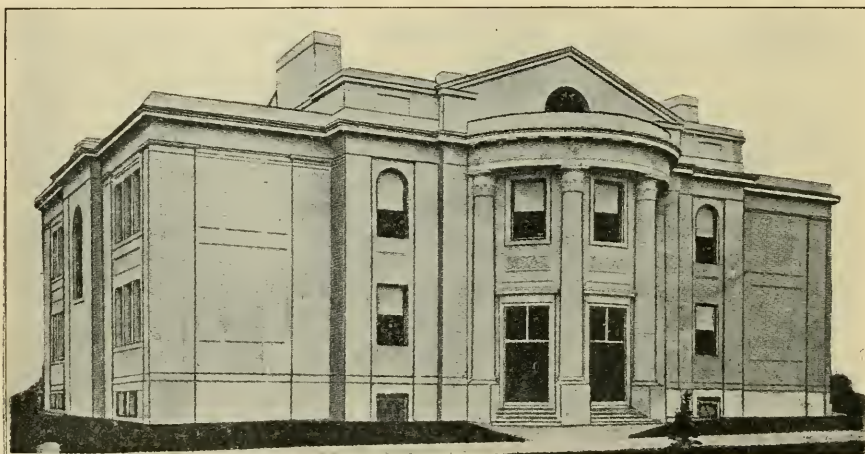
There are five public parks situated in the compact part of the city, aggregating twenty and one-half acres, which were given to the city by the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company on condition that they should be kept

Manchester looks well to the religious welfare of her population. All the various forms of Christian

inclosed, well cared for, and never built upon. The grass is kept closely cropped, shade trees abound, concrete walks lead through the grounds, and settees provide rest and comfort, while sparkling fountains and blossoming flowers add a sense of delight and attractiveness to the scene. Merrimack Square is the largest of the group, containing five and seven-eighths acres. In this common is situated Manchester's magnificent tribute to her soldiers of the late war. It is a monument and fountain combined, a granite column fifty feet in height rising from the center of

acres of land in the northwestern section, within which is a rugged and prominent promontory known as Rock Rimmon.

In addition to her activities Manchester possesses an abundance of those charming and restful accompaniments of which many cities are entirely destitute. She has elegant residences, surrounded by beautiful grounds, which are embellished by all the varied devices known to nature and art, and a walk among them is a revelation to those who, as it often happens, come from much larger centers of population. The streets



Manchester Institute of Arts and Sciences

the basin, surmounted by a colossal statue of Victory. On each of the four arms of the basin is a bronze figure of heroic size representing the principal divisions of the service in the army and navy. The cost of the monument was \$22,000. Besides these beautiful squares, the city has set aside 67.83 acres of land from the territory heretofore forming a part of the city farm, and is dividing the tract to the uses of a public park and pleasure ground which is known as Derryfield Park.

Stark Park, in which rests the dust of the immortal Stark, has also been acquired by the city; and there is in process of development forty-five

are so shaded by trees of elm and maple that their boughs interlace, forming an archway of green, beneath which rolls the traffic of the busy metropolis. Go in any direction from the heart of the city and one is certain to meet with attractive sites for summer residences. One has not to go outside the city to be placed in the possession of majestic views. From the top of the observatory on Oak Hill, a gift to the city by the late ex-Governor James A. Weston, a sweep of vision is obtainable which is inspiring in the extreme.

To the northward, nearly one hundred miles distant, through the atmosphere of a clear day, are the

clearly distinguishable and snowy outlines of the eternal White Hills which have given to New Hampshire the name of "Switzerland of America." Kearsarge mountain in Warner, the Sunapee range, whose base is bathed by the crystal waters of Lake Sunapee, Lovell mountain in Washington, Crotchet in Francestown, the twin Uncanoonucs in Goffstown, the rugged front of Joe English in New Boston, Monadnock in Jaffrey, Watatic in Massachusetts, and many other heights equally as prominent, uplifting their giant forms against the sky sentinel-like, are before the admiring gaze of the on-looker, and stand as monuments to the geologic age which witnessed their creation. And this grandeur of mountain scenery is still further enhanced by the contrast afforded by the beautiful and verdant valley of the Merrimaack, through which runs the river, glistening in the sunlight like a ribbon of silver.

Manchester, with just cause, prides herself on her educational institutions. It is a matter of record that her public schools won the highest awards bestowed at the Centennial Exposition held in Philadelphia. They are under the management of a Board of Education consisting of one member from each ward, chosen without distinction as to their political affiliations at the biennial elections. Besides a high school, in which are enrolled more than 1,200 pupils, another high school is now projected, and besides the various branches of the public schools a training school for teachers is maintained. The salaries paid to the teachers employed in the public schools of the city amount to \$1,000 per day.

The parochial schools of the city vie with the public schools in efficiency, and are noted for their excellence, and thoroughness in imparting instruction. They have academies, a high school, and all the intermediate and primary branches. Just across the line in Goffstown, but as intimately and closely indented with

Manchester as though it was a part thereof, is St. Anselm's College, a large and growing Catholic seat of learning, which has already obtained a high standing among the colleges of the East.

There is a German School Society, which maintains a school for the teaching of the German language, which holds sessions following the close of the public schools in the afternoon and on Saturdays. This school has flourished for many years. There are also two commercial colleges, Bryant and Stratton and the Hesser Business College, both of which have a large enrollment and are flourishing.

The city's police and fire departments are supplied with modern equipment and are models in their management.

Manchester has one of the handsomest government buildings to be found anywhere in the country, which cost more than \$300,000. Its facilities are now being surpassed and a large addition is contemplated. The city also has a community court house building of handsome and ample proportions, and is the seat of the county jail. She has three large hospitals, and numerous charitable institutions, among which may be mentioned the Masonic Home, Catholic orphanages, Manchester Women's Aid and Relief Society, Mercy Home, Gale Home, St. John's Home, for aged men, House of St. Martha, for women, and a number of semicharitable institutions.

The social activities of the city are many and serve to enliven and break in upon the sterner realities of life. The interests in this direction are represented by the Intervale Country club, Derryfield club, Calumet club, Club Jolliet, Club National, and several German societies of which the Turnverein and Mannerchor are the largest.

Manchester has thirteen theatres and just outside, at Lake Massabesic and Pine Island Park, are popular summer resorts. The city also has



HON. EDGAR J. KNOWLTON

a state armory of ample proportions which is the headquarters of the First Regiment, N. H. N. G. It is the center of activity for four companies of infantry, battery, the regimental band, and a hospital corps. Its social clubs, Derryfield, Calumet, and Interval Country Club, are among the best known in New Hampshire.

Brief mention has been made of the products of the city, but before bringing this sketch to a close attention should be called to the great Amoskeag Manufacturing Company. The history of this great company is the history of the city of Manchester in progress and development. Cotton manufacturing was first begun at Amoskeag village in 1809 and its growth, slow at first, has since attained such proportions as to place

Manchester among the first cities in the world in manufacturing.

The Amoskeag Company has an annual pay-roll of more than \$7,000,000; it has 605,000 cotton spindles, 50,000 worsted spindles, 22,000 cotton looms, and 2,200 worsted looms in use; it turns out 259,311,728 yards of cloth per annum, weaves 1,630,000 bags, and consumes more than 54,000,000 pounds of cotton, and more than 15,000,000 pounds of wool every twelve months. It has 5,844,340 square feet of floor space in its buildings; it consumes 131,000 tons of coal per annum, and has from its water wheels, boilers, engines, and electric generators more than 170,000 horse power.

For its operatives the Amoskeag Company is carrying on an extensive philanthropic, educational, and chari-

HON. EDGAR J. KNOWLTON, a native of the town of Sutton, son of James and Mary F. (Marshall) Knowlton, born August 8, 1856, a lifelong journalist, and connected for many years with each of the leading newspapers of the city, undoubtedly enjoys a larger acquaintance in Manchester than any other man, and a measure of personal popularity surpassed by no other. He came to Manchester in 1873, when sixteen years of age and commenced work as an apprentice in the office of the *Union*, then under the proprietorship of Campbell and Hanscom, working up through different stages of service to the position of city editor, which he held, in the fall of 1879, when Stilson Hutchins bought and started the *Union* upon its career as a daily morning newspaper, and was a very effective force in the reorganization process which the paper underwent at that time. He continued on the *Union* till June, 1880, when he went to Lockport, N. Y., at the solicitation of a relative—Hon. O. W. Cutler—the proprietor of the Lockport *Daily Union*, to take editorial charge of that paper, which he conducted through the campaign of that year with ability and vigor; but, preferring New Hampshire as his permanent field of labor, and having received a flattering offer from Col. John B. Clarke, of the *Mirror*, he returned to Manchester, and accepted the position of city editor of that paper. From that day to the present, except for such time as he has been engaged in the public service, he has been connected in some capacity, editorial or reportorial, or as special writer, with one or the other of the two great newspapers of the Queen City, his present connection being with the *Mirror*. For a large part of the time, also, as at present, he has been the regular Manchester correspondent of the Boston *Globe*, and has written extensively for other publications, and has rendered faithful and conscientious service in every work he has undertaken. A Democrat in politics, he has served his party and the public in different capacities. In 1886 he was chosen a representative in the State Legislature from Ward 6, then ordinarily Republican by about 200 majority, by a majority of 76, and his popularity was more thoroughly demonstrated by his election as Mayor of Manchester in 1890, by a plurality of 132 over the strongest candidate whom the Republicans could name, and this at a time when the Republican candidate for Governor received a majority of 600 in the city. Such was the success of his administration that, two years later, he was reelected by a majority of 1,386—the largest that had ever been given any candidate. His administration as Mayor was characterized by the advocacy and adoption of many important progressive measures. In May, 1894, he resigned this office, to enter upon his duties as Postmaster, to which position he had been appointed by President Cleveland, and which he held for four years, and two months, till a change in administration had resulted in the appointment of a Republican successor. He has been for nearly twenty years a member of the Manchester Board of Water Commissioners, and is the present clerk of the board. He is a member of the Grange, the Knights of Pythias, the Red Men and various other organizations, and is a Universalist in his religious belief and affiliation. He married, November 2, 1880, Genevieve I. Blanchard of Nicholville, N. Y., who died four years since, leaving two daughters—Bessie Genevieve, now Mrs. Arthur O. Friel of Brooklyn, N. Y., and Belle Frances, who presides in his home.—Ed.

table work. It maintains an emergency hospital, and a corps of trained nurses who visit the homes of the operatives and assist in the care of their families when sick, or when suffering from injuries, without expense to them. It maintains children's playgrounds, and an extensive area for the cultivation of vegetables and flowers by the children of the operatives. It has erected the finest baseball park and athletic grounds in New England north of Boston, and carries on an elaborate series of entertainments throughout the winter months, and gives instruction in elocution, domestic science, and in other lines of culture. It has a wise provision whereby any of its operatives, by availing themselves of it, may become owners of their own homes and can also purchase stock and become stockholders in the company.

Manchester's development, progress, and prosperity have been attained entirely independent of other communities. She has not leaned upon and drawn strength from any other center of business, but she has made herself metropolitan to a surrounding circle of communities. Her growth has been from within and not from without. It is true that outside capital has here found remunerative investment, but it was because of the primary advantages which Manchester afforded that funds from outside here found an abiding place and helped to make this thriving city what she is today. Manchester's past record of great achievements is a guaranty of her future. What she is now, what she has done, will be duplicated and multiplied many times over by the Manchester of the years which are to follow.

NEW HAMPSHIRE FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

There is no corporation, or business institution, in which the Queen City may more justly take pride—none, indeed, more creditable, in its wonderfully successful career, to the State of New Hampshire, than that whose name is inscribed above.

The New Hampshire Fire Insurance Company, the first stock company of the kind established in the State, was organized in January, 1870, under an act of incorporation granted by the Legislature, but originating in the sanguine, sagacious and farseeing mind of the late John C. French, first secretary and long active manager of the corporation, whose confidence in the success of the enterprise found ample justification in accomplished results long before his departure from the scenes of earthly labor. The incorporators were Ezekiel A. Straw, James A. Weston, Samuel N. Bell, Albert H. Daniels, Samuel Upton, George B. Chandler, Clinton W. Stanley, David Gillis, John S. Harvey,

Woodbury F. Prescott, William D. Knapp, Moses R. Emerson and John F. Chase. The original capital stock was \$100,000. Ezekiel A. Straw was the first president, continuing in office until his death; John C. French, secretary, and George B. Chandler, treasurer. The first policy written, April 6, 1870, was on the residence of James A. Weston, who succeeded Governor Straw in the presidency, continuing, also, until death. During the first year premiums to the amount of \$40,125 were written, and from that time to the present, there has been a steady and constant increase in the business of the company, so that its success has been, indeed, remarkable in the history of fire insurance in this country.

After the first year it was determined to seek business outside the State, and for many years past its field has covered the entire country and extended beyond its borders.

When the twenty-fifth anniversary

of the corporation was celebrated, in January, 1895, the capital stock had been increased to \$800,000, and the total assets amounted to \$2,250,000, and a substantial building, on Elm Street, had just been completed as a home for the company, 55 x 100 feet in dimensions, and three stories high, and as nearly fire-proof as was then practicable, rendered necessary for the convenience and safety of the rapidly growing business.

first and greatest of the stock fire insurance companies of the State, is due, mainly, to the high character, ability and business sagacity of the men by whom it was organized, and has been conducted. The people reposed confidence in them, in full measure, and that confidence was not misplaced, as results have proved. Nor is the management today any less capable, trustworthy and efficient than at the outset, and through the

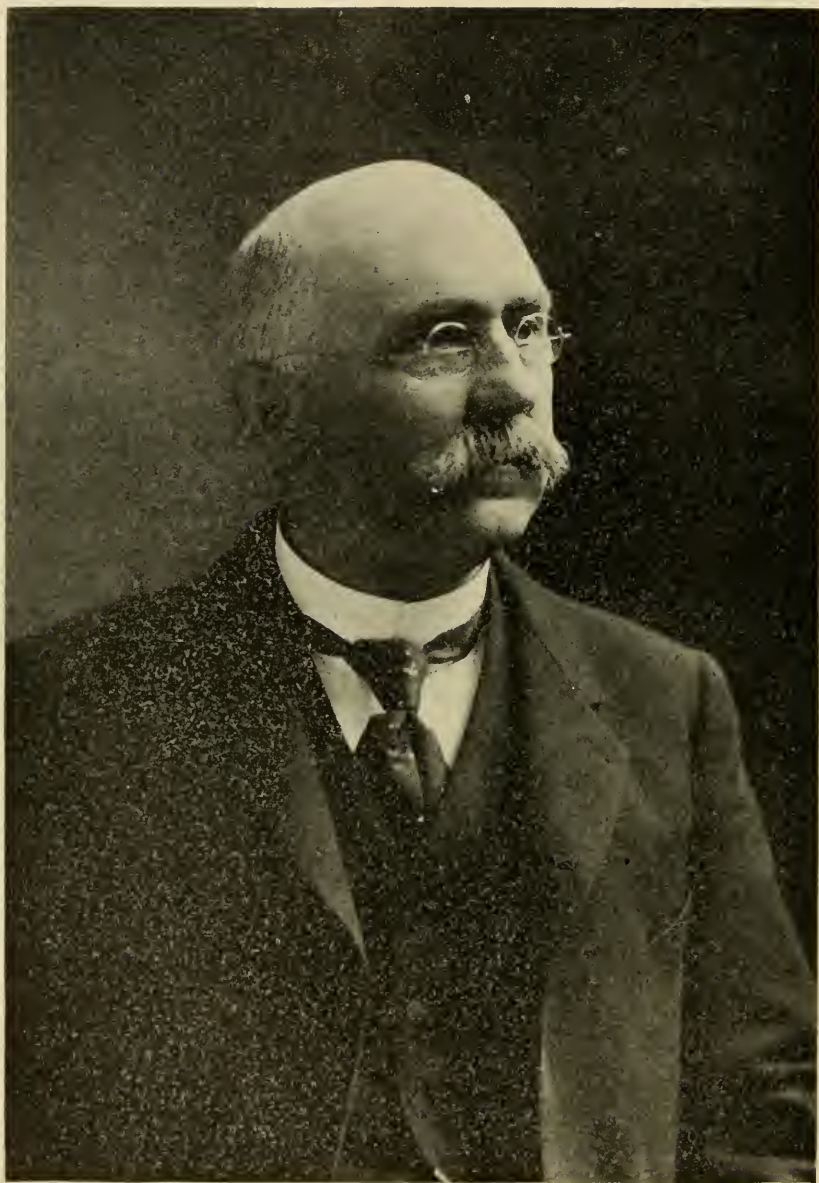


New Home of the New Hampshire Fire Insurance Company

Today the capital stock is \$1,350,000; while the total assets exceed \$6,500,000, and the company is housed in the most elegant and substantial granite and steel structure to be found in the State, completed last year on Hanover Street—a model of architectural beauty and business convenience—a monument to successful enterprise and a credit and ornament to the city in which it stands.

The wonderful success of this, the

intervening years. The present official roster is made up of the names of men among the foremost in the business and financial circles of the State, including: Frank W. Sargeant, president; Walter M. Parker, vice-president; Nathan P. Hunt, treasurer; Frank E. Martin, Lewis M. Crockett, William B. Burpee, secretaries; Nathan P. Hunt, Walter M. Parker, Frank P. Carpenter, Frank W. Sargeant, Arthur M. Heard, Finance Committee.



HON. HENRY E. BURNHAM

THE LEGAL PROFESSION IN MANCHESTER

In point of population and wealth the county of Hillsborough is by far the largest in the state, and the city of Manchester makes up more than one half of the county in these respects. And yet this prominence has been attained in comparatively recent years. From the establishment of the county, in 1771, for more than fifty years Amherst was the county seat and the important town, and there the legal business was mainly transacted. It was not until the development of the immense water power afforded by the Amoskeag Falls was commenced in earnest, and the great manufacturing industries, whose products are now known throughout the world, began to grow up in consequence, that Manchester came to be regarded as a promising field for the lawyer. For the last sixty years or more, however, since the place became a city, and has also shared with Nashua the advantages of the county seat, there has been no dearth of lawyers within its limits, many of whom have ranked among the ablest and most successful in the State, and not a few of whom have held prominent positions in public life.

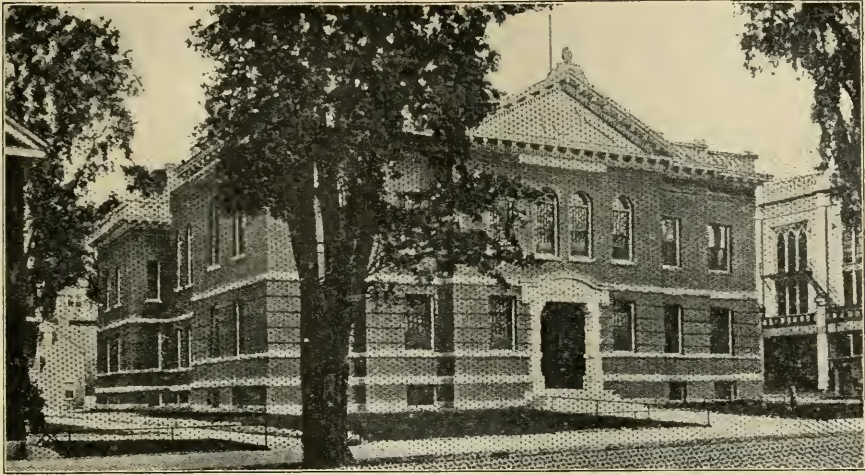
Among the most noted members of the legal profession in Manchester in the earlier days of its professional history, along about the middle of the last century, were George W. Morrison and Daniel Clark—the former a prominent Democrat and the latter a leading Republican. They were rivals at the bar, with few

equals and no superiors in the State, in point of ability. Mr. Morrison served with distinction in the national House of Representatives in the 31st and 33d Congress, 1849–51 and 1853–55; while Mr. Clark was made a United States senator in 1857, continuing till 1866, when he resigned to accept the office of Judge of the United States District Court for New Hampshire, which he held for many years. Contemporaneous with these, and their peer in legal attainments, if not in forensic ability, was Samuel D. Bell, who became an associate justice of the Supreme Court of the State in 1849, serving till 1859, when he was made chief justice which position he held till 1864. His son, Samuel N. Bell, was also a lawyer of ability, and was a Democratic congressman in 1871–2. Another brilliant Manchester lawyer, about this time, was William C. Clarke, a native of Atkinson, and a brother of Col. John B. Clarke of the *Manchester Mirror*, who was attorney general of New Hampshire from 1863 till 1872, when he died and was succeeded in office by another Manchester lawyer, equally brilliant—Lewis W. Clark, who served four years, and was soon after appointed an associate justice of the Supreme Court, serving upon that bench until 1898, the last few months as chief justice. He had been for some time associated in partnership with George W. Morrison, before mentioned, the firm name being Morrison, Stanley & Clark.

HON. HENRY E. BURNHAM, prominent in the civic and professional life of city and State for a generation past, and a member of the Senate of the United States from 1901 till 1913, was born in Dunbarton, November 8, 1844, graduated from Dartmouth College in 1865; studied law and was admitted to the bar in April, 1868, and has since been in practice in the Queen City, except during the time of his Congressional service. He has been active in politics, as a Republican, as well as conspicuous in his professional practice, and has long enjoyed a high reputation as a campaign speaker and occasional orator. He has served three terms in the State legislature, as treasurer of Hillsborough County and Judge of Probate, as a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1889, and as a member of the ballot law commission from 1892 to 1900. He has been prominent in Masonry and Odd Fellowship, and a Commander of the Amoskeag Veterans. An extended biographical notice of Mr. Burnham appeared in the *GRANITE MONTHLY* for December, 1915.



HON. ALBERT O. BROWN



Hillsborough County Court House

Clinton W. Stanley, the other member of the firm, was a lawyer of solid attainments, and was appointed an associate justice of the Circuit Court, created by the legislature of 1874, and when the Court was reorganized, in 1876, became an associate justice of the Supreme Court, continuing until his death—December 1, 1884. Still another Manchester lawyer, who held a position as associate justice on the Supreme Court bench, for many years—from February 1874, until his retirement by limitation of age—was Isaac W. Smith.

Among other lawyers of greater or less eminence, now deceased, who practiced in Manchester at one time or another, were Herman Foster, at one time president of the state senate, Lucien B. Clough, sometime judge of probate, Joseph B. Clark, William Little (Historian of Warren and

Weare), Charles H. Bartlett, also president of the Senate and for many years clerk of the United States District Court; Joseph W. Fellows, Elijah M. Topliff, Denis F. O'Connor and John P. Bartlett. Two other lawyers, of brilliant attainments, for a time located here, were Samuel H. and Benjamin F. Ayer.

Especially notable on account of his long experience at the bar—unprecedented in the State in point of fact—was the career of David Cross, familiarly known as Judge Cross, from service as judge of probate, who was in active practice here for nearly three quarters of a century, having associated familiarly with three generations of lawyers, and who, when he died, in 1914, was the oldest living graduate of Dartmouth College.

Another Manchester lawyer, still living, who served twelve years, from

HON. ALBERT O. BROWN, long a leading Manchester lawyer—member of the notable firm of Burnham, Brown, Warren & Jones—for the last five years chairman of the N. H. Tax Commission, President of the Amoskeag Savings Bank of Manchester from 1905 till 1912, and Treasurer of the same since that date, naturally holds a position in the front rank among the business and professional men of the city and State. Born in Northwood, July 18, 1853, son of Charles O. and Sarah E. (Langmaid) Brown, he was educated at Coe's Academy and Dartmouth College, graduating from the latter in 1878. For a time after graduation he engaged in teaching but finally took up the study of law, pursuing the same under the tutelage of Judge Burnham, and at the Boston University Law School, graduating from the latter in 1884, and being admitted to the bar in that year and immediately entering upon the practice of his profession in which it may safely be said he attained the highest rank. For a more detailed sketch of Mr. Brown's career see the *GRANITE MONTHLY* for May, 1912.

1901 to 1913, in the United States Senate, is Henry E. Burnham, a native of Dunbarton, who has spent his entire professional life here. James F. Briggs, who practiced for a time in Hillsborough, also had an extended career at the bar in Manchester. He served many years in the state legislature, and three terms in Congress, which was as long as any New Hampshire man had ever served in that capacity until the election of Cyrus A. Sulloway, also a Manchester lawyer of previous service in the legislature, who is now serving his tenth term as member of Congress from the First New Hampshire District.

Finally, it should be said that four men, now holding positions of importance in connection with the administration of justice, and still residing in the city, were previously engaged in the practice of law in Manchester, viz: George H. Bingham, for some time associate justice of the Supreme Court of the state, now a United States Circuit Court judge; Robert J. Peaslee, for several years associate justice of the Superior Court, and later promoted to the Supreme Bench, James P. Tuttle, who succeeded E. G. Eastman of Exeter, as attorney general of New Hampshire, a few years since, and Oliver W. Branch, now an associate justice of the Superior Court.

Following are personal sketches of some of the lawyers of Manchester now in active practice:

HON. OLIVER E. BRANCH

The men who filled the office of United States Attorney for the District of New Hampshire, under the two administrations of Grover Cleveland as President, both ranked among the ablest members of the bar in the State. John S. H. Frink of Greenland, the first of these incumbents, had no superior as a lawyer among his contemporaries, and Oliver E. Branch, who was named for the position during Mr. Cleveland's second term—following the incumbency of

James W. Remick of Littleton, was a worthy successor of Mr. Frink.

OLIVER ERNESTO BRANCH was born in Madison, O., July 19, 1847, son of William Witter and Lucy J. (Bartram) Branch. His father was the son of William Branch, a Revolutionary soldier who entered the service in 1776 and fought through to the surrender at Yorktown, enduring, with others, the sufferings of the terrible winter at Valley Forge. He was one of the guards at the trial of Major Andre, and aided in removing his body from the gallows after execution. He was of the fourth generation from John Branch who settled in Scituate, Mass., in 1638, having sailed from England with his father, Peter, who died on the voyage.

This William Witter Branch, father of Oliver E., was a native of Aurelius, N. Y., who removed to Madison, O., in early manhood. Having abandoned his early occupation as a carriage-maker, and taken up the study of law, he entered the legal profession, and in 1845 was made a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas for Lake County, and became one of the most influential citizens of that section, taking a strong interest in the material development of the county, through the extension of transportation facilities and otherwise. He secured the charter for the Cleveland, Plainville & Ashtabula Railroad, and made the start from which originated the present great Lake shore system.

Oliver E. attended the public schools of his native town, Madison Seminary, and Whitestown Seminary, at Whitesborough, N. Y., and entered Hamilton College in September, 1869, graduating in June, 1873. Following graduation he was for two years principal of Forestville Free Academy and Union School, at Forestville, N. Y. He entered the Columbia College Law School in the fall of 1875, graduating in May, 1877, meanwhile serving as instructor in Latin and History in the Brooklyn Polytechnic and Collegiate Institute.



HON. OLIVER E. BRANCH

He then engaged in practice in partnership with his brother, John L., in New York, in whose office he had also studied. Here he continued until 1883, when he removed to the town of Weare, in this state, and engaged in literary work.

In 1887 he was chosen a representative in the legislature from Weare, and took an active part in the proceedings of that remarkable session, particularly in the debate upon the famous "Hazen Bill," the contest over which protracted the session to an unprecedented length. Re-elected for the session of 1889, his ability found recognition in his nomination by the Democratic members as their candidate for speaker, the nomination carrying with it the minority leadership on the floor. During both sessions he served as a member of the Judiciary Committee, upon whose work his judgment and influence left no small impress.

He entered actively into the practice of his profession in Manchester, in 1889, where he has since continued, removing there from Weare in 1894. He soon gained an extensive clientage, but has been mainly devoted to corporation law, and has been, for the last quarter of a century, counsel for the Boston & Maine Railroad in all important litigation, including the protracted contest between the Boston & Maine and the Concord & Montreal roads, prior to the consolidation of the two systems. He was leading counsel for the Manchester & Lawrence road in the suit brought to recover claims of the State amounting to \$650,000. It should be stated, also, that he was engaged in the famous case, brought before the Supreme Court by quo warranto proceedings, instituted by Harry Bingham et als., against S. S. Jewett, clerk of the House of Representatives, for control of the Legislature. He was appointed U. S. District Attorney by President Cleveland, March 15, 1894, serving four years with efficiency and distinction.

While a resident of Weare, Mr. Branch served for nine years as Moderator for that town; but since residing in Manchester has held no elective office his party being strongly in the minority. He is a member of the Phi Beta Kappa, and the Delta Upsilon of Hamilton College, and has long been prominent in the New England Association of Hamilton College Alumni. A Democrat, politically, he took an active part in campaign work for many years, being heard effectively upon the stump in this and other states. In 1892 he was president of the New Hampshire Democratic State Convention, and it was in recognition of his efficient service in that campaign, as well as his eminent legal qualifications, that he received his appointment as District Attorney at President Cleveland's hands.

Mr. Branch is a close student of history as well as law. He is an earnest and forceful speaker, and his addresses are not only the product of thought, but they never fail to stimulate thought in the minds of his hearers. They are distinguished for their logical statement and lucid English, and may well be regarded as classical in their clearness and strength. To him was assigned the task, or rather accorded the distinguished honor, of delivering the oration at the dedication, by the State of New Hampshire, of the statue of Gen. Franklin Pierce, fourteenth President of the United States, November 25, 1914. Those who were so favored as to hear that oration, or who have read it as it appeared in printed form, are aware that no mistake was made in the selection. It was, indeed, a forensic masterpiece, evincing careful study, deep thought, clear analysis, and just judgment, clothed in the choicest diction, and leaving an impression, no less creditable to the orator than to his subject.

Mr. Branch was united in marriage, October 17, 1878, at Weare, with Sarah M., daughter of John W. and



HON. OLIVER W. BRANCH

Hannah (Dow) Chase, of that town, who died Oct. 6, 1906, leaving four children—Oliver Winslow, Dorothy Witter, Frederick William and Randolph Wellington.

FREDERICK W. BRANCH

Frederick W. Branch was born in North Weare, N. H., September 18, 1886, the son of Oliver E. and Sarah C. (Chase) Branch. He attended the Ash Street Grammar School and graduated from the Manchester High



Frederick W. Branch

School. After graduating from high school Mr. Branch entered Hamilton College and, from there, Harvard, where he graduated with the class of 1910 with the degree of A.B. After two years at Harvard Law School he was awarded the degree of LL.B. He established himself as a lawyer in Manchester, August 1, 1913. At present Mr. Branch is junior member of the firm of Branch and Branch.

Mr. Branch is a member of the Delta Upsilon Fraternity, his college "frat." His political affiliations are with the Democratic party. Mr.

Branch is one of the most popular young men in Manchester, as evidenced by his membership in many of the leading clubs of the city. He holds membership in the Intervale Country Club, the Calumet, the Derryfield, and the Cygnet Boat Club. He is also a member of the Boston Harvard Club. His favorite recreations are golf and tennis playing.

HON. OLIVER W. BRANCH

One of the younger members of the New Hampshire bar, who achieved distinction early in life, is Oliver Winslow Branch, associate justice of the New Hampshire Superior Court. Judge Branch is the oldest son of Oliver Ernesto and Sarah (Chase) Branch. He was born in New York City, October 4, 1879, and his early education was received in the village of North Weare. He entered Manchester high school at the age of twelve years, graduating in 1896. In 1897 he graduated from Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass., and from Harvard College in 1901 with the degree of A.B., cum laude. He received the A.M. degree the following year, and graduated from the Harvard University Law School in 1904. He passed the bar examinations that year and in September 1904 began practice with his father.

During the nine years while he practiced in his father's office he had a wide variety of experience which took him into the United States courts of Massachusetts and New Hampshire and gave him opportunities to try many cases before the Supreme Court of this state. His appointment in November 1913 by Governor Samuel D. Felker to the Superior Court bench, when he was but thirty-four years of age, was a most popular one with the members of the New Hampshire bar, and his work as a presiding justice has proven the wisdom of the governor's selection.

Judge Branch married Isabel Dow Hogle of Rochester, N. Y., November

27, 1910, and they have two children, Jane Montgomery, born April 11, 1913 and Oliver Winslow, Jr., born August 2, 1914. He is a member of the Franklin Street Congregational Church and that he takes an active interest in the social welfare of the young men of his city is evidenced by the fact that he is the President of the Young Men's Christian Association. Judge Branch is a believer in "life in the open" and his favorite pastimes are golf and gardening. He is a member of the Intervale Country Club and of the Cygnet Boat Club.

HON. CYRUS H. LITTLE

A fine lawyer, an accomplished orator, and a distinguished public servant, Cyrus H. Little ranks among the best known members of the bar in Manchester.

He is a native of the town of Sutton, born August 14, 1859, the son of Lieut. Hiram K. and Susan Harvey (Woodward) Little. His father was a gallant officer of the Eleventh N. H. Volunteers, in the Civil War, who died from wounds received at Petersburg, July 4, 1864. He is a descendant in the ninth generation from that George Little who settled in Newbury, Mass., in 1640; and is a great grandson of Bond Little, who served with distinction in the French and Indian and the Revolutionary wars; while on his mother's side, he is a descendant of the noted Harvey family, of which Congressman Jonathan and Governor Matthew Harvey were members.

Mr. Little was educated in the public schools, New Hampton Literary Institution and Bates College, graduating A.B., from the latter, in 1884. After graduation he was for a few years engaged in mercantile pursuits; but, developing a taste for public affairs and greater intellectual activity, he determined to enter the legal profession, and, to that end, took up the study of law with the late Hon. James F. Briggs and Hon.

Oliver E. Branch, and also pursued a three years' course in the Boston University Law School, graduating LL.B. and winning high rank in his class as a student. Upon admission to the bar he commenced practice in Manchester, applying himself conscientiously to the work of his profession, and by industry, application and devotion to the interests of his clients, winning a large measure of success.

A Republican, by birth and conviction, his abilities soon commanded recognition by his party. In 1896 he was elected to the State Legislature from Ward Three, Manchester, and during the following session served efficiently upon the Judiciary and Journal of the House Committees. Re-elected for the next term, he held membership on the Judiciary, National Affairs and Rules Committees, and took high rank in leadership and debate on the floor; while during the session of 1901, having been again returned, he received the solid support of his party for the speakership, and distinguished himself in that honorable yet difficult position, for the readiness and accuracy of his rulings, and his unfailing fairness and courtesy.

He was a delegate in the Constitutional Convention of 1902, and served efficiently, in committee, on the floor, and in the chair, presiding over the Committee of the Whole.

When the local option law was enacted by the Legislature, in 1893, and a board of license commissioners was established under its provisions, with plenary powers to insure enforcement, it was generally conceded that the success of the law would depend, almost wholly, upon the character of the commission, and the selection made by Governor Bachelder, of Mr. Little as chairman, with Henry W. Keyes of Haverhill and John Kivel of Dover as his associates, gave the highest degree of satisfaction. Public confidence in these men was proven well placed by the course

of the commission throughout; and the ten years' service of Mr. Little in the chairmanship greatly enhanced his reputation as a high-minded and conscientious public servant.

Since his retirement from the license board, through its abolition

board of corporators. He has served as president of the Cheney Club, an organization composed of the graduates of Bates College residing in New Hampshire. He is a graceful and effective speaker, both on the stump and on general occasions, and



HON. CYRUS H. LITTLE

in 1913, Mr. Little has been engaged in the practice of his profession in Manchester. He has always been deeply interested in educational affairs, and served four years as a member of the school board while a resident of Sutton. He has been a trustee of the New Hampton Literary Institution since 1908, and was for several years president of its

his services on Memorial Day, particularly, are widely sought.

Mr. Little is a Congregationalist; a Mason and Knight Templar; member of the Sons of the American Revolution; Massachusetts Commandery, Military Order of the Loyal Legion; the New Hampshire Bar Association and the New Hampshire Historical Society.

TAGGART, BURROUGHS, WYMAN & McLANE

HON. DAVID A. TAGGART

To achieve real and true success, in the practice of law, one must possess numberless attributes of character such as perseverance, sound judgment, honesty, ability, fearlessness, tact and a high degree of democracy; and even a casual acquaintance would convince a close observer that these high traits were included in the make-up of David Arthur Taggart, a senior member of the firm of Taggart, Burroughs, Wyman & McLane. Mr. Taggart has gained wide recognition as a successful lawyer and he has always served the best interests of the Republican party with such unswerving loyalty that he has made for himself a high place in its ranks.

Mr. Taggart is a descendant of the early Scotch-Irish settlers of Londonderry. His grandfather was Hugh Taggart of Hooksett and his father, the late David Morrill Taggart of Goffstown, well known at one time as one of the most prominent horse breeders in New England. Mr. Taggart was born in Goffstown, on January 30, 1858. He attended the schools of Goffstown and graduated from Manchester High School with the class of 1874, afterwards entering Harvard, from which university he graduated with honors in 1878. He studied law with the late Judge David Cross, and, after being admitted to the bar, formed a partnership with him, which continued until 1885.

In 1883 Mr. Taggart was elected to the Legislature as a Republican member from Goffstown, and served with distinction as a member of the committee on revision of laws, and as chairman of the committee on elections. In November, 1888, he was elected a state senator from the Amherst district, and although the youngest member of that honorable body was chosen as its president, which position he filled with rare

dignity and honor. By virtue of this office he later assumed the office of governor during the illness of Governor Goodell, and in the fall of 1890 received the Republican nomination for Congress in the first district.

Mr. Taggart was married on November 11, 1884, to Mary Elbra, daughter of Dr. A. B. Story, and two daughters were born to them.

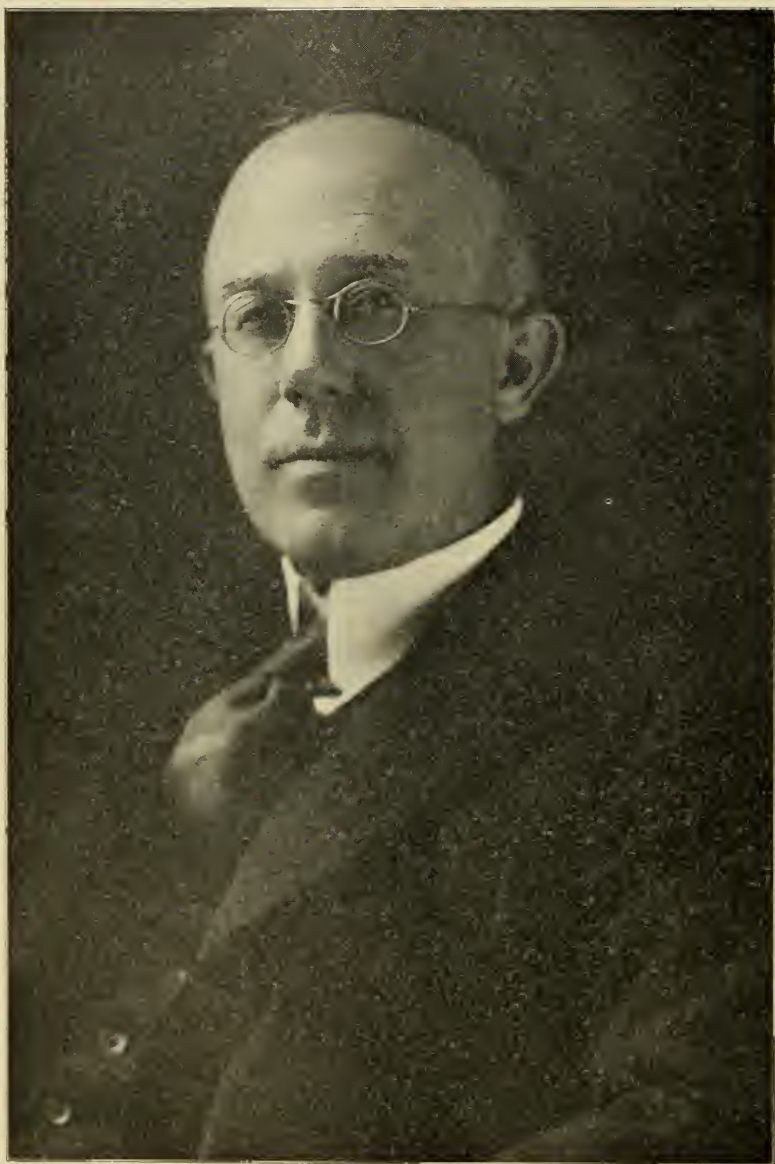
Mr. Taggart has always been a close student of affairs and his knowledge of art and literature has been broadened through the opportunity to travel in many foreign lands. He has achieved a fine reputation as a forceful, yet graceful public speaker, and his appearances as an orator or political speaker have been uniformly successful. The City of Manchester and the State owe much to the untiring loyalty and devotion of D. Arthur Taggart.

HON. SHERMAN E. BURROUGHS

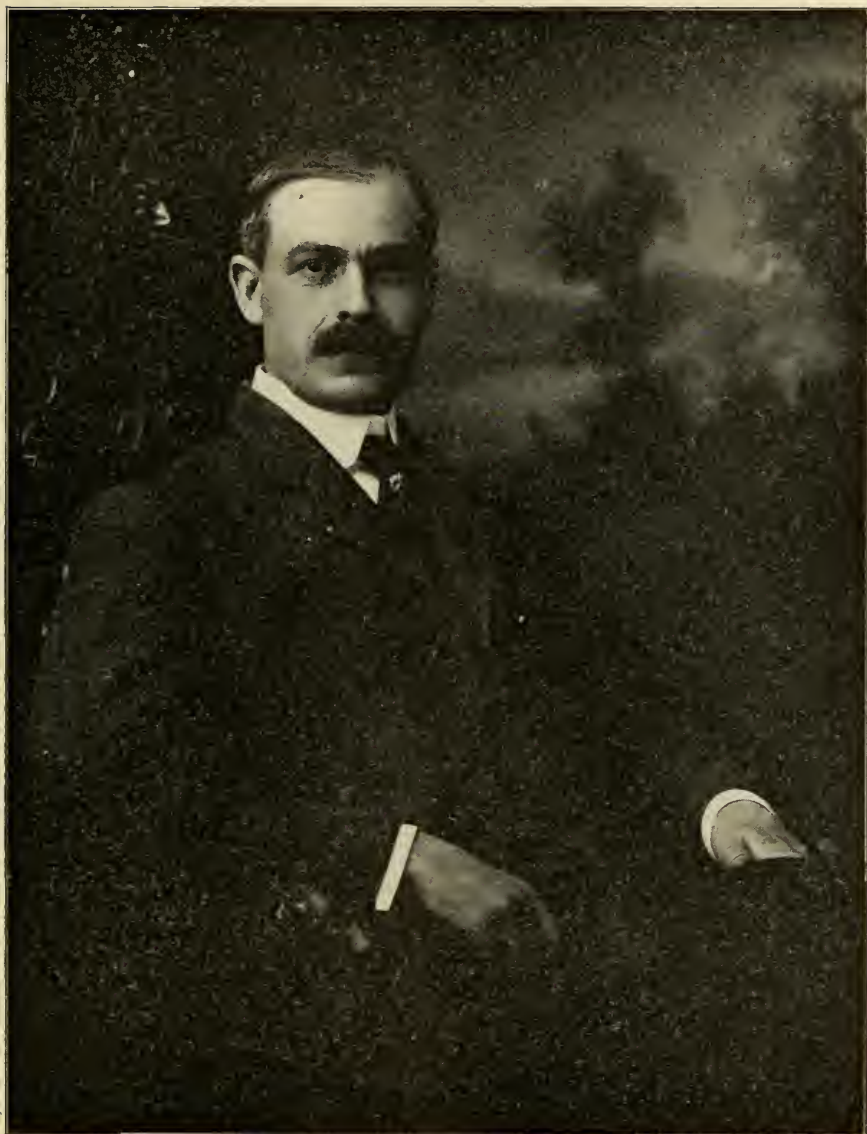
Distinguished as a lawyer, active in all branches of state progress and well known as a prominent member of the Republican party, Sherman E. Burroughs of Manchester has already achieved a distinguished career. As a senior member of the law firm of Taggart, Burroughs, Wyman & McLane he is an active practitioner and he takes a deep interest in the welfare of the Queen City.

He was born in Dunbarton, on February 6, 1870, the son of John H. and Helen M. (Baker) Burroughs. He attended the district schools of Dunbarton and Bow, graduating with honors from the Concord High School in 1890. Eligible to enter West Point, he waived his opportunity and matriculated at Dartmouth, from which institution he graduated in 1894, having won many honors during the four years.

He immediately began the study of law in the office of Sargent & Hollis at Concord, going to Washington in December of the same year as secretary to his kinsman, Congressman



HON. D. ARTHUR TAGGART



HON. SHERMAN E. BURROUGHS

Henry M. Baker. He continued the study of law at the Capital, graduating LL.B. from Columbia University and receiving the degree of Master of Laws in 1897. He was admitted to practice before the District of Columbia bar in 1896 and the New Hampshire bar in 1897. In August of the same year he commenced the practice of law in Manchester, continuing by himself until July 1, 1901, when he became a partner of Hon. David A. Taggart, Hon. James P. Tuttle and Mr. Louis E. Wyman.

He has been very prominent in the Republican Party, and has been deeply interested in charity work in this State as a member of the State Board of Charities and Corrections. He is a member of the Grace Episcopal Church and is active in city Y. M. C. A. work. He belongs to the Derryfield and Tippecanoe clubs and is a Mason.

On April 21, 1898, he married Helen S. Philips, a native of Alexandria County, Va., and they have four sons.



Louis E. Wyman

Louis E. Wyman was born August 2, 1878, in Lynn, Mass. His parents were Louis A. and Edith E. (Merriam) Wyman. He was educated in

the Lynn public schools, and graduated from the Lynn Classical High School in 1896. He graduated from Harvard with the class of 1900, and from the Harvard Law School in 1902. He was admitted to the Massachusetts bar in February, 1902. After spending the summer of 1902 in Europe he began to practice in Boston, but came to Manchester in December, 1902, to become associated with David A. Taggart, James P. Tuttle and Sherman E. Burroughs. After Mr. Tuttle was appointed attorney-general, the firm was continued as Taggart, Burroughs & Wyman. A year later, John R. McLane, son of Ex-Governor McLane, was taken into the firm, which has since been engaged in general practice under the name of Taggart, Burroughs, Wyman & McLane. June 1, 1904, Mr. Wyman married Alice S. Crosby, daughter of Uberto C. Crosby, then president of the New Hampshire Fire Insurance Company. Eliot U. Wyman was born March 26, 1905. Esther M. Wyman was born December 19, 1907.

Mr. Wyman is a Republican in politics, was elected representative and served in the legislature of 1909. In that session he was a member of the judiciary committee, and took an active interest in matters relating to taxation and in other legislation.

He belongs to the Derryfield, Calumet and Intervale Country clubs.

JOHN ROY McLANE

John Roy McLane, a junior member of the firm of Taggart, Burroughs, Wyman and McLane was born in Milford, N. H., on January 7, 1886, the son of John McLane, at one time governor of New Hampshire, and Ellen (Tuck) McLane.

His early education was received in the public schools of Milford, and in 1900 he entered St. Paul's School at Concord, leaving there three years later to enter Dartmouth College from which institution he graduated in 1907. He studied two years at Ox-

ford University, England, receiving his degree there in 1909, after which he returned to this country and studied at the Harvard Law School, graduating in 1912.

He immediately began the practice of law in Manchester, being associated with the firm of which he is now a member. Mr. McLane is a Progressive, and has been secretary of the

floor of the Amoskeag Building in Manchester. For over three decades Mr. Jones has been engaged in the practice of his profession, and although the pressure of business has been great during all this period, yet he has found opportunity to give much of his knowledge and time to affairs of the city and State. This in itself indicates a man of unusual intellectuality, for few gain the highest success in their chosen profession without devoting their entire time to it alone.

Edwin Frank Jones was born in Manchester, N. H., April 19, 1859, the son of Edwin R. and Mary A. (Farnham) Jones. His early education was received in the schools of Manchester and at Dartmouth College from which institution he graduated in 1880 with high honors. He studied law with Judge David Cross, at Manchester, and on August 28, 1883, was admitted to practice before the New Hampshire bar. He associated himself with the late William J. Copeland as a partner and following the latter's death in 1886, practiced alone for sixteen years. Since 1902 he has been connected with the firm of which he is now senior partner. For a long period of time Mr. Jones has numbered among his clients the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company and the Manchester Traction Light & Power Company, two of the best known corporations in the state. In 1908 Mr. Jones was president of the New Hampshire Bar Association.

The career of Mr. Jones in public and political life has been fully as brilliant as that of his professional life. In 1881 he was assistant clerk of the House of Representatives and here he was so proficient as to be elected clerk for the sessions of 1883 and 1885. In 1900 he was president of the Republican State Convention and in 1908 was a delegate-at-large from this State to the Republican National Convention at Chicago. In 1902 he was a delegate to the con-



John R. McLane

Progressive state committee. He is a Mason and a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

On June 12, 1915, he married Elisabeth Bancroft, at Hebron, N. H., and they have one son, John Roy McLane, Jr. Although busily engaged in the practice of law, Mr. McLane still finds occasional opportunity to indulge in his favorite recreation, tennis.

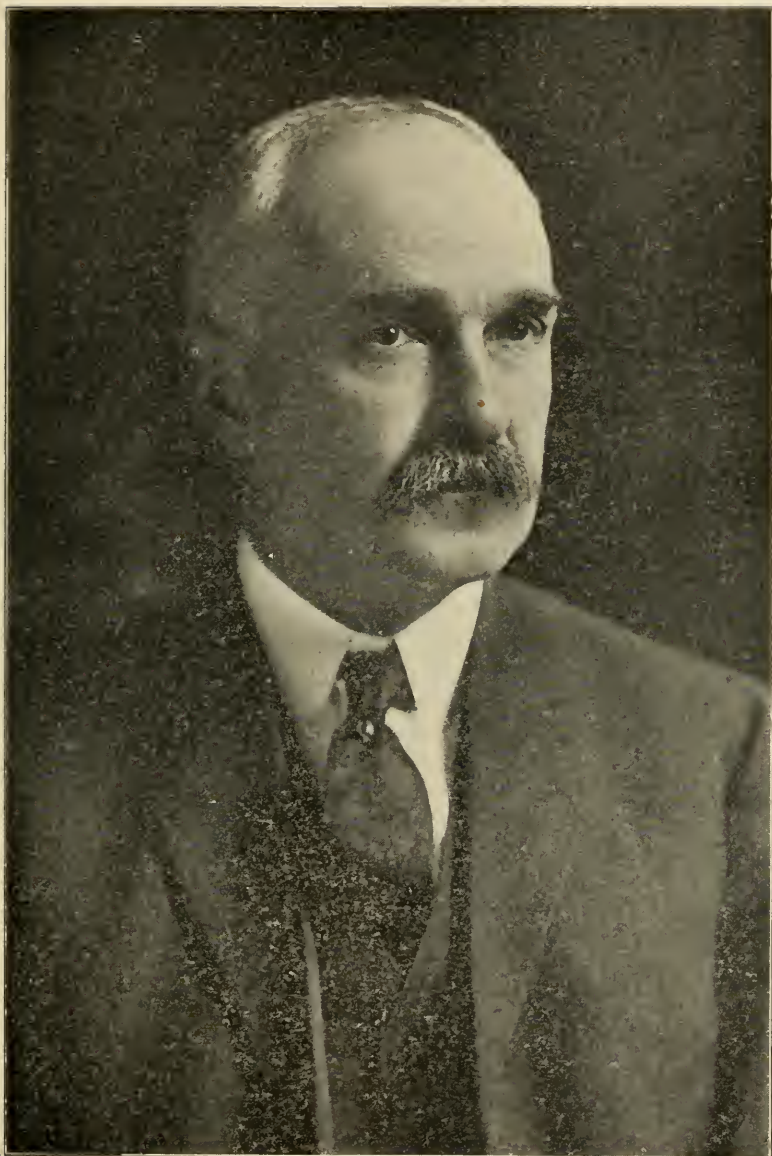
JONES, - WARREN, WILSON & MANNING

HON. EDWIN F. JONES

■ Few New Hampshire lawyers have achieved greater distinction than Edwin Frank Jones, senior member of one of the largest and busiest law firms in New Hampshire—Jones, Warren, Wilson & Manning—occupying an extensive suite of offices on the tenth



HON. EDWIN F. JONES



HON. GEORGE H. WARREN

vention to revise the constitution of the State serving on the Standing Committee on Future Mode of Amending the Constitution and other Amendments and presiding in the committee of the whole. In 1912 he was president of the Constitutional Convention, having been chosen unanimously and without the least show of opposition, which was a high tribute to the ability, merit and fitness of the man.

His native city has honored Mr. Jones in more ways than one. But a short time after his graduation from Dartmouth he was elected a member of the Manchester Board of Education, and in January, 1887, he was chosen city solicitor, to which office he was repeatedly reelected for a period of twelve years. For years he has been a trustee of Pine Grove Cemetery, for six years was trustee of the public library and from 1887 to 1895 he was treasurer of Hillsborough County. In 1915 he was elected a trustee of the State Library.

On December 21, 1887, Mr. Jones married Nora F. Kennard of Manchester, daughter of the late Hon. Joseph F. Kennard. Their only child, Rebecca, died on October 26, 1902.

Mr. Jones is a prominent Mason. He is a member of Washington Lodge, Mt. Horeb Chapter, Adoniram Council and Trinity Commandery, K. T., of Manchester. In 1891 he was master of his lodge, in 1896 was appointed district deputy grand master of the grand lodge and in 1910 became grand master of the grand lodge. He is a member of the Scottish Rite bodies of the thirty-second degree, and of the Shrine.

To one who reads the above the strength of character of the man is at once apparent. He is possessed of all the attributes which go to make up a successful lawyer and close student of affairs. Courteous and kind, he is yet resourceful and untiring, knowing nothing of defeat, pressing on always to higher and better things.

His opportunity for extensive travel at home and abroad have given him a keen insight into men and the world of affairs, of which he has been quick to take advantage in the pursuit of his worthy career.

HON. GEORGE H. WARREN

George H. Warren is one of the most substantial members of the Manchester legal profession. He has been successful as a practitioner because of his inherent ability and determination to achieve a full measure of success in everything which he undertook. Well versed in all branches of his profession and a hard, yet fair fighter, he has gained the respect of all who have come in contact with him.

Mr. Warren was born in Shirley, Mass., on October 15, 1860, the son of N. L. and Mary B. Warren. His early education was received in the district schools, and he prepared for college at Lawrence Academy in Groton, Mass. He was graduated from Williams College in 1886 and he has been engaged in the practice of law in Manchester since he was admitted to the bar in 1889.

Mr. Warren is at present one of the senior members of the reliable firm of Jones, Warren, Wilson & Manning, which is an outgrowth of the firm of Burnham, Brown and Warren, the first law firm with which he became identified in 1890.

Prominent in Republican circles of the State, Mr. Warren has held several responsible positions, and is at present president of the Board of Trustees of Public Institutions, which office he has held since July, 1915. For six years he has been chairman of the Board of Trustees of the State Industrial School, and in 1912 he sat in the Constitutional Convention, of which another member of the firm, Edwin C. Jones, was president.

Mr. Warren was married on November 19, 1891, to Mary H. Palmer of Groton, Mass., and to them five

children have been born, Helen E., Louise, Mary B., Robert P., and Elizabeth H. Mr. Warren attends the Unitarian Church, and is a member of the Derryfield and Country clubs of Manchester.

ALLAN M. WILSON

Allan M. Wilson, of the firm of Jones, Warren, Wilson & Manning,



Allan M. Wilson

has been prominently identified with the Manchester legal profession since he was admitted to the New Hampshire bar in 1897.

Born at St. John, N. B., on January 27, 1873, he was educated at St. John's High School, graduating with the class of 1888. He was graduated from Arcadia College, in 1893, and began the study of law in the office of Burnham, Brown & Warren, in Manchester, shortly afterwards.

Mr. Wilson was a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1912 and, for the past nine years, has been a member of the Manchester School committee. He is a Republican and fraternally is well known as a Mason,

Knight Templar, member of the Shrine and Consistory. He belongs to the Derryfield and Intervale Country clubs of Manchester, and the Canadian Club of Boston, Mass.

In 1901 he was married to Katherine F. Rowe of Yarmouth, N. S., and to them one child, Arthur R., was born in 1902. He is a member of the First Baptist Church of Manchester, and his favorite recreation is tennis.

ROBERT L. MANNING

Robert L. Manning, a member of the firm of Jones, Warren, Wilson & Manning, is well known in Manchester and through the State as a successful attorney, his work before the supreme court having brought him into considerable prominence.

He was born in Annapolis, Md., on January 20, 1872, the son of Charles H. and Fanny B. Manning. His early education was received in Annapolis and at Baltimore, Md., but he is a graduate of Manchester High School, afterwards being graduated from Harvard College and Harvard Law School. He commenced the practice of law at Man-



Robert L. Manning

chester in 1898 and has been in that city ever since.

He has been ward clerk and moderator, and in 1907 was a member of the New Hampshire House of Representatives. Mr. Manning is a Progressive, and although not officially connected with the party, his high ideas and strong convictions have been of sufficient worth to receive due consideration in the councils of that party in this State.

Mr. Manning was married, October 23, 1900, to Frances May Sawyer, of Manchester, and they have one daughter, Margaret. He is affiliated with several local clubs and is a Congregationalist.

THORP & ABBOTT

L. ASHTON THORP

L. Ashton Thorp was born in Manchester, December 7, 1876, the son of



L. Ashton Thorp

Frank D. and Julia E. (Boutelle) Thorp. He received his education in the Manchester public schools and attended the Boston University Law School. He was admitted to the practice of law at the New Hampshire

bar in June 1902, and has met with marked success in his chosen profession. His political affiliations are with the Republican Party, of which he is an influential member. He has filled the positions of assistant clerk of the State Senate 1901-3, clerk of that body in 1905-07, assistant clerk of the New Hampshire Constitutional Convention of 1903, and has served as secretary of the Republican State Committee. He is a member of the Derryfield Club, Manchester's representative social organization. He married, April 26, 1905, Justyne E. Burgess. They have three children.

LEE C. ABBOTT

Lee C. Abbott was born in Rumney, N. H., June 11, 1876, son of Joseph and Sarah (Clark) Abbott. His education was obtained in the Rumney



Lee C. Abbott

public schools, the High School of Franklin, Mass., and the University of Vermont. He read law in the offices of Pattee & George and Cross & Loveren in Manchester, and was admitted to the New Hampshire bar

in June, 1905. He is a member of the law firm of Thorp & Abbott, Amoskeag Bank Building, and is an honored member of his profession. In politics Mr. Abbott is a Democrat and has received recognition from his party, at one time being its candidate for state senator in one of the Manchester districts, running well ahead of his ticket. He has been trustee of the New Hampshire State Library, has served as Noble Grand of Ridgely Lodge of Odd Fellows and is a member of the college fraternity, Alpha Tau Omega. In 1906 he married Jennie D. Hutchinson of Franklin, Mass. They have five children. Mr. Abbott is a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church and president of the Conference Laymen's Association of that denomination.

THOMAS H. MADIGAN, JR.

One of the best known of the younger members of the Manchester legal profession is Thomas Henry Madigan, Jr., who was born in Westfield, Mass., on June 29, 1872, the son of Thomas H. and Johanna (Bahren) Madigan. His early education was received at Mechanicsville (New York) Academy, the Troy (New York) Business College and under private tutors. He studied law and was admitted to practice before the New Hampshire bar in 1899. From the time he was admitted until 1907 Major Madigan practiced in Concord, afterwards moving to Manchester where he has since been located.

He has achieved considerable distinction in politics, being Secretary of the Democratic State Committee from 1900 to 1904, and chairman of the same. He is the present chairman of the Democratic City Committee of Manchester.

Major Madigan was secretary of the Constitutional Convention of 1902, and from 1899 to 1907 was judge advocate of the New Hampshire National Guard with the rank of

major. He is affiliated with the Knights of Columbus and is a member of the New Hampshire and Amer-



Thomas H. Madigan, Jr.

ican Bar associations. In religion he is a Roman Catholic.

CHARLES D. BARNARD

Charles Daniel Barnard is a Manchester attorney who has forced recognition for himself through hard work and perseverance. As a young man he learned the grocery and wholesale paper business, beginning the study of law in 1902, and, later, taking a course in the law department of George Washington University, Washington, D. C. He has been so successful in his profession that he now is solicitor of the Queen City and has a large private practice as well.

Born in Bedford, February 15, 1873, the son of Henry T. and H. Louise (Hunter) Barnard, he lived as a youth in Merrimack, and completed his education at the McGaw Normal Institute. In 1905 he was admitted to the New Hampshire

bar and began the practice of law as an associate of Congressman Cyrus A. Sulloway and Moodybell S. Ben-



Charles D. Barnard

nett. As a representative of the fourth ward of Manchester, in the legislature of 1909, he served on the important judiciary committee. In 1910 he was associated with Senator Henry E. Burnham in Washington, D. C., as a secretary. In 1913 he returned to Manchester to take up the practice of his profession, and in the same year was elected city solicitor which position he now holds.

Mr. Barnard is a Mason, Knight Templar and member of Bektash Temple. He is an Odd Fellow, attends the Congregational Church and is a member of the Derryfield and Calumet clubs. In 1904 he married Miss Mabelle M. Wright of Manchester, and they have one son, Charles Henry.

WILLIAM S. NEVINS

One of the younger members of the Manchester legal profession is William S. Nevins, who opened his office

at 616 Amoskeag Bank Building in April, 1915. Since that time he has had considerable general practice and has been particularly successful in Probate work, of which he has accumulated a large amount.

Mr. Nevins was born in Londonderry, N. H., March 1, 1890, the son of William P. and Julia D. S. Nevins. His early education was received in the district schools of his native town, and he prepared for college at Pinkerton Academy in Derry. Mr. Nevins early interested himself in agriculture, and wishing to know more about the theoretical side of farming he took an agricultural course at New Hampshire College, afterwards studying law at Boston University Law School, from which he was graduated in 1913. He was admitted to practice in 1914 and for some time studied with the prominent firm of Jones, Warren, Wilson & Manning, later opening his own office.

He is deeply interested in scientific



William S. Nevins

farming, and, as an avocation, conducts the family farm at Londonderry in a most successful manner.

He also is actively interested in politics, as a Republican, and at present is chairman of the Republican committee of his native town. Fraternally, Mr. Nevins is a Mason, Knight Templar and Shriner, as well as a prominent member of the Grange. He is a member of the Presbyterian Church.

CARROLL S. KING

Not connected with any corporation, yet conducting one of the extensive law practices of Manchester, Carroll S. King may be characterized as a typical "plugger," and one who succeeds by this method.

He was born in Marlboro, Vt., August 31, 1880, the son of Walter E. and Kate N. King. In Marlboro he received his early education. He graduated from the Brattleboro Academy, Brattleboro, Vt., and studied law at Brown University. In 1909 he entered business as a lawyer in Manchester, where he at present enjoys a large



Carroll S. King

general practice. Mr. King's political affiliations are with the Republican Party. He is a member of Wildley Lodge No. 45, I. O. O. F. of Manchester.

Although his law business keeps him very busy Mr. King finds time

to participate in the development of Manchester as a municipality, in which he is keenly interested. He is an enthusiastic motorist and somewhat of a baseball "fan."

ROBERT LAING

One of Manchester's leading young attorneys is Robert C. Laing. Mr.



Robert Laing

Laing was born in Manchester, February 24, 1891, the son of Elmer R. and Charlotte F. Laing.

He attended the Manchester public schools and is a graduate of Manchester High School. He studied law at the Boston University Law School and in 1913 took up the practice of law in his native city where he is associated with former Senator H. E. Burnham.

His political affiliations are with the Republican Party, of which he is one of the more prominent of the younger members. He was a member of the House of Representatives in 1913 and at present is clerk of the Municipal Court of Manchester.

Mr. Laing is a member of the Lafayette Lodge of Masons, Chapter, Coun-

eil and Commandery at Manchester and is also a member of the Calumet Club.

On October 25, 1915, Mr. Laing

married Mazelle L. Clarke of Fall River, Massachusetts. He is a regular attendant of the Universalist Church.

MANUFACTURING IN MANCHESTER

The Manchester of America owes its very existence to a manufacturing corporation; in fact the Queen City of the Granite State is the offspring of the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company and in the same manner that a parent nourishes and cares for its firstborn so was the city of Manchester nourished and succored during its early age by the corporation parent, and today that corporation, which has kept pace in growth and development with its offspring, exercises a vast amount of influence on the municipality which has become the metropolis of the Granite State.

The child need not be ashamed of its parent and by the same token may the parent look with pride upon the child which it has reared. Today the Amoskeag corporation is pointed to as an ideal manufacturing company which looks after its thousands of employes in a manner best calculated to promote the material and social welfare of each individual, and at the same time attends to a business the magnitude of which exceeds even the wildest dreams of the company's early promoters. The manufacture of cotton cloth has always been the leading industry of the Queen City; today the manufacture of shoes is running a close second.

As would naturally be expected there is neither extensive variety or large number of manufacturing concerns in Manchester, but it may be truthfully said that the few companies which are engaged in the various lines of manufacturing business are of the highest possible grade, no matter from what angle they are viewed, so whatever the city may lack in quantity it makes up for in quality.

The initial attempt to harness the mighty power of the Amoskeag Falls to machinery was made somewhere about 1760, when Capt. John Stark built and operated a sawmill at the Falls on the west side of the river. It was while working in his mill that John Stark heard the news of the battle of Lexington and hastened to take up the important place which he held in the victory of the Colonies over the English troops. During the Revolutionary war, this first mill decayed, from want of use and repair, but after the cessation of hostilities, a new mill was built on the same site by General Stark and Hon. Samuel Blodgett, later becoming the property of Mr. Blodgett alone.

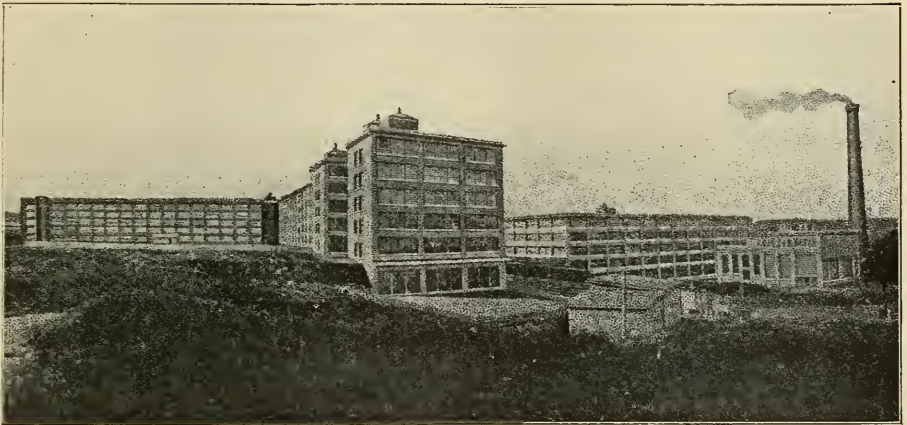
The real pioneer in the development of the water power at the Amoskeag Falls and the man to whom belongs a great deal of the credit for the Manchester of today is Judge Samuel Blodgett. This enterprising man, after engaging in the manufacture of duck and sail cloth in Massachusetts, came to Manchester in 1793, and at once began work upon the construction of a canal around the quarter mile of rapids with their descent of fifty feet, for the purpose of making the Merrimack River navigable from Lake Winnepesaukee to Lowell. A Massachusetts company was already engaged in building the Middlesex Canal from Lowell to Boston. In the face of almost every conceivable obstacle, not only from natural condition but from the opposition of the very large number of men who considered him a demented old man, Judge Blodgett persevered in his purpose, spending all of his own fortune in the venture and on May 1, 1807, just fourteen

years from the day he began that great work, he rode in triumph through his own canal.

Although this canal made the Merrimack River the highway of traffic in northern New England for thirty-five years, or until the railroad came to run parallel with the waterway, the principal industry of which it was to ruin, Judge Blodgett did not limit his comprehension of the possibilities of the Merrimack River to navigation. Quite to the contrary, he had a clear conception of the immense hydraulic power vested in the turbulent waters of the Amoskeag Falls. It was ever his boast that "as the

mill in New Hampshire located in New Ipswich on the Souhegan River, and believing that he could find ample waterpower at Amoskeag, he accordingly bought a privilege and built a small mill, which he fitted with machinery for the spinning of cotton. But the machinery was old and unsatisfactory and the business lagged for a few years.

In 1809, Messrs. Ephraim, Robert and David Stevens became associated with Mr. Prichard and assisted in the work of making a new dam. Others becoming interested in this enterprise, a company was formed in January, 1810, under the name of "Proprietors



Central Plant, W. H. McElwain Shoe Company

country increases in population we must have manufactories, and here, at my canal, will be a manufacturing town that shall be the Manchester of America." Death claimed the venerable pioneer only a few months after the successful completion of his canal, but his spirit of prophecy inspired the people to the effect that a petition was presented to the legislature of this State which was granted on June 13, 1810, making the name of the town Manchester.

The project of manufacturing cotton on the Merrimack was started in 1804 at Amoskeag Falls by one Benjamin Prichard. Mr. Prichard had had an interest in the first cotton

of the Amoskeag Cotton and Wool Manufactory." This company enlarged the original mill somewhat and began the spinning of cotton yarns. In order to raise more capital, the company petitioned the state legislature for an act of incorporation which was granted under the name of the Amoskeag Cotton and Wool Manufacturing Company in June, 1810.

The close of the war of 1812 brought such an influx of foreign goods that the Amoskeag Company was nearly prostrated, and it was decided to sell out if a purchaser could be found. In October, 1822, the property was purchased by Mr. Olney

Robinson of Providence, R. I., whose enthusiasm proved greater than his judgment, with the result that, in January, 1825, Messrs. Pitcher, Gay and Slater, men of experience in the mill business, became the owners of this infant industry. These gentlemen, in December, 1825, sold a large interest in the property to Messrs. Oliver Dean, Lyman Tiffany, and Willard Sayles, and this new firm took the title of the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company.

From the formation of this company, under the name which has since become famous, the story of manufacturing at Amoskeag Falls was one of progress and prosperity. The company was incorporated on July 1, 1831, with a capital of one million dollars. This company planned to furnish sites for mills to other companies which might be anxious to locate here, also power for these mills, to erect mills and run them on their own account, and at the same time develop a manufacturing town.

One of the early acts of this corporation had been to purchase a large tract of over 700 acres of land on the west side of the river and expert engineers, having ascertained that the east bank of the river was the better site for canals and mills, all the lands on the east side of the river that they could ever require were purchased in 1834. Early in 1838 the site of a town was laid out, consisting of a main street, running north and south, parallel with the river, called Elm Street, with other streets running parallel and at right angles to Elm Street. Certain sections were reserved for public parks, cemeteries, churches, schools and public buildings. The first public land sale was held by the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company, October 24, 1838, and 147 lots were sold. As if in fulfillment of the old prophecy of Judge Blodgett, building at once began in earnest and has continued from that day to this with almost unprecedented rapidity.

In 1838 a new company for the manufacture of cotton bags and duck was incorporated under the name of the Stark Mills and with a capital of \$500,000.00. The greater part of the members of this new company were men who had held interests in the older company. In 1839, another new company was incorporated as the Manchester Mills. Later this name was changed to the Merrimac Mills, and still later to the Manchester Print Works and has since been absorbed by the Amoskeag Company.

One branch of the Amoskeag Company's activities was the Machine Shop built in 1840 to make the machinery used in their own mills, and for sale to other mills. This shop was followed by a foundry in 1842, and a new larger machine shop and new foundry in 1848. For several years the manufacture of locomotives was very successfully carried on at these shops, but has since been discontinued. To provide room for small manufacturers the Amoskeag Company built a block near the upper end of the lower canal called the "Mechanic's Building" or "Mechanic's Row" wherein were located a varied assortment of smaller manufacturing plants.

A company that at one time was quite prominent in Manchester was the Manchester Locomotive Company. Incorporated in 1854, this company was later absorbed by the American Locomotive Company and has now been discontinued in this city. Other important enterprises at the middle of the nineteenth century were: Blodgett Edge Tool Company, Amoskeag Paper Mill, Manchester Iron Company, Manchester Machine Company, the Fulton Works for the manufacture of doors, sashes and blinds, Manchester Steam Mill, The Brass Foundry, Piscataqua Steam Mill, Piscataqua Mills for flour manufacture and the Manchester Gas Light Company.

Today, the important manufacturing concerns, other than the Amoskeag Company and Stark Mills in

Manchester, include: F. M. Hoyt Company, makers of the Beacon shoes, which established here in 1892; the Elliott Manufacturing Company, makers of underwear, established in 1892; Crafts Shoe Factory, established in 1891; the S. A. Felton & Sons Company, which began business here in the early 80's, making

power brushes; the Manchester Traction Light and Power Company, incorporated in 1881; the W. F. McElwain Company which located here in 1910, the Jones Shoe Co. and R. G. Sullivan's cigar factory, home of the famous 7-20-4. Sketches of several of the more prominent manufacturing concerns appear in the following pages.

AMOSKEAG MANUFACTURING COMPANY

Manchester and the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company are almost synonymous in their histories, in their prosperity, and in their meaning to the world in general. The city of Manchester has practically grown up around this mammoth textile industry, the growth and progress of which has been the backbone of the growth and progress of the city itself; and in any part of the civilized and industrial world, the fame of Manchester, New Hampshire, is primarily as the home of the largest textile plants in the world.

The Amoskeag Manufacturing Company is not only the largest concern of its kind in the world, but it is singular for the reason that its entire plant and management are in the one city. All other enterprises, which can be compared in size to the Amoskeag, are located in several cities. If every industry and individual, except the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company, were taken entirely away from Manchester, there would still be an industrial city of thirty thousand people and a city of the greatest importance to the manufacturing world. This comparison in no way belittles the scores of other important manufacturing concerns which go to make up the Manchester of today, but rather serves to emphasize the magnitude of this principal industry.

Some idea of the extent of this company's business may be gathered from consideration of the fact that it provides daily employment to over

15,000 operatives; that its 670,000 spindles consume more than 70,000,000 pounds of raw cotton and wool in a year; and its 24,000 looms make nearly 150,000 miles of cloth every year. To generate the power which runs the machinery used in making this amount of cloth is required in a year 131,000 tons of coal, and to properly lubricate the machines requires 75,000 gallons of oil. Add to these facts, remarkable as they are, the truly astounding fact that the annual pay-roll reaches the stupendous sum of \$8,500,000, and Manchester's dependence on the Amoskeag is forcefully comprehended.

The wonderful natural advantages of the location of the mills of the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company, without doubt have been the largest contributing factor in the success of this gigantic enterprise. Its mills and works stretch along the east bank of the Merrimack River for one and one-half miles or more and bridges built by the company communicate with factories built on the west side of the river making an extent of scarcely less than four miles of brick buildings in tiers of two and three.

The Amoskeag Manufacturing Company was incorporated in 1831. The first two mills were built by the company for its own occupancy in 1840 and 1841. A third mill was erected in 1844 and a fourth in 1847. The fifth and sixth mills, with auxiliary buildings followed within the space of a few years; a seventh, a gingham mill, in 1869, the eighth,



View of the Mammoth Plant of the Amoskeag Manufact

also a gingham mill, in 1874 and the ninth in 1880. In 1886 the company added another mill to its already large plant on the east bank of the river, this building considerably larger than any of the previous ones, being 492 feet long by 100 feet wide and five stories high. This new factory is known as the Jefferson Mill, or Mill No. 10. Just below this Jefferson Mill is the bag mill, where the work is carding, spinning and weaving for cotton bags. In the upper yard, opposite the Jefferson Mill, are No. 1 and No. 2 Langdon Mills, for spinning and weaving. South of Dean Street in the upper yard is the big Amory Mill, 519 feet long, and 94 feet wide, with an extension 103 feet long and 101 feet wide, the entire structure five stories high.

The company's Mill No. 11 was built in 1889, on the west side of the river, south of Bridge Street, a building 533 feet long and 103 feet wide. In 1899 an addition 366 feet long was built, making the entire mill 900 feet long, 103 feet wide, six stories high at the south end, four stories high at the north end. In this mill are weaving and dressing and cloth room departments. On the west side of the river, near the junction of Bridge and McGregor Streets, is the Coolidge Mill, built in 1909. It consists of the main mill four stories high, 704 feet long and 103 feet wide,

with two wings on the east side, both 204 feet long and 103 feet wide. Carding, spinning and weaving are done in this factory. A passageway over Bridge Street connects this building with Mill No. 11.

While the Coolidge Mill was under construction, a new power plant, comprising a turbine engine station and a boiler house, was in process of erection on the east bank of the river north of Jefferson Mill. At present there are two 5,000 and one 7,500 horse-power engines in the engine house, and 64 boilers, each rated at 150 horse-power.

At the foot of Stark Street, a bridge spanning the Canal, is the entrance to the building containing the counting room and offices of the company. On the lower floor of this building are rooms for the civil engineers and chemists, the second floor has the counting room and general offices and a hall where stockholders' meetings are held. The upper floor is used for the purchasing department and architects. Beside these main mills and buildings there are many minor auxiliary buildings, each filling its place in the manifold needs of a great manufacturing industry.

The southern division of the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company's immense plant includes what was the Manchester Mills, Manchester Old Print Works and the New Print



uring Company From the West Bank of the Merrimack

Works, and comprises eight factories with auxiliary buildings.

Mill No. 11 and the Coolidge Mill present the latest type of factory with all modern ideas and improved surroundings. They are indeed splendid buildings, the latter named in honor of the company's one time president and famous head, the Hon. T. Jefferson Coolidge. A tablet, placed on the wall near the entrance of the Coolidge Mills, bears testimony to his memory.

The aggregate extent of land covered by this large number of factories, shops, mills and auxiliary buildings, nearly all built of brick with fire-resisting roofs, is an area equal to forty-five acres. The floor space represented by these buildings is over 165 acres, while the yards in which the mills are located have an area of over 179 acres.

A comparison of the pay-roll of the company for various years gives one of the most comprehensive ideas of the remarkable growth of this company. In 1831 the year the company was incorporated, the total wage was \$36,298. In twenty years, or in 1850, it had become \$487,005. In another twenty years, or in 1870, the annual pay-roll represented \$1,107,428. In 1900 a total of \$2,772,811 was paid in wages to Amoskeag workers, which increased to \$6,176,353 in 1910 and still further increased

to approximately \$8,500,000 for 1915. When one considers the varied occupation and the vast number of workers employed in the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company, the number of accidents which have occurred is very small. No great catastrophe has ever happened such as have been the misfortune of other large manufacturing concerns, no disastrous fires have ever started in the mills or store-houses and the loss of life attendant upon the working of this enormous manufactory has been wonderfully small, all of which reflects the greatest of credit on the entire management of the undertaking.

The Amoskeag Corporation was one of the first of the large corporations of this country to discern the advantages to itself of a liberal policy to its employees. It early recognized the fact that the success and stability of its business depended to a large extent upon the coöperation and contentedness of its largest force of workers, the operatives. With this end in view, it has interested itself in the welfare of its workers until Manchester and the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company is the desired goal of all the better class of mill workers of this country, and there is not a manufacturing city in the whole United States which can boast of such an industrious, prosperous

and decorous operative population as is here. To this is due the exceedingly small number of labor troubles which have arisen here, all differences always having been adjusted amicably.

To provide homes for its vast number of workers, the company, in the early day of its incorporation, acquired large tracts of land in Manchester and on them erected tenements for its people which are rented at very reasonable rates. These tenements, which occupy an extent of land aggregating not less than forty acres, are sanitary, well ventilated houses with modern improvements and are so designed as to offer almost as much privacy as cottage homes.

A strong indication of the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company's desire to permanently cement the interests of its employes to the company, is the offering to hold for any person in its employ, from one to twenty shares of preferred stock, to be taken up in semi-monthly payments from their wages or by cash payments as the purchaser may prefer. Other manufacturing companies in America are following this plan.

In the early days of the company's activity, the hours of work were fourteen out of the twenty-four hours of each day, and during the winter it was necessary to work by artificial light for more than one third of the working day. In spite of the long hours of labor, the wages were exceedingly meagre as compared with present day standards, but living was simpler and less costly in those days, so that the wage scale could compare favorably with the cost of living. However, the hours of labor have been gradually shortened until the present schedule of fifty-five hours a week was adopted in January, 1914, and wages have been proportionally increased so that now the highest wages for the class of work are paid by the Amoskeag Company.

A feature which this most credit-

able corporation has established for the welfare of its employes is the hospital department, equipped to take care of all minor accidents, and having a competent surgeon and a trained nurse always in attendance. Further than this, two trained nurses are engaged to care for the sick in the families of employes without any expense to them. Free dental service is provided employes' children under the age of sixteen years, and the maintenance of over one hundred first aid stations throughout the immense manufacturing plant assures proper attention to every injury, however slight.

In 1911, one of the most notable and far-reaching efforts of the company in behalf of its workers resulted in the formation of the Textile Club. This club was successful from its inception and became so popular that in June, 1912, when it had a membership of over four hundred, it was incorporated, in order that it might depend entirely on its own efforts and strength. In December, 1912, the control of Varick Park was secured by the club for athletic use and the park was renamed "Textile Field." In the spring of 1913, elaborate alterations and improvements were made in the grounds; a large grandstand of steel and brick and two new bleachers were built, making one of the best athletic parks in New England and one unique in its ownership and management. An enthusiastic crowd of fourteen thousand people witnessed the dedication of this field on September 8, 1913.

One of the principal objects for the establishment of the Textile Club was the promotion of efficiency through education, hence that branch of the club known as the Textile School, which is an offer from the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company to assist any young man in its employ who so desires, to obtain a technical education. A suitable building and instructors are provided for all who wish to take courses in textile work,

mechanical drawing, mill accounting, shorthand or typewriting, and for those who elect a textile course, there is at hand an equipment of machinery and competent engineers to combine the theoretical knowledge with the practical. The large number who have taken advantage of this free education and chance for betterment, proves to the company the wisdom of its adoption. A very effective organization of Boy Scouts is another branch of the work of the Textile Club.

In 1910, the women clerks of the Amoskeag Company formed an association which was reorganized in 1913 and called the Amoskeag Woman's Textile Club. This club now has a membership of nearly five hundred.

A department of this corporation, which varies greatly from the procedure of the majority of large corporations, is the employment office. Here all workers, in all the different branches of the factories, are engaged, and all information and assistance provided families seeking homes and means of livelihood.

The Amoskeag Company has always been the hearty coöperator of the State in seeking to exclude child labor from mills; and with their further welfare in mind, has established a splendid playground and gardens for children whose elders are in the employ of the company. A tract of land measuring several acres is divided into garden plots, which are planted and tended by the children under the guidance of an expert gardener; and, as a stimulus to this most desirable out-of-door activity, prizes are offered for the best products from these gardens. It is interesting to note that an average of less than 30 persons under sixteen years of age are numbered among the 15,000 operatives.

The children's playground probably has attracted more attention and called forth more well-deserved commendation than any other one

thing this excellent corporation has done for its employes, situated as it is in full view of every railroad train going or coming north of Manchester. A plot of land one hundred feet wide and nearly five hundred feet long, enclosed by an iron fence as ornamental as it is practical, contains a full equipment of modern gymnastic apparatus, swings, chutes, see-saws and other devices for safe enjoyment. There is a running track, a baseball diamond and a football field. For the tiny children, there is a shelter house, with baby swings and a wading pool. Free band concerts given here during the summer months prove another source of attraction to this justly popular place. A part of the field is flooded in winter to afford excellent skating in perfect safety. A competent caretaker is always in charge of the grounds.

One of the most important plans in the policy of the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company, from which not only the company and its employes but all Manchester has reaped the benefits, is the selling of small lots of land at moderate cost to people of small means, and the assistance of the company in obtaining loans from local banks to such purchasers of land for the purpose of building modest homes on these lots. All classes of workers have bought company land, have borrowed money, have built homes, and today are property owners and taxpayers because they were safeguarded in their ventures by the interest the great manufacturing company had in their welfare. This one plan has been the greatest factor for stability in the population of the city by making these people part and parcel of the city itself.

The latest feature of this land policy and one only a few years old, is the plan of giving to employes who have worked for the Amoskeag Company a specified number of years, a lot of land absolutely free upon which to erect a dwelling house. Build-

ing on these free lots which are located in West Manchester, is restricted to family houses, and speculation made impossible. Bank loans are arranged with the support of the company, and payments are made on a basis no more burdensome than paying rent. Already a considerable number of the eligible employes have taken up this offer and have built or are building their homes. This home-building policy of the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company is proof conclusive of the common interests on the city and the corporation in this great industry, the largest cloth-making company in the world and one of the largest manufacturing concerns of any nature in the world.

The officials of the company at present residing in Manchester are as follows:

Herman F. Straw, agent.
 William Parker Straw, superintendent.
 Perry H. Dow, superintendent of land and water power.
 John W. Rowley, paymaster.
 William K. Robbins, superintendent of dyeing.

John C. Marshall, superintendent of worsted manufacture.

Howard I. Russell, superintendent of carding.
 Winthrop Parker, superintendent of spinning.

Forrester E. Jewett, superintendent of dressing.

C. Maurice Baker, superintendent of weaving.

Ralph S. Nelson, superintendent of cloth finishing.

Alfred K. Hobbs, claim agent.

Alphonso H. Sanborn, chief draughtsman.

Frank L. Clarke, chief electrical engineer.

Herman E. Thompson, superintendent of mechanical department.

Walter G. Diman, superintendent of steam power department.

Arthur O. Roberts, assistant superintendent of worsted manufacture.

Albert Merrill, assistant electrical engineer.

Miles R. Moffat, assistant superintendent of dyeing.

Fred M. Caswell, in charge of accounting office.

William C. Swallow, in charge of employment department.

Henry W. Allen, civil engineer.

Fred Johnson, purchasing agent.

John M. Kendall, assistant superintendent of power department.

Clinton I. Dow, assistant superintendent of land and water power.

Israel E. Boucher, in charge of local sales department.

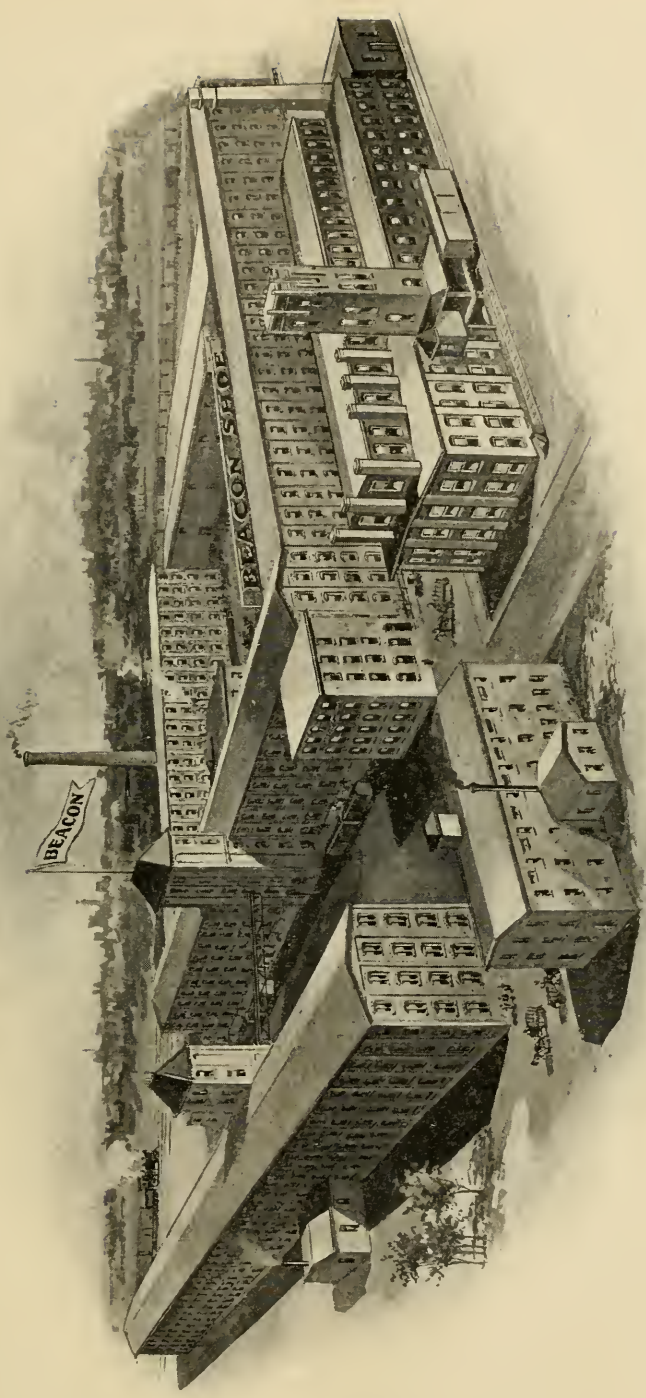
THE F. M. HOYT COMPANY

Manchester is justly proud of her manufacturers, those concerns whose enterprise and sagacity help to make Manchester a city of progress and prosperity, and whose campaigns of advertising bring not only their own manufactured goods, but Manchester as a city, before the eyes of the world. Not one of the least of concerns of this order is the F. M. Hoyt Company, makers of the Beacon Shoes.

The story of the evolution of the Hoyt Company is the familiar story of the vigorous, industrious and ambitious young American who makes the most humble beginning, but by striving always towards one ideal, achieves the desired success. The founder of this firm, Mr. F. M. Hoyt, began making shoes in 1880, in a small factory in Haverhill, Mass. But the shoes he made found ready

sale because of their sound materials and thorough workmanship, so that in 1884 Mr. Hoyt built a factory in Raymond, New Hampshire, with a capacity of 1,200 pairs of shoes a day. Here his business continued to prosper, but fire destroying the Raymond property in 1892, it was then that Mr. Hoyt decided to come to the flourishing city of Manchester. A local land company built the first factory building for the Hoyt Company, which now incorporated with a capital of \$50,000. This factory had a capacity of 2,400 pairs of McKay shoes a day. At this time, about three hundred people found employment in the manufacture of these shoes, the jobbing trade taking the entire output.

The growth of this company may best be judged from figures. The



F. M. Hoyt Shoe Company's Plant, Home of the Beacon Shoe

capitalization has increased from \$50,000 to \$750,000. From three hundred the force of workmen employed has grown to fourteen hundred. The present factory has a daily output of 9,600 pairs of shoes, and the large new factory, now in the process of erection, when completed, will increase this capacity to 12,000 pairs of shoes a day.

From the beginning of manufacture by this company, the entire product was sold to the wholesale trade, but in 1902 a radical change was instituted in the selling policy and a force of twenty salesmen was engaged to sell direct to the retail trade throughout the United States. The force of traveling salesmen has since doubled, a staff of forty men now being on the road forty weeks out of the fifty-two weeks of each year.

The weekly payroll of the Hoyt Company now totals more than \$20,000, and the annual production of the factories is sold for more than \$4,000,000. The factories are now working at their fullest capacity, and work on the new building, Factory No. 4, is being rushed as rapidly as possible. This new building will make a total floor space of 180,000 square feet devoted to the manufacture of one brand of shoes.

Mr. F. M. Hoyt, the founder of the company, died in 1903 and Mr. Hovey E. Slayton succeeded him as president of the company. In 1904, the firm determined to name their product and it was then that the Beacon Shoe came into existence. A campaign of advertising was instituted which has been carried out and enlarged upon until now the company spends \$100,000 a year for publicity. The result of this intensive advertising has made the Beacon Shoe leader in America, and its Lighthouse

trade-mark familiar throughout the United States and even abroad. It is a significant fact that the greatest growth of this company dates from the first advertising of this shoe with a name.

The F. M. Hoyt Shoe Company makes only men's and boys' shoes. Unlike most American shoe manufacturers, this company has never made army shoes or shoes for women. In fact until 1914 the product of the company was a better grade of men's shoes only, but logically reasoning that if a boy is satisfied with a certain shoe, he will purchase the same brand of shoe when he becomes a man, the making of shoes for boys was inaugurated with excellent success. All the shoes made by this company now are Goodyear welt shoes exclusively, in contrast to the McKay stitched goods, which were formerly made.

By far the greater bulk of Beacon shoes are sold in the United States, but shoes of this manufacture are exported to almost every civilized country. Today nearly every shoe manufacturer in this country is busily engaged in the manufacture of war orders, but the Hoyt firm has all it can do to handle the great demand made on it for civilian footwear. Today the factory is running at full capacity and it is keeping abreast of its orders with difficulty. In fact so pressed is the concern that it will be absolutely impossible to take on any new orders this summer and the salesmen have been made aware of this fact.

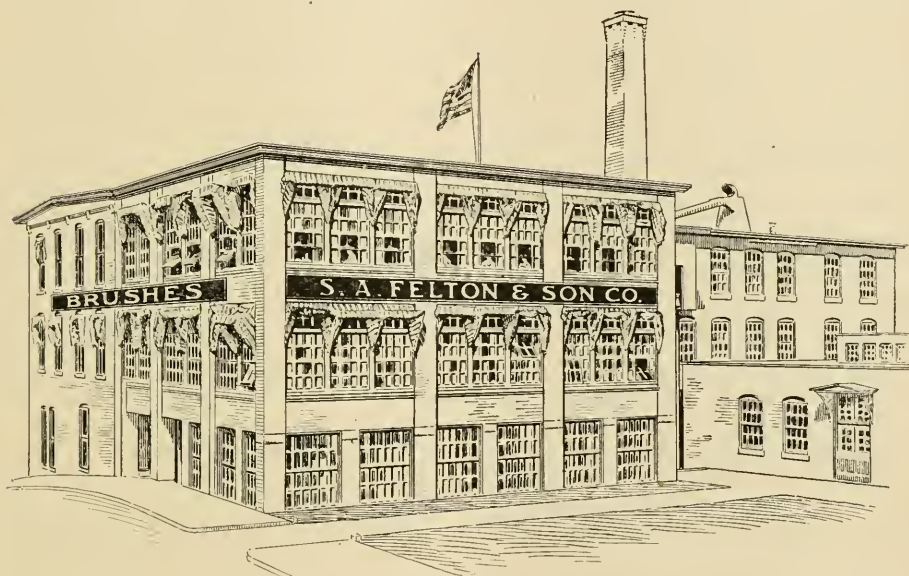
The present officers of the company are: Hovey E. Slayton, president and treasurer; T. E. Cunningham, vice-president; O. J. Hutton, secretary; and these three, and Mrs. L. H. Slayton and A. B. Jenks, constitute the board of directors.

S. A. FELTON & SON COMPANY

The S. A. Felton & Son Company of Manchester is the largest manufacturing house of power brushes in the world, and at the same time one of the city's oldest industries. Founded in the early 80's by S. A. Felton, the original product of this firm was devoted entirely to the shoe industry. As an old shoe manufacturer Mr. Felton realized the expense and comparative inefficiency of hand finishing of shoes, and, realizing the possibilities of power shoe finishing, he

tory. It is an item of interest that today this company supplies over 90 per cent of all the brushes used by shoe factories in America, and at least 50 per cent of those used in foreign countries. When one realizes that American methods of making and finishing shoes are now in use in nearly every country in the world, it will be readily seen that the sun never sets on this product of Manchester.

The brush business was first located



gave much time and thought to what was later to be his life work. Naturally many other ideas along the line of the modern power shoe brush were suggested but few of these survived more than a few years, while Felton shoe brushes have had a reputation second to none in this country.

It was but a few years after the beginning of the S. A. Felton & Son Company that the Felton or Climax brushes, which trade-mark was adopted by this company, began to be a recognized fixture in every shoe fac-

in the S. C. Forsaith Machine Building, on Franklin Street, near the depot, and remained there for several years. About a half-dozen employees worked there, altogether, and during that period the output of the business was devoted entirely to the shoe trade. About this time the manufacturing industries of the country were undergoing a revolution and the idea of a power brush as a labor saver and a necessity for good work was beginning to be better known in all lines. When inquiries began to

come in for new kinds of brushes, and large machines included in their equipment brushes of some style or other, this company was one of the first to enter the new field. From the shoe industry it was but a step to the cotton and woolen mills, and before the business had been going a few years, a complete line of brushes for these industries was being manufactured. As the business increased, more room was necessary for additional help and improved machinery, which was installed, and in 1890 the company moved to West Brook Street, where in the Manchester Traction, Light & Power Company Building, the second floor was used as a work shop. Meanwhile several other brush manufacturing houses, started along similar lines, had advanced in their respective fields. The Quinby Brush Company of Boston made a specialty of power brushes for metal manufacturers, while the Farnham Brush Company of Honesdale, Pennsylvania, had worked up a large power brush trade among the glass manufacturers and had also interested some shoe factories in its product. With three such large industries working along different lines, but on the same principles, it was quite evident that competition was bound to occur.

The S. A. Felton & Son Company soon began the manufacture of wire scratch brushes, and at the same time originated some improvements for brushes for the cut glass trade. In 1895 it was found necessary to open an office in Boston where a small stock of shoe brushes was carried for the convenience of those shoe manufacturers of Lynn, Brockton and

neighboring cities who were accustomed to come into Boston weekly. Just previous to 1895 the Quinby Brush Company was acquired by purchase, and for a year or two was run under the direction of the Felton Company in Boston, but, finding this method unsatisfactory, the entire business was moved to Manchester and incorporated as part of the main company.

In 1905 the United Shoe Machinery Company of Boston were appointed the exclusive selling agents for the shoe brushes manufactured by the Felton Company which position they have since held. Shortly after this the Farnham Brush Company turned over its business to the S. A. Felton & Son Company and as in the case of the Quinby Brush Company, the machinery and equipment was transferred to Manchester to the factory. During all this time the business had grown to such an extent that more floor space was required and during the period between 1900 and 1910 the third floor and finally the ground floor of the building were taken over. In the fall of 1913 work was begun on an addition, as the installation of new machinery required more room, and in 1914 the company moved into its present quarters.

From the above sketch it will be seen that from a small beginning and comparative obscurity, a world-wide industry has been built up in Manchester, which fact is doubtless unknown to many who live here. The business today recognized as the largest manufacturer of power brushes in the world and at the same time the largest user of power brush material in America.

THE BUSINESS SECTION OF MANCHESTER

It was nearly a century after the first settlers had arrived at Ammosceeg Falls, in 1733, and sixty years after the governor had granted a charter to the town of Derryfield, on September 3, 1751, that Judge Samuel Blodgett, standing on the bank of his famous canal, looked about him and remarked, "Here is the spot where some day will be located the Manchester of America." This oft-repeated expression of Derryfield's most energetic citizen pleased his fellow townsmen, and on March 13, 1810, a little over two years after the death of Judge Blodgett, the town voted to petition the legislature for permission to have "the name of the town of Derryfield altered to Manchester." Permission was immediately granted and thus Manchester, New Hampshire, was born, a thriving town of six hundred and fifteen souls; a community the population of which had increased fifty-eight during the preceding ten years. In 1838 the streets, parks and commons, of the present city of Manchester, were laid out, on the east bank of the river, by the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company, and since that time the progress of the "Manchester of America" has been incredibly rapid.

Today it is the pride of the Granite State, as far as the cities of this commonwealth are concerned, for Manchester is a prosperous, energetic community, with a population of over 80,000. The commercial, manufacturing and educational advantages are unsurpassed. It is the industrial center of northern New England. The climate of the city is most healthful, its supply of pure water is inexhaustible and its system of public schools ranks high. The city's beautiful parks and commons are a source of pride to the citizens; the fire and police protection is near perfect; the streets are well kept and better lighted, while the tax rate is

unusually low. Manchester's stores are the finest in the State, its banks have assets of over forty millions and the city is well governed and free from labor disturbances.

As a rule the business section of a city is a barometer which seldom fails to register accurately the actual worth of a municipality. For this reason it becomes an all important and interesting part of the city, not only from the standpoint of the casual observer, but also from the point of view of the most public-spirited citizens. Every citizen has a common interest in the business section of a city, for here all meet to transact business in everyday life. If holidays are marked by celebrations, they are usually held in the business section, and pageants of all kinds, martial, funeral, religious and civic, occur here.

In Manchester it was through Elm Street that the native sons marched away to war in the early "sixties." Again in 1898 the pavement of this historic thoroughfare echoed to the tread of the men who answered their country's call at the time of the Spanish-American war. But a few days ago the khaki-clad sons of the Queen City marched away in answer to President Wilson's call for troops in event of a war with Mexico. Thus, for business reasons and for reasons of sentiment, the "down-town" section of Manchester is important.

Manchester need have no fear that one could obtain an inconsequential opinion of the city from either a casual observation, or close examination, of its business section. As one turns on to Elm Street from the railroad station, busy, broad Elm Street, with its arches of lights, double track electric car line and smooth asphalt pavement, stretches away for miles in either direction. Flanked by substantial, brick business blocks and ample sidewalk room, the street,



ELM STREET, LOOKING SOUTH, AMOSKEAG BANK BUILDING IN FOREGROUND

usually filled with traffic and pedestrians, could not fail to give one a fine impression of the Queen City. If one glances north his eyes will immediately catch sight of the towering home of the Amoskeag bank just beyond the shining white marble front of the Merchant's Bank building, even more recently erected.

The present business section of Manchester was laid out by engineers in the employ of the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company early in the year 1838. The principal street paralleled the river, and was laid out so wide that the townspeople wanted to call it Broadway. However it received the name of Elm Street because a huge elm tree was allowed to remain in the center of the street near a point which is now the head of Spring Street. Afterwards lines of elm trees were planted along both sides of this main thoroughfare. Other streets, now contained in the business section, were laid out and graded, two tracts, now called Concord and Merrimack Squares, being reserved for public parks. After the streets of the proposed city were laid out, the Amoskeag Company advertised a land sale, one of the conditions of the sale being that all buildings on the west side of Elm Street should be built of either brick or stone and slated. Today one square foot of the land is worth more than whole lots sold for at that time.

The first business blocks, erected early in 1839, were two-story wooden structures, the first floors being used for stores and the second for tenements. One of the first substantial buildings in Manchester was erected in 1841, at the corner of Elm and Market streets. It was of brick with stone trimmings and a frontage of ninety feet on the main thoroughfare, and was used as a townhouse. A few years previous to this time the directors of the Amoskeag Company had caused to be erected at the northeast corner of Elm and Merrimack

streets a brick building suitable for use as a tavern and in 1840 Mr. William Shepard took possession of the hotel and as "Shepard's Tavern" it was famous for years. At that period in the development of the city, the business section of Manchester extended from Shepard's Tavern to Lowell Street, with quite a few vacant lots to mark the frontage of business blocks.

Since that time the growth of Manchester's business section, and its development along lines of modern city progress, has not only been steady, but it has been exceedingly rapid. Old landmarks have been demolished, and in their place have arisen new and modern structures. Business streets have been repaved, new sidewalks constructed and old-fashioned methods of street lighting replaced with new and up-to-date systems. High pressure hydrants have been installed, unsightly poles used to carry electric, telephone and telegraph wires have been done away with in so far as possible and today the business section of the Queen City is thoroughly modern.

In January, 1914, practically the entire business section included between Manchester and Hanover streets on the east side of Elm Street was wiped out by a great fire. Now there are erected on the site three of the finest business blocks which grace any New England city, the Amoskeag Bank building, Barton's store and the Merchants' Bank building. These three structures are modern in every detail and can only reflect the highest credit on the city. Indeed they can be termed one of Manchester's finest business assets, for this block of thoroughly modern business structures has become one of the chief points of interest in the town.

Manchester, in the comparatively short space of three score years and ten, has achieved wonderful progress, not only in the physical changes and growth of its business section, but also in its citizenry. Not unlike

other manufacturing centers, its population is necessarily cosmopolitan in the extreme and men of all nationalities and creeds are thrown into daily contact with each other in the transaction of business, yet nothing

operation which exists among the useful citizens who conduct the business affairs of this New Hampshire metropolis. Among these men are some who were broad enough to see the material worth of such an edition



Old Shepard Tavern

but the heartiest coöperation is evident in all phases of business activity which affect the welfare of the city as a whole. The Manchester Publicity Association, with its ever widening scope of usefulness, is material proof of the spirit of helpfulness and co-

as this to the city of which they are a part, as well as to the State. Following are sketches of a few of these business men of Manchester, while many others are represented in the advertising pages of this issue of the GRANITE MONTHLY.

THE AMOSKEAG BANKS

Prominent as one of the most dignified, modern and convenient bank buildings in New England, stands the new home of the Amoskeag Savings Bank and the Amoskeag National Bank. This building is fittingly located at Elm and Hanover streets, a corner which is the busiest in the State.

The building, of steel frame construction, is of Indiana limestone, ten

artistic. A small room equipped and furnished exclusively for the use of ladies, and a second similar room provided for the private use of customers are among other special conveniences which the banks provide, and indeed no expense has been spared to make the facilities for transacting a banking business adequate in every way.

The vaults, which are ample in size



Main Banking Room, Looking East

stories in height, the basement, main and mezzanine floors being wholly occupied by the banks. The main banking room is lofty, handsome, and spacious, with a most inviting aspect.

The banking rooms are finished in Italian marble and are well lighted from large mullioned windows which give uniform and ample light, and the bronze grill surmounting the counters, designed and cast especially for this room, is particularly graceful and

to contain some 4,000 individual safes besides the chests for the use of the banks, have been so designed and equipped as to make the safety of their contents beyond question. Besides the main vault there is a storage vault apart from the main vault and so fitted that it is convenient for the reception of boxes and other articles of bulk. After passing the protective grill and entering the vault apartments, these two vaults are

accessible to customers of the banks, while two book vaults and a second entrance to the main vault are ac-



Main Entrance to the Building

cessible only through the rooms of the bank itself.

The Amoskeag Savings Bank was established in 1852, and has enjoyed continual prosperity and growth, and today its deposits amount to more than fifteen millions of dollars, which are owned by over 26,000 depositors, resident in nearly every city and town in the State. The bank points with pride to total assets of over \$18,000,000, which rank it as one of the foremost savings banks in New England.

The Amoskeag National Bank was incorporated as a state institution in the year 1848, with a capital of \$150,000, and occupied rooms on the second floor of a building on a side street. Two years after its establishment its deposits were some nineteen thousand dollars. In 1864 it became a national

bank, receiving a new charter from the federal government, and five years later increased its capital to \$200,000, at which amount it remains today. During these years it has gradually increased its surplus and profits until they now stand at over \$400,000, which, together with the stockholders' liability, makes a fund of over \$800,000, all for the protection of its depositors.

During this period the banks have three times outgrown their quarters. In 1870 they moved from their original location to an office on Elm Street, on the site of their present building. In 1893 these banking rooms, in turn, becoming confined, were remodeled and enlarged, and then in 1912 the erection of their present home was begun.

Both banks feel that their growth is largely due to the prominent and capable men who have always been associated with their management. Moody Currier, governor of New Hampshire from 1885 to 1887, was the first cashier of the Amoskeag Bank, and on its conversion into a



Entrance to Main Banking Room

national bank in 1864, became its president. The late Henry Chandler and his son, the late George Henry

Chandler, each for a long period occupied the position of treasurer of the savings bank, and contributed in a very large degree to its prosperity; while the late George Byron Chandler, at the time of his death president of

the national bank and treasurer of the savings bank, was connected with these institutions for over fifty years. His efficiency and ability as a banker are reflected in the growth of the banks during his term of office.

JAMES A. WELLMAN

Forging to the front ranks of the business and civic life of Manchester, by perseverance and concentrated effort, James A. Wellman has made his personality felt in the growth and prosperity of his city and state.

For twenty-one years Mr. Wellman has been at the head of the state agency of the National Life Insurance Company of Montpelier, Vt., the largest general agency in New Hampshire, and is known as one of the state's most successful insurance men. His progress has been founded upon the unexcelled service which he has given, together with the strength and mutuality of the National Life, to such an extent that in 1915, his agency business in New Hampshire was nearly \$900,000.

Through his efforts there are thousands of National Life policyholders and more than eight millions of dollars of National Life Insurance now in force in the Granite State. Sound business principles, the loyalty of his organization and the Wellman reputation for the square deal have made the individual and the National Life stand for all that is best in life insurance.

It is most fitting that the commercial success of James A. Wellman should have reached its height in New Hampshire. He was born in Cornish, this state, on May 4, 1868, the son of Albert E. and Emily Dodge (Hall) Wellman. His father was a farmer. Like many more of the state's older families, his ancestors came from Massachusetts, deciding to cast their fortunes in the sister commonwealth, and to be among those instrumental in its material development.

He is a lineal descendant of the

Puritans, being twelfth in line from Governor William Bradford and Elder Brewster of Plymouth Colony and among his forefathers were men who served in the army of the Revolution.

Mr. Wellman received his early education in the schools of Cornish, later attending Kimball Union Academy at Meriden. He entered Dartmouth and was graduated in the class



James A. Wellman

of 1889. Then he immediately began his career in the life insurance business.

Until 1895 he was special agent of the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company in Burlington, Vt., resigning in that year to accept the general agency of the National Life Insurance Company in New Hampshire. He came to Manchester where he has since been located, maintaining



HERBERT A. McELWAIN

a suite of offices in the Pembroke Building at Elm and Merrimack streets.

Although his commercial duties have been exacting, he has found time for, and given his attention to, the civic affairs of Manchester. He is one of the city's strongest boosters, and a member of the Manchester Publicity Association. He has never sought public office, but has interested himself in the city's political and financial problems.

His business acumen has been recognized in the important positions of trust to which he has been chosen. He is a member of the board of directors of the Manchester National Bank, the Manchester Safe Deposit and Trust Company and the Morris Plan Association. He is president also of the Agents' Association of the National Life Insurance Company and a member of the Executive Committee of the National Association of Life Underwriters.

Fraternally he is prominent in Masonic circles, and in addition is affiliated with the Derryfield and the Country clubs. He is an attendant of the Franklin Street Congregational Church.

He was married on June 23, 1898, to Miss Florence Vincent of Burlington, Vt. They have two daughters, the Misses Harriet and Dorothy Wellman.

ALONZO ELLIOTT & COMPANY

One of the best known investment banking houses in northern New England is that of Alonzo Elliott and Company; the business consisting of the purchase and sale of the highest grade investment securities. The company does business in New Hampshire, Vermont, Maine and Massachusetts under the management of Mr. Herbert A. McElwain, president, treasurer and owner. The company's offices are located in suites 308, 310,

312, 314 Beacon Building, 814 Elm Street.

Mr. McElwain was born at Enfield, N. H., April 24, 1877, the son of James and Ella R. (Gage) McElwain. His early education was received in the public schools of Enfield and he later entered Kimball Union Academy at Meriden, N. H., where he graduated in 1899. In the fall of that year he entered Dartmouth College with the class of 1903, remaining at the Hanover Institution for two years, when he left for the purpose of entering business.

In 1901 he went to Springfield, Mass., where he was manager of salesmen for the Home Correspondence School. In 1907 he became connected with Alonzo Elliott, investment banker and broker, and at the death of Mr. Elliott, in 1909, he purchased the business and had it incorporated under the name of Alonzo Elliott & Company. Today there is no house in northern New England which is more favorably known than Alonzo Elliott & Company.

Mr. McElwain is a Republican in politics. He is a member of the Derryfield, Calumet and Intervale Country clubs of Manchester, and the Vesper Country Club of Lowell, Mass. His interest in the college at Hanover is apparent from his membership in the Dartmouth Club of Boston.

Mr. McElwain was married on April 18, 1906, to Dorothy R. Favreau of Lebanon, N. H., and their home is at 61 Munroe Street. Mr. McElwain has made an enviable position for himself in the investment banking business of New Hampshire by reason of his knowledge of financial matters. He is progressive without being a radical, and his honest business methods have brought him many friends, in fact the investment banking house of Alonzo Elliott and Company is a credit to the Queen City and to the Granite State.

THE JOHN B. VARICK COMPANY

The John B. Varick Co. was established in 1845, on the same spot where the present Varick Building stands, by John P. Adriance, who came to Manchester from Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

officers of the company are Richard Varick, president, Charles A. Adams, manager, and Thomas R. Varick, treasurer.

The Varick Company is not by any



Elm Street Stores



Warehouse No. 2, West
Auburn Street

In 1849 John B. Varick, a boy of sixteen, came to Manchester from Poughkeepsie and entered the employ of Mr. Adriance. In 1851 Mr. Adriance sold out the business to Messrs. Dennis and Varick.

In 1855 Mr. Dennis retired and the firm became known as Varick, Storm & Co. In 1858 Walter Adriance, John B. Varick's cousin, purchased Mr. Storm's interest and the firm again changed names, being now known as John B. Varick & Co. In 1860 John B. Varick bought his partner out, and became sole owner. In 1884 the business was incorporated under the name of the John B. Varick Co., with John B. Varick, president

means the largest, but, in the opinion of many good judges, it is the most complete and perfectly appointed general hardware establishment to be found in the entire United States.

The company owns the new Varick Building, half of the Varick-Sullivan Building, Warehouse No. 1, Warehouse No. 2, and the Depot Street store, the last two named buildings being situated directly north of the Boston & Maine Freight Depot with side tracks running directly to the doors where seven cars may be easily handled at once. Because of the improved construction and modern sprinkler equipment insurance rates are the lowest possible. With no



Warehouse No. 1,
Nutfield Lane



Agricultural Warehouse,
Depot Street

and treasurer, and Charles A. Adams, manager.

John B. Varick died in 1902, after having been actively engaged in the same business in the same location for over fifty-three years. The present

rentals to pay, with ideal freight conditions and low insurance combined with the fact that the company buys in large quantities on its own capital, there is little wonder that the company can sell its goods as low as any concern on earth.

WALTER M. LANG

It is said that true ambition cannot and will not be downed. If this is so then Walter M. Lang, one of Manchester's leading real estate operators and insurance men, must have been possessed of just that sort of stuff, for his career is not only as interesting as it is out of the ordinary; but it might really be termed spectacular. From an insignificant and

he associated himself with the Charles A. Hoitt Furniture Company, as a traveling salesman. In this line of work he distinguished himself by working up new lines of trade, never before touched by his company, and after a few years Mr. Lang established himself in East Manchester as a grocer with Lovell Ruiter as a partner, who still conducts the business. It was when this partnership



Office of Walter M. Lang

obscure position as clerk in the clothing house of Cushman and Hardy, Mr. Lang has gradually fought his way upwards until he now occupies a handsome suite of offices on the seventh floor of the Amoskeag Building, and is looked upon as a leader in the business affairs of the city.

From clerk of the Cushman and Hardy store young Lang worked up to the position of manager. When the business changed hands in 1892

was dissolved that Mr. Lang started in the real estate and insurance business.

Here he seemingly found the work for which he was best fitted, for his business has steadily increased until, today, it is second to none in the city. Not only does he handle a large variety of high class real estate, but he also represents the Aetna Insurance Company of Hartford, Conn.

Unlike many other busy men of affairs, Mr. Lang has found time to interest himself in the political affairs of the city and state. In 1900 he sat in the city council as a councilman from ward six, and in 1906 he represented ward three in the legislature, where he achieved distinction as chairman of the committee on insurance. He is a Progressive in politics, and has been a great admirer of former President Roosevelt.

Mr. Lang is most prominent in Odd Fellowship and in the affairs



Walter M. Lang

of the Encampment and Patriarch Militant branches of the order. He is a member of the Calumet Club and, as a member of the White Mountain Travelers' Association, never misses one of the annual banquets at Concord. He is a Christian Scientist, is married and has one daughter.

In the winter of 1915, Mr. Lang leased the residence of Dr. C. W. Clement at the corner of Elm and Thayer streets to Harry K. Thaw. It was during the enforced stay of that noted fugitive in New Hampshire

that he selected Manchester as his winter home. Through this transaction Mr. Lang gained the widest publicity and also the firm friendship of the Pittsburgh man, who now counts Mr. Lang among his closest New Hampshire friends.

ALPHEUS J. PELLETIER

There are very few architects in the country who, at the age of thirty, have gained considerable reputation, yet Alpheus J. Pelletier has not yet passed his thirtieth milestone and is very well known in his adopted city of Manchester as a competent and successful architect. The fact that he held the important post of supervising architect during the erection of both the New Hampshire Fire Insurance Company's beautiful new home and the Carpenter Memorial Library is sufficient evidence of Mr. Pelletier's capabilities.

The young architect was born in Concord, N. H., and received his early education there, removing later to Nashua, where he graduated from Nashua High School. From the age of eleven he had been interested in mechanical drawing and house planning, so it is not surprising that he decided to follow architecture, after leaving high school. Providing himself with a living, and working diligently at his profession at the same time, Mr. Pelletier soon became so proficient in his chosen line of work that he became associated with Wm. M. Butterfield, one of the leading Manchester architects. While with Mr. Butterfield the young man designed some of the residences of prominent Manchester people which were erected at the North End.

At the present time Mr. Pelletier has an office in connection with Edward L. Tilton at 605, Amoskeag Bank Building, where he does a very considerable business.

On April 19, 1915, Mr. Pelletier married Ina Mae Anderson at Nashua, N. H. He is a Republican in politics

and an honorable member of the American Society of Architects. Mr. Pelletier is a Roman Catholic. Although busily engaged for the most part in his profession, he occasionally finds time to engage in his favorite recreation of hunting and fishing.

A. M. CARLTON & SON

One of the oldest and most successful real estate firms in Manchester is that of A. M. Carlton & Son, located in the Beacon Building. The business is very extensive including real estate, auctioneering and loans. This ever increasing business has been established thirty years, and forms a landmark in the history of Manchester business. The firm name of A. M. Carlton & Son was taken nine years ago, when Mr. Carlton was assisted in business by his son, Reuben W. Carlton. At this time the firm was located in the Old Merchants Exchange Building. The business of H. H. Dustin & Son, of twelve

son have succeeded in building up a well established trade in local and



Reuben W. Carlton

southern New Hampshire real estate during this time.

Reuben W. Carlton has been very successful in the insurance business, he having been district manager for the well known Prudential Insurance Company of America, the home office of which is in Newark, N. J. Mr. Carlton's territory consists of all of the southern half of New Hampshire.

Both Mr. Carlton and his son have attractive homes in Goffstown, N. H., where they reside and conduct a branch office of their business. Fraternally both are members of the Odd Fellows, Reuben W. Carlton being Past Noble Grand of Webster Lodge No. 24, also Past Master of Uncanoonuc Grange No. 40, also of Goffstown. Both the Carltons are strong Republicans and always have been. Both are members of the Congregational Church of Goffstown, Reuben W. acting as its clerk at the present time. A. M. Carlton is the son of John Carlton making three generations of this well known family. Mr. John Carlton resides in Concord,



A. M. Carlton

years' standing, was taken over by Mr. A. M. Carlton in 1889, and he and his

N. H., and is known elsewhere as well as in the capital city as one of the most active of the state's octogenarians, having reached the advanced age of 97 years.

The Carlton firm makes a specialty of selling farms, suburban homes, and timber lands, and they sell a large amount of this class of property each year. The constant increase of the volume of this firm's business is proof of its great prosperity.

WARREN & WARREN

The accompanying illustrations give but an inadequate idea of the size



Reception Room

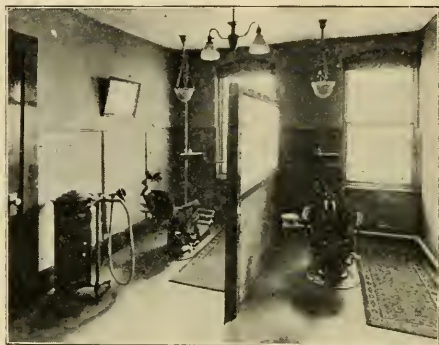
and extent of the dental offices of Warren & Warren in the Eagle Theatre building at 1170 Elm Street,



Operating Room—East

corner of Bridge. Conveniently situated and with an equipment which

is strictly modern in every detail, this progressive firm has already established a splendid practice. They aim to always give efficient service and the offices are open every evening. The methods employed in the treatment



Operating Room—West

of the great number of varied cases which come under the expert supervision of the firm are as modern as the equipment of the offices. Although the firm does high class work under the finest possible conditions, the prices charged are very reasonable and for this reason the dental parlors of Warren & Warren are popular with all classes of Man-



Laboratory

chester citizens, and there is seldom a minute of the day that the chairs are not all occupied with patients.

The dental parlors of Warren & Warren are centrally located, at the corner of Bridge and Elm streets.

The reception room is large, well lighted and furnished with comfortable mission furniture. Opening out of the reception room are the two operating rooms, each of which contains two chairs. From the further operating room one enters the modern laboratory, which is fitted with every sort of device for the large amount of dental work which the firm does. In short Warren & Warren is not only the largest dental firm in the state, but it is one of the most progressive and up-to-date.

tion of sanitary plumbing and bathroom fixtures.

His first step was to establish and equip a strong commercial organization for the distribution of modern plumbing fixtures and sanitary goods. Once established the business grew and flourished, so that various changes in the location were made necessary until the present warehouse on Canal Street was acquired. Every detail of the present establishment, embracing 30,000 square feet of floor space, is up-to-date. An unexcelled loca-



The Manchester Supply Company

THE MANCHESTER SUPPLY COMPANY

The complete and modern home of the Manchester Supply Company, wholesale dealers in plumbers' supplies, stands directly in front of the Boston and Maine Railroad Station, and is a monument to the industry and perseverance of the present treasurer of the corporation, Mr. Edmund F. Higgins. In 1890, Mr. Higgins, who had been prominently identified with the business activities of the city and state, as a member of the well known firm of Higgins Brothers, furniture dealers, saw the opportunity which was being created by the demand for absolute sanitation in the construction and installa-

tion, wonderful side-track facilities, fine offices, spacious sample rooms, a complete line of the best goods obtainable, and a thoroughly modern service department all go to make up the best establishment for wholesale trade in this line that may be found in northern New England. The company handles exclusively the high class line of the Standard Sanitary Manufacturing Company, located in Pittsburgh, Pa.

It may be said that "service first" could well be adopted as a slogan by this corporation for particular attention is paid to the needs and wishes of customers. The services of a competent sanitary engineer and well trained salesman are freely provided

and the extent of the business makes it easy to offer goods at lowest prices and to give a liberal discount for cash. Coöperation is a watchword of the institution and everyone is invited to become personally acquainted with the company, its aims and its officials.

PERKINS NAPHTHA CLEANS- ING WORKS

One of the oldest cleaning and dyeing establishments in the city of Manchester is that of the Perkins Naphtha Cleansing Company, at 127 Hanover Street, of which William E. Felch is the proprietor. For nearly thirty years the doors of this high grade establishment have been open to the Manchester public, and during



Perkins Naphtha Cleansing Co.

that period the business has made a host of friends. Mr. Felch has had the place for about five years, and during that time the business has gone forward in leaps and bounds, until today it is second to none in the Queen City. The latest and most approved methods in cleaning and dyeing have been adopted, and satisfaction is guaranteed to all patrons of the establishment, and there are many.

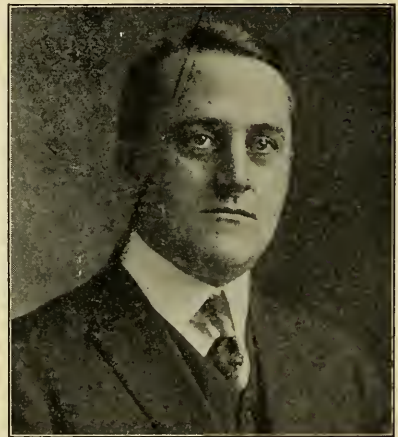
Mr. Felch has two able assistants in his wife and son, both of whom take an active interest in conducting the affairs of the place. Conveniently located, directly opposite the front doors of the Post-office on Hanover Street, there are few residents of Manchester who are not personally

acquainted with the company and the high quality of the work which is done there.

HARRY J. DANFORTH

"Everything for the Sportsman" was the house motto selected by Harry J. Danforth when he decided to enter into the sporting goods business two years ago, and since that time his establishment, at 73 Hanover Street, has been the headquarters for many of the leading hunters, nimrods and autoists of the city and state.

Seventeen years of experience in ordering and disposing of this line of



Harry J. Danforth

goods has placed him on a par with any of the authorities in New Hampshire. A sportsman himself, in both fishing and hunting, he is acquainted with the best that there is, and consequently is in a position to help out the novice and suggest to the experienced.

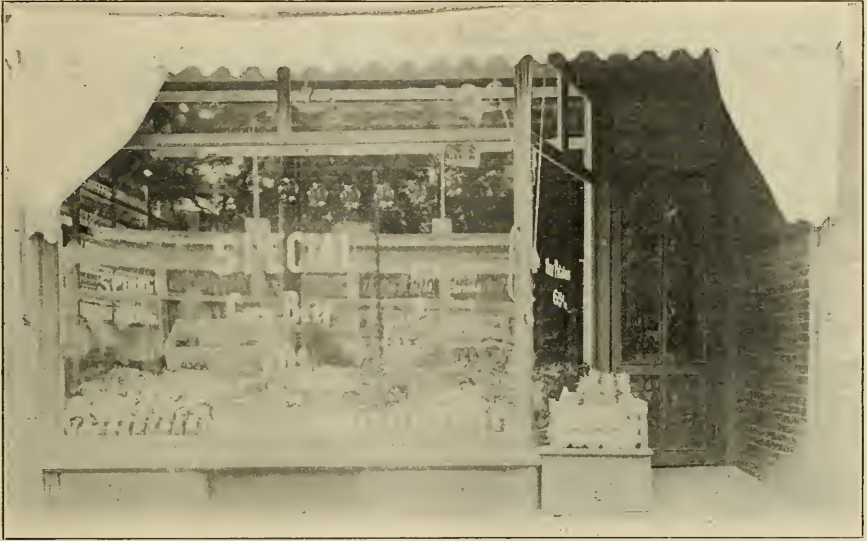
Mr. Danforth was born and brought up in the Queen City of the Granite State. Sporting goods has always been his hobby and for years he handled this department in a large hardware house. With an abundance of experience and grit, he decided to strike out for himself and on March 1, 1914, opened an establishment at

73 Hanover Street. His business has increased remarkably during the past two years, until today he is prepared to serve the sportsman with every article in his line.

While he holds to his motto "Everything for the Sportsman," Mr. Danforth has added to his stock, auto tires and accessories. New goods are being constantly ordered and the departments are being enlarged with the corresponding perfection of new sporting goods material.

Everything from a fish hook to an

Hampshire is Charles D. Steele, owner and founder of the Steele Meat Markets. Mr. Steele was born in Peacham, Vt., July 18, 1872, the son of Matthew and Lillian (Calderwood) Steele and his education was received in Woodsville, N. H. His business career began in Woodsville twenty-five years ago, where he opened a meat store. His first change of business came when he took over the New England store on Amherst Street, and from this dates his beginning as an influential business man of Manchester.



Steele's Market

automobile tire may be found in this up-to-date store. Its growth has been truly wonderful. On March 1, 1916, Mr. Danforth observed his second anniversary. That his third year may eclipse both the first and second is his earnest desire and with this in mind he calls the attention of the sportsmen of New Hampshire to his display of goods.

His motto has been well chosen and is fast becoming one of the bywords of the state; "Everything for the Sportsman."

STEELE'S MARKET

The most progressive merchant in his particular line in the state of New

At the present time Mr. Steele conducts three of the finest stores of the kind in all Manchester. They are located respectively at 776 Elm Street, 653 Chestnut Street, and 815 Chestnut Street. These three stores furnish each a fine example of the model store of its line. Progressiveness and up-to-date methods have been the motto of the Steele stores, and that they have lived up to this motto is easily proven by an inspection of the large line of foreign and native merchandise carried by them. Another rule of the Steele stores is strictly sanitary conditions, cleanliness being one of the virtues which is cultivated in these markets.

Mr. Steele, while very attentive to his business, yet finds time to enjoy his favorite recreation, motoring. He is a Republican, a Mason, Knight Templar, Shrine, and Consistory. He is a member of the St. Paul's M. E. Church, and at present serves on the official board of that church.

In 1891 Mr. Steele married Millie E. Remick, at Woodstock, N. H. They have three children.

PARISEAU'S SHOE STORE

To the enterprise and ability of Mr. Philias H. Berthiaume, the present manager, is due the growth and



Philias H. Berthiaume

steady development of the Pariseau Shoe Store, at 675 Elm Street. From a small beginning the store has advanced, under the keen supervision of Mr. Berthiaume, until it is one of the recognized leaders in this branch of Manchester's mercantile business.

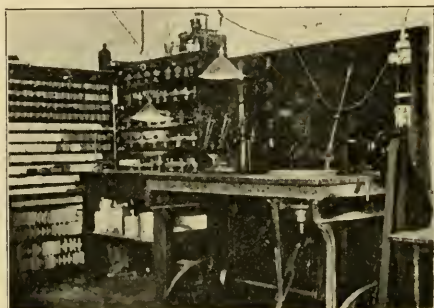
The energetic and successful manager was born in Worcester, Mass., September 7, 1878. His early education was received in Canada and he afterwards graduated from St. Hyacinth's College, P. Q. In 1890 he

entered business in Worcester, as a reporter on the well known French publication *L'Opinion Publique*. In 1893 he made his first start in the boot and shoe business with T. Pariseau. A year afterwards he was made manager of the Eagle Branch Shoe Company at 675 Elm Street, and in 1907 married Ernestine Pariseau, the present proprietor of the business. To them twin girls have been born.

Mr. Berthiaume is a member of the Elks and belongs to the Jolliet Club. His favorite pastimes are fishing and baseball, and when not in his place of business he may be found either whipping a trout brook or on the baseball bleachers.

BROWN'S

One of the largest stores dealing in all kinds of optical goods is "Brown's," located at 996 Elm Street and managed by the proprietor, Mr. Theodore W. Brown. The place is fronted by a large show window, which is always noticeable because of the clever decorative scheme employed. Entering one finds himself in a modern, well equipped sales room, where a fine line of the best optical goods is displayed in glass counters and cases. In the rear is a commodious examination room, fitted with all modern



Corner in Brown's Optical Shop

instruments for the thorough examination of the eye, and in charge of an expert refractionist.

The Eastman Kodak line is handled exclusively and the developing, printing and enlarging part of the business is done by a thoroughly competent photographer. Other optical merchandise, such as Balopticons, stereopticons, field glasses, etc., are carried in stock. In the basement is the optical shop, fitted with all modern machinery for the making of lenses and including one of the very few surfacing machines in the state. Another section of the basement is fitted with every possible convenience for the developing, printing and enlarging business. All in all the business is one of the largest and best in the state, due to the progressive methods of the proprietor, who is always pleased to personally attend to the wants of his many patrons.

THE LINDSEY STUDIO

No photographer in New Hampshire has achieved greater distinction in his chosen profession than Charles Henry Lindsey, who, in company with his son, Ira Frank Lindsey, conducts the well known Lindsey Studio at 936 Elm Street. The character of the work turned out at this studio reflects the artistic ability of both father and son, neither of whom are content to sit back and call their work "good enough," but are following closely every new development or idea in their profession, in their eager desire to keep fully abreast of the times. The result of this constant study is easily apparent in the class of work accomplished. Every portrait is made a study and the finished photograph from the Lindsey Studio can well be termed a fine specimen of photographic art.

Charles Henry Lindsey first took up the study of his profession in the studio of Frank O. Everett, then located in the Smith Block, just forty-four years ago. He remained with the Everett Studio for three years and then removed to Concord where he became operator for Ben-

jamin Carr, afterwards purchasing the business and conducting it with success until the National State Capital Bank Building was burned, destroying studio and equipment. After this mishap Mr. Lindsey returned to Manchester and was assistant with Stephen Piper until 1879, when he went to Nashua and opened his own studio. In 1882 he changed location in Nashua and opened a new studio where he remained until 1889 when he went to Boston and for a number of years



Charles H. Lindsey

operated for the best known Boston photographers.

In 1894 he came back to Manchester and equipped a modern studio, on the third floor of the Weston Block, and here he remained until March, 1915, when the sale of the building forced him to find new quarters. He purchased the old Elinwood Studio at 936 Elm Street, the oldest studio in Manchester, and is there meeting with the same extensive high class patronage which he had been favored with for so many years when located in the Weston Block.

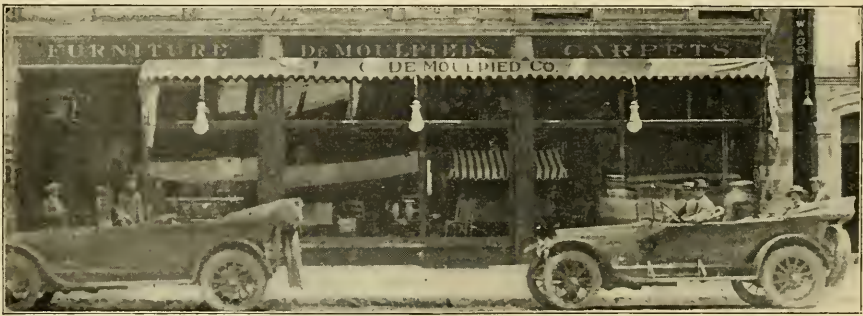
In his son, Ira Frank, Mr. Lindsey has a worthy and proficient partner. After learning the business with his father, the younger Lindsey went to Boston as operator in the Armstrong Studio of that city. Later he managed the Oliver Studio in Hartford, Conn., and in 1913 came back to Manchester to associate with his father as operator and active manager of the business. The younger Lindsey is also an enthusiastic student of the profession and his progressive ideas have proven most helpful to his father.

The studio by no means depends upon the Queen City alone for its patronage for the work outside of the city has grown to such an extent that

a trade center for those wishing to purchase high grade house furnishings at reasonable prices.

The proprietor, Mr. DeMoulpied, was born in Cumberland, England, on April 7, 1854, the son of the Rev. Joseph and Sophia (Ozier) DeMoulpied. His early education was received in the schools of Cumberland, after which he was graduated from Nicolet College. As a young man he removed to this country, and, after achieving a number of business successes, located in Manchester in March, 1893, instituting his present business which has grown remarkably in the past decade.

Mr. DeMoulpied was married on January 7, 1875, to Nellie Tyron at



it has become necessary to keep a business agent in the field the greater part of the time. The north country and towns on the eastern and western borders of the state are represented among the many patrons of the studio and the high class business principles of the firm, aside from its artistic ideals, have cemented the friendship of all its patrons.

DEMOULPIED'S FURNITURE STORE

One of the substantial business houses of Manchester is the furniture store of which Charles M. DeMoulpied is the owner and manager. Located at 665-669 Elm Street, nearly opposite the Transfer Station, this attractive, modern store has become

Lowell, Mass., and to them have been born two sons and three daughters. Mr. DeMoulpied is a member of the St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church.

COLE'S DRY CLEANSING CO.

Cole's Dry Cleansing Company of Manchester is known all over the Granite State and in many instances the fame of the establishment has spread across the borders and into the adjoining states of Vermont, Maine and Massachusetts. The office of the company is located at 1173 Elm Street, and the works are at 953 Union Street. In fact the business of the company in this State is so large that it has been necessary to establish branch offices at Nashua and Dover.

It was seven years ago that Mr.



Cole's Dry Cleansing & Dyeing Co.

Cole started business and brought the first modern machinery for dry cleansing into the city of Manchester. At that time all the methods employed by Mr. Cole were strictly modern and from this path of up-to-date business methods, he has never departed. In fact the methods of cleansing employed by this company are so reliable and efficient that Mr. Cole has saved the people of this state many thousands of dollars each year he has been in business through his ability to renovate garments which would have had to be discarded a few years ago, on account of their soiled condition. Now, no matter whether the article be silk, satin or other fine fabric, it can be thoroughly cleaned and spots of grease or paint removed.

Mr. Cole says that people would be greatly surprised to see the great amount of dirt that collects in a suit of clothes and further states that it is this dirt which oftentimes rots the garment out, rather than the wear on the same. The life of an ordinary suit or garment may be practically

doubled by keeping it cleaned and pressed at the Cole establishment. The modern steam presses, used here, not only drive the dirt out, but soften up the fabric without a chance of scorching or burning it, while the antiquated flat iron presses the dirt in. The great growth of the Cole business can be directly attributed to the satisfactory results which are obtained for every customer.

THE HEATH STUDIO

In its present stage of development photography must be considered an art. At the studio, owned and operated by Mrs. Mary E. Heath, at 864 Elm Street, the artistry of the profession has been developed to a point which is near perfection. For this reason Mrs. Heath numbers among her customers the best class of people living in the Queen City. Well located in the business section, with spacious reception rooms, well lighted, roomy operating studio and modern developing and printing rooms, the

work turned out here has demanded attention in all parts of New England.

Mrs. Heath was born in Glenburn, Me., and on March 12, 1888, married

copalian and takes the greatest interest in the affairs of city, state and nation.

DuBOIS' TAILOR SHOP

"I don't know how it is, but Mr. DuBois seems to always have a tip in advance on the styles." This is the way one satisfied customer spoke, of the man who had made his last two suits and it, together with his progressive business ideas, accounts largely for the immense success which Mr. DuBois has had since going into business for himself at 752 Elm Street a little over a year ago.

Arthur J. DuBois was born only twenty-five years ago. When a child his parents removed to Manchester and it was in the Queen City that he received his early education. In 1908 he entered the tailoring business on the selling end and, after a few years, had become an expert cutter. In 1915 he went into business for himself, in his present location opposite the



Mrs. Mary Heath

John F. Heath, a Boston photographer, who later located in Bangor, Me., and who had learned his business in Manchester, England. He had been most successful when, in October 1902, he decided to move to Manchester. Shortly after her marriage Mrs. Heath, attracted by the artistic side of the business, took her place in the studio and learned the business thoroughly under the tutelage of her husband. This training stood her in good stead for shortly after moving to Manchester her husband died and since that time she has conducted the business with the greatest success. She is assisted by Mr. Alphonse Godin, an operator of great ability. Mrs. Heath is an Epis-



Arthur J. Du Bois

Merrimack Common, and has been most successful.

He started in a small way, but today

he has anywhere from six to twelve workers busy in his establishment, turning out a line of clothes that cannot be excelled for style and "class." He is particularly popular with the young trade for he has an almost uncanny way of anticipating the trend of the styles in advance of their arrival.

THE PALACE STUDIO

The only photographer in Manchester who conducts a studio and

the business life of the country. Not only are still life pictures used extensively in the development of all manner of business propositions, but the popular motion picture has entered the field and is also a factor in this important branch of photography. Mr. Belisle never hesitates to accept a commission to do commercial work, no matter how difficult the subject or the conditions under which the picture must be made, and it is this confidence that makes him successful



Palace Studio

makes a specialty of commercial work is Edward A. Belisle. The Palace Studio, at 51 Hanover Street, is owned and managed by Mr. Belisle who is rapidly developing a large business in portrait and group work. He also does high class amateur finishing.

The specialty of this photographer, however, is commercial work, and it is in this branch of the profession that he particularly excels. Commercial photography has advanced far beyond the experimental state, and has become firmly established in

in nearly every instance. Flashlight pictures are taken by Mr. Belisle with the finest possible results, and he is always ready to go out on a job whether it be night or day time.

Mr. Belisle first learned the business of photography in the Kimball Studio at Concord, N. H., twenty-five years ago. He has followed the profession intermittently since that time, although he also engaged in real estate business in Washington, D. C., for a number of years. It is only a comparatively short time ago that

Mr. Belisle opened the Palace Studio, and, if the business to date indicates what is to follow, then he need have no fears as to the future.

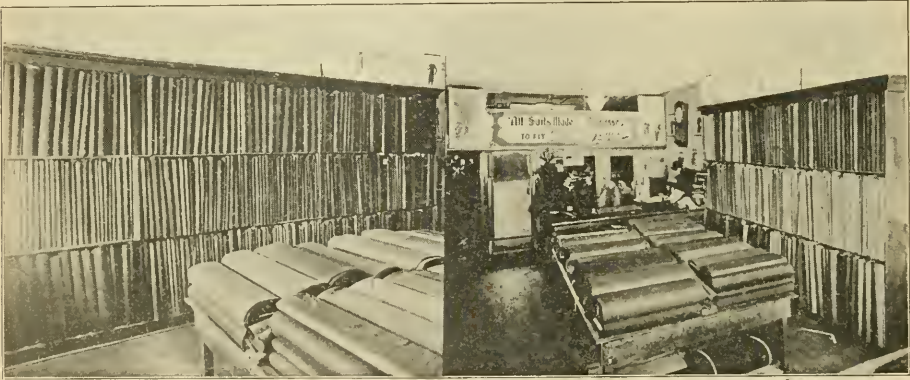
LOUIS, THE TAILOR

There are a large number of tailors in Manchester, but few are better known than "Louis," whose place of business is located at 11 Central Street. Louis has been in the tailoring business but a few years, yet in this comparatively short time he has built up an immense volume of business. He is especially popular with the young trade, for his clothes are

patterns and colors that would suit his fancy.

In the rear of the stock room is the office and fitting room and here also Louis has his cutting table, for all the suits are cut by the proprietor himself and this undoubtedly accounts for the success of the business. Louis is not only an expert cutter, but he is also a shrewd business man, and one who realizes full well the value of advertising, for there are few better advertised places in Manchester than the shop of Louis the Tailor.

Louis' suits are always the very latest models, his woolens are the best the market contains, and his



View of Immense Stock Carried by "Louis, the Tailor"

always of the very latest pattern and have a degree of "class" that few other tailors can put into their work.

His place of business is conveniently located, within a few steps of the Transfer Station, at the corner of Elm and Central streets, and is fronted by a large show window where one finds the very latest patterns in woolens displayed in an artistic manner. Inside, one is immediately impressed with the great amount of stock which is carried. Long tables and wall cases are filled with woolens of every conceivable color and pattern. Even the most fastidious customer could not look over the great stock without finding many

stock probably the largest in New Hampshire. A man can always get a perfect fit at Louis' place, no matter whether he be tall or short, fat or slim. Above all one always finds "right prices" and fair, square dealing at the shop of Louis.

The work-room is in the basement, and here everything is busy from early morning until late at night. A large force of tailors are kept employed in order to turn out the large number of suits that are ordered in the course of a week. The machinery used is of the latest pattern and everything in the work-room is as modern and up-to-date as the equipment of the stock room, fitting room and office on the first floor.



Be Sure Your Garments

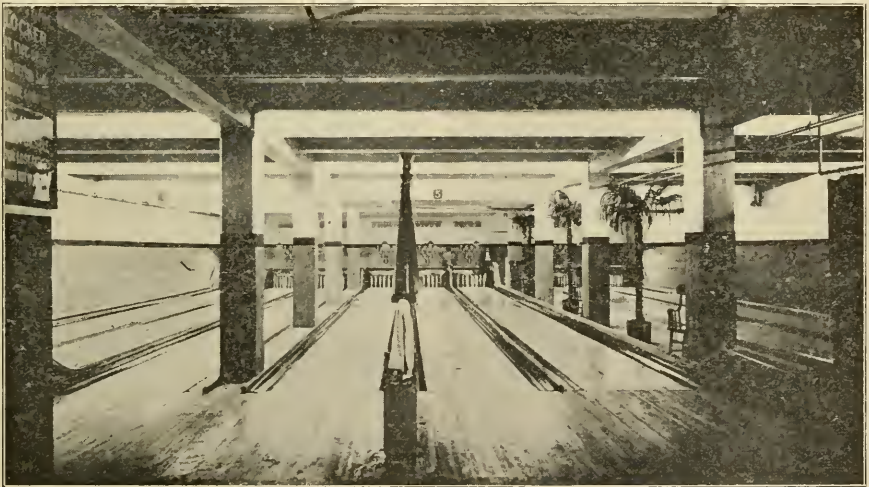


Bear This Emblem Tag

THE BIG FOUR, DRY CLEANERS

The Big 4 Dry Cleaning Establishment at 1361 Elm Street has become one of the most popular establishments of this kind in Manchester, for the quality of the work always insures satisfaction. The store is affiliated with the Master Dyers and Cleaners' Association which means as much in this line of business

as the word "Sterling" does on silver. The Big 4 is equipped with all the latest machinery for cleaning and dyeing in the most up-to-date and accepted manner and the work of the company will stand the most minute comparison with any other similar establishment in the state or elsewhere.



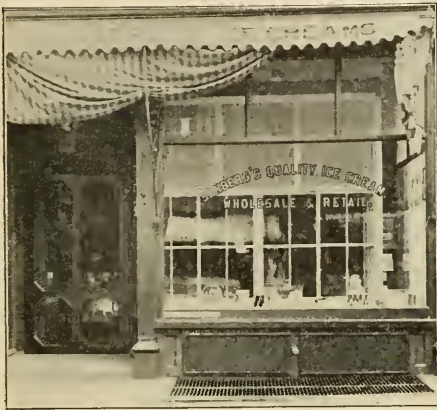
Hanover Street Bowling Alleys

No bowling alleys in Manchester are more up-to-date or more popular than the Hanover Street Bowling Alleys at

145 Hanover Street. A. M. Bisson, the proprietor, also owns and manages the Hub Alleys at 30 Concord Street.

SANBERG'S ICE CREAM

One of the oldest retail and wholesale dealers of ice cream in the city



of Manchester is C. A. Sanberg, at 1362 Elm Street, corner of Dean.

Mr. Sanberg, the proprietor of the place, has been making ice cream there for the past twelve years, and during the period of time the business has expanded until he wholesales his cream in nearly every part of New Hampshire. He takes care of a large retail trade, also, in a neat, well equipped soda and ice cream parlor, where one can also purchase high grade candies and cigars.

The manufacturing establishment is in the basement, and here one finds also the latest and best sanitary equipment for the wholesale manufacture of all sorts of ices. The method Mr. Sanberg employs has enough distinction so that Sanberg's ice cream has the name of being a little out of the ordinary. The proprietor of the business is well known in Manchester and has a host of friends, all of whom unite in declaring Mr. Sanberg an ideal business man and one bound to succeed.

THE NATIONAL HOTEL

The new National Hotel on Elm Street, nearly opposite the Park Theatre, is rapidly becoming one of the best

known of the Queen City hotels under the active management of the new proprietor, Mr. Albert J. Peloquin. The hotel, which was formerly called "The City Hotel," has fifty large airy rooms, is situated in the center of the business district and has a fine dining-room attached.

Mr. Peloquin, the new proprietor and manager, is a well known Manchester young man who has been connected for twenty-two years with the retail drug business of the city and for several years past has been deputy tax collector. He has been in the National Hotel since the first of last May and already the business has shown a decided increase.

The proprietor is well known throughout New England as an athlete and a promoter of various kinds of athletic events. He is a member of the I. O. O. F. and Forestiers Franco-Americans, and is also a member of the Joliet Club and Cercle National. Mr. Peloquin has had just that wide



Albert J. Peloquin

experience in meeting men of all classes which should make him a most successful hotel man.

MANCHESTER IN A NUT-SHELL

The following facts concerning Manchester are set forth in a brief, concise manner in order that one may readily obtain interesting and important information concerning the Queen City of New Hampshire:

POPULATION

The population of Manchester in 1915 was 80,000, an increase of 10,000 over the population of 1910. The population of Hillsborough County in 1910 was 126,072.

RAILROADS

Manchester is a railroad center for the following lines: Boston & Maine, Concord & Montreal, Concord & Portsmouth, Manchester and North Weare, Manchester & Lawrence, Manchester & Milford, Suncook Valley.

WATERWAYS

There are no waterways for transportation, but the Merrimack River, which turns more spindles than any other river in the world, flows directly through the city. The Piscataquog and Cohas also afford considerable waterpower.

RATES AND DISTANCES

Manchester is 260 miles from New York City and 53 miles from Boston. The railroad fare to the latter city is \$1.26; telephone and telegraph charges, \$.25.

MUNICIPAL IMPROVEMENTS

There are 12 miles of macadam and stone block paved streets.

The water supply is owned by the city, and is drawn from Massabesic Lake. There are 140 miles of water mains.

There are 98 miles of sewer pipes emptying into the Merrimack River. The efficient fire department contains 20 pieces of horse apparatus and six motors; 181 men are employed.

Manchester took second place in the 1914-1915 competition with New England cities for the Clean-up and Paint-up prize given to the city showing the greatest results of week's campaign. The city is famous for

its cleanliness and lack of dilapidated buildings.

The police department is one of the best in New England.

There are two high schools and 31 grammar schools, all excellent buildings, with a splendid teaching staff. At the present time there are over 7,000 grammar school and 1,000 high school pupils.

There are four hospitals, all efficient.

CIVIC DEVELOPMENT

There are 52 churches—all denominations.

There are three daily newspapers—the *Manchester Union and Leader*, *Mirror and American*, *L'Avenir National*.

Postoffice receipts in 1915 were \$175,871.77; commercial deposits, \$58,935,952.53. In 1915, 1,148 building permits were issued; there were 6,730 telephones and 1,359 automobiles.

Public institutions are as follows: Manchester Institute for the study of arts and sciences; Carpenter Memorial Public Library, and the State Industrial School.

There are 42½ miles of local street car system covering every part of the city. There are suburban trolley lines to all parts of the surrounding country.

There are 122 social and fraternal orders in the city, and 20 labor unions and associations.

Parks and Playgrounds. Number of parks: 13. Number of playgrounds: 5.

ECONOMIC CONDITIONS

Retail stores are contained in a large central zone and in several suburban zones.

The average insurance rate in the business district is \$1 per year and in the residential district \$.75 for five years. Telephone rates for a business line \$51; residence line \$30, and party line \$24 per annum.

A modern six-room house may be rented for \$25.

Gas sells for \$1 per thousand feet.

Electricity rate is from \$.008 to \$.12 per kilowatt hour, depending upon the quantity used. There is a 5 per cent reduction for cash payment.

INDUSTRIAL CONDITIONS

There are four national banks: Amoskeag, Merchants, Manchester and First. They are all in high class financial condition.

There are three savings banks: Hillsborough County, Manchester and Merrimack River.

The leading manufacturing plants are: Amoskeag Manufacturing Company, 16,000 employes, \$165,000 weekly pay-roll; W. H. McElwain Company, 3,800 employes, \$215,000 monthly pay-roll; S. A. Felton Company, 150 employes, \$1,500 weekly pay-roll; F. M. Hoyt Shoe Company, 1,200 employes, \$16,000 weekly pay-roll.

Industries: Box and Lumber Manufacturers, 7; Carriages, 1; Concrete and Cement, 2; Bobbins, Shuttles, 1; Hats, 1; Hosiery, 1; Liquors, 2; Locomotives, 1; Machinery, 2; Brushes, 1; Needles, 2; Paper, 1; Printers and Publishers, 3; Shoes, 5; Sporting Goods, 1; Textile, 4.

The city is 18 miles from the capital city, Concord, 18 miles from Nashua and 41 miles from Portsmouth.

Transportation by steam railroad and trolley lines to all of these cities.

GENERAL

The Manchester tax rate for 1916 is \$1.56 per hundred. There has been a general practice in the past to exempt new industries from taxation.

The Amoskeag Manufacturing Company has the greatest group of textile mills under one management in the world, where 15,500 workers reap the benefits of the safeguarding of American industry. Of this number 8,500 are men and 7,000 are women. The Stark Textile Mills employ 1,700 and the Elliot Mills 650.

Manchester is also famous as a shoe center. There are seven firms and one tannery operating thirteen factories in the city. There are

10,000 shoe operatives at work here and the total number of men employed by the shoe factories would greatly exceed that number as the McElwain company alone employs 8,500 and the F. M. Hoyt Company, 1,400. There has been but one instance of labor trouble in fifteen years.

The R. G. Sullivan Cigar factory is the largest in the world.

The Felton Brush Company is the largest manufacturing concern of power brushes in the world.

There are many available sites for large or small industries and the Manchester Publicity Association and Chamber of Commerce stands ready to advise and assist industries considering a location in this city.

PUBLICITY ASSOCIATION

The Manchester Publicity Association and Chamber of Commerce is a union of the two organizations which are included in its present name. It is today the sole commercial association of the city. It possesses all the interest and influence formerly inherent in both the others. The first organization of the kind was the Manchester Board of Trade. This changed to the Chamber of Commerce in 1911 which existed until the Manchester Publicity Association, which organized but three years ago, took it over and formed the present Manchester Publicity Association and Chamber of Commerce.

This Association maintains offices at 904 and 905 The Amoskeag Bank Building, and employs a permanent secretary.

There is a membership of 530 of the influential men of the community. The organization is at the present time broadening into full industrial, commercial, civic and agricultural lines and expects to do things in Manchester.

Can this Association be of any service to parties in or out of Manchester and especially to those considering Manchester as a future home, it will be delighted at the opportunity.

HAPPINESS

By L. Adelaide Sherman

"Happiness," says Ralph Waldo Trine, "is the natural and normal; it is one of the concomitants of righteousness, which means living in right relation to the laws of our being and the laws of the universe about us. No clear-thinking man or woman can be the apostle of despair."

If this is true, unhappiness must be from within, not from without. Sorrow, pain and grief, disappointment and despair, have their origin only in the thought of the sufferer. For happiness is man's inalienable right. It is his heritage. He has but to stretch forth his hand and possess himself of it. Not the pursuit of happiness then, is the concern of man, but the discovery of the law of happiness.

Does having one's selfish desires gratified constitute happiness? Does health, wealth, ease, fame, or love, even, make one truly happy? Are any of these things creators of joy?

Nay; rather is it the power to appreciate and understand blessings that bring joy and gladness, deep and lasting, in which is embodied true happiness.

One guest in a country home slept in an attic room, where the eastern windows were partially shaded by a tall, old apple-tree. She was bored, unhappy, discontented, although possessing youth, health and beauty. She joined the family at a late hour in the morning, grumbling at the dullness of country life. She returned to the city, dissatisfied with the humble path she must follow as a laborer in a factory. Nothing would please her. She felt that life had somehow cheated her.

Another came and occupied the same room. At break of day, on a late September morning, she stood by the window, and watched the birds gathering for their migratory conference. A brilliant oriole and two robins came first. She imagined that

they might be the committee on ways and means. They chattered, tilted and sang, and were soon joined by a whole flock of bluebirds. These were followed by some wax-wings and a pair of wonderfully beautiful scarlet tanagers. Back and forth they all flew, now here, now gone, singing and twittering in the exuberance of their joy, although a long and perilous journey was before them.

The apples were just beginning to show streaks of red; the leaves were still green; and away, beyond the orchard, beyond the silver, crooning river, and the forest of pine and fir, the sun was painting the sky in gold and crimson. She saw the blue line of the distant mountains, God's altar stairs, and her heart was exalted, filled with gratitude to the Giver of all these blessings. She was no longer young; beauty she had never possessed; she was simply a working woman in the great city; but health was hers, the power to see and understand was hers, and she was happy. Within her own soul was the well-spring of joy eternal.

Seek not up and down the world, O mortal, for happiness. Weary not thyself in following the devious paths of learning, to find it. Enter, instead, into the inner chamber of thy soul, and there commune with God and Nature.

The modest flower that hides in the moss at the foot of the giant tree; the singing brook that tumbles down the side of the mountain, whose melody no man can transfer to written notes; the smile of the little, neglected child; the kindly, helping hand stretched out to one who is struggling up the steep path of life; the morsel thou dividest with the outcast—in each of these is the germ of happiness, that, like the tiny seed of the mustard, will grow into a great tree, if nurtured in a heart made receptive to such divine influences.

APRIL

By L. J. H. Frost

Oh, beautiful but changeful skies of April!
 Ye bring to our minds a smile and a tear;
 For thus our lives are either brightened or darkened
 By visions of hope or phantoms of fear.

As fickle ye are as the friendships that greet us,
 In the bright, golden hours of prosperity's day;
 But when dark adversity's cloud overtakes us
 They spread out their wings and flee far away.

Yet, beautiful skies, we cannot but love thee,
 For ye tell us that winter has finished his reign;
 And ye whisper of flowers and bright, golden sunshine
 That will gladden our hearts and cheer us again.

Then welcome, thrice welcome, O beautiful April!
 May our lives be as bright as your sunniest smile;
 Our hearts be as pure as thy own spotless ether,
 And filled with sweet charity, knowing no guile.

EASTER MORNING

By Lucy H. Heath

Out of that first glad Easter dawn
 Came a new and wondrous light—
 The Light of Life triumphant
 Over the darkness of night.

Dark, dark, was that night of sorrow;
 Hope died; there was naught but gloom;
 Jesus said: "It is finished,"
 And they laid Him in the tomb.

Angels rolled away the stone,
 Death fled before His power;
 Forth He came victorious,
 In that early morning hour.

Hallelujah! He is risen;
 Bow at His feet and adore!
 Life shall triumph over death
 Forever and evermore.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

HON. FRANKLIN WORCESTER

Hon. Franklin Worcester, one of New Hampshire's best, and best known, citizens, native and long-time resident of the town of Hollis, died at his home there, March 2, 1916.

Mr. Worcester was the son of John N. and Sarah E. (Holden) Worcester, born October 27, 1845. His father was a prominent citizen, a member of the executive council, under Governors Berry and Hale, and a brother of the famous lexicographer, Joseph E. Worcester. He was educated at Appleton Academy, New Ipswich, and Dartmouth College, graduating from the latter in 1870. Following graduation he studied law, completing the two years' course in the Harvard Law School in one year, but was finally persuaded to relinquish the profession and engage in business with his brothers, which he did, the firm being known as Worcester Brothers, and doing an extensive lumbering, furniture, and coopership business in Hollis, and Cambridge, Mass.

He was always interested in public, political and educational affairs; was for thirty years a superintendent of schools or member of the board of education in Hollis, represented his town in the legislature in 1877 and 1878, and his district in the State Senate ten years later. He was also active in railroad enterprise, and secured and carried out the construction of the Brookline and Pepperell, and Brookline and Milford roads. In 1912 he was the Republican candidate for Governor of New Hampshire. He was successful in business, amassing a substantial fortune, a considerable portion of which he bequeathed to various charitable and educational institutions. An extended biographical sketch of Mr. Worcester appeared in the *GRANITE MONTHLY* for February, 1912.

HORACE P. HALL

Horace Powers Hall, born in Croydon, N. H., August 5, 1827, died at Sycamore, Ill., February 25, 1916.

He was a son of Daniel and Anna (Powers) Hall, educated at Kimball Union Academy, Wesleyan and Amherst Colleges, and was for a long time a teacher in the West, previous to the Civil War, in which he served in an Indiana regiment. After the war he resumed teaching in Indiana; but in 1867 was chosen principal of schools for Sycamore, Ill., and, two years later, superintendent for Dekalb County, in which capacity he served with great efficiency for many years.

He was active in the work of the Methodist Church and superintendent of the Sunday School.

He married, in 1856, Helen M. Herrick of Marlboro, who survives, with one daughter, Eva Reed Hall, of Sycamore.

HERBERT INGALLS

Herbert Ingalls, a well-known fiction writer and author of school books, a native of Rindge, N. H., born May 9, 1834, died in Boston, Mass., March 10, 1916. He was a clerk in the Treasury Department at Washington for several years. From 1865 to 1868 he was cashier of the New York Internal Revenue district. He had been treasurer of the New Bedford division of the old Boston, Clinton & Fitchburg Railroad and cashier of the New Bedford Railway. Later he was treasurer of the Framingham & Lowell Railroad. He retired from active business many years ago to devote himself to literary work.

DR. ROBERT A. BLOOD

Robert Allen Blood, M. D., born in New London, N. H., April 30, 1839, died at Lake Sunapee, February 21, 1916.

Doctor Blood came of a fighting ancestry, sixteen of the family serving in the Revolution and four being killed at Bunker Hill, while a great-uncle was killed in the Mexican War. He was educated at the New London Institution, now Colby Academy, and enlisted in the Union army at the opening of the Civil War, with a cousin who was killed at Petersburg. He was a member of Company F, Eleventh New Hampshire Volunteers, was badly wounded at Fredericksburg in December, 1862, and mustered out for disability the next spring. On his return he took up his residence in Charlestown, Mass., and attended the Harvard Medical School, graduating, M. D., in 1870. He practiced for a time in his native town, but finally returned to Charlestown and located there, attaining a leading rank in his profession.

He entered the militia under Governor Greenhalge as medical director on the staff of Brigadier-General Bridges with the rank of lieutenant-colonel in May, 1895. The following year, under Governor Wolcott, he was made surgeon-general, which office he held under Governor Crane and Governor Bates. On March 19, 1904, he resigned to take up his medical practice. He practiced three years in Brookline, and later became surgeon at the Soldiers' Home in Chelsea.

Doctor Blood was a Mason and an Odd Fellow, a charter member of the Charlestown Club, of which he was once president; a member of the Massachusetts Medical Society, the Society of Medical Observation and president of the Association of Military Surgeons of the United States, as well as surgeon of the Old Guard.

He is survived by his widow, a son, Robert M. Blood, Dartmouth, '06, and a member of the staff of the *Montreal Star*.

HON. GEORGE M. BUTTRICK

George Marshall Buttrick, born in Rindge, N. H., November 24, 1822, died at Everett, Mass., March 2, 1916.

Mr. Buttrick was long a resident of Barre, Mass., where he was extensively engaged in the manufacture of palm leaf hats and Shaker hoods. He was long chairman of selectmen and represented the town in the Massachusetts legislature in 1855, and his district in the State Senate in 1869 and 1870, and was the oldest surviving ex-Senator at the time of his decease. He was president of the Barre Savings Bank and of the National

Bank, and of the Worcester West Agricultural Society, during his residence in Barre, from which he removed to Worcester in 1871, later going to Boston as treasurer of the Globe Insurance Company, and making his residence in Everett, where he was prominently connected with the First Methodist Church. Politically he was a Republican till 1871, but afterward acted with the Prohibition party. He served on the school board in Everett, and as a member of the common council.

He married Miss Ann L. Stevens of Barre in 1844. She died in 1872 and in 1880 he married Mrs. Emma J. Colcord of East Weymouth.

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER'S NOTES

The publisher has no apologies to offer for the great delay in bringing out this issue of the *GRANITE MONTHLY*, devoted in the main to the city of Manchester, and its business activities. He is well aware of the fact that it is far from being as comprehensive as he had hoped and expected to make it, but he rests content with the reflection that the fault is not his nor that of the representative engaged in carrying out the work. The failure, such as there is, comes from the fact that the expected and largely promised coöperation, on the part of many business men of Manchester, did not materialize. While some broad-minded and public-spirited men, in the professional and business circles of the city, realized the advantage which would result from the publication of such an article as was proposed, and gave practical aid in its presentation, others, who would naturally be expected to be no less interested, either refused to give the matter consideration at the start or put off the same from time to time and finally refused to have anything to do with it. There are some good men in Manchester—some of the best in the State—who not only take pride in their own business, but who seek to promote the welfare and prosperity of their city by setting forth its advantages for the consideration of the world at large, and never hesitate to contribute practically to that end when opportunity offers. There are others—and the same is true to some extent in all communities—whose chief consideration is, when any proposition is put up to them—How much of immediate profit is there in it for me? And, if none is promptly discernible, the matter is dismissed at once. If the Manchester matter in this number does not make as good a showing for the city as had been hoped, the responsibility for the failure is to be charged to men of the last mentioned class within its limits. To those who rendered practical aid in carrying out the work, the thanks of the publisher are due, and are cordially tendered.

The venerable Rev. Edward Robie, D. D., pastor of the Congregational Church in the

town of Greenland, observed the 95th anniversary of his birth, quietly at his home, April 5. Dr. Robie entered upon his duties as pastor at Greenland, February 25, 1852, immediately upon ordination, and has continued ever since. He is not only the oldest active pastor in the state—and probably in the nation—but his has been a longer pastorate than that of any other clergyman in New Hampshire, so far as we have knowledge. Dr. Robie was educated at Gorham (Me.) Academy, Andover Theological Seminary, and the University of Halle, Germany, and engaged in teaching several years before he commenced preaching.

The Protestant churches of Peterboro—Congregational, Methodist, Baptist and Unitarian—have united in a very commendable manifestation of the true spirit of Christian fraternity. They are to hold union services, once a month, in the different churches alternately.

The Massachusetts Legislature has enacted a measure, authorizing the appointment by the Governor of a commission of five members, to present a definite plan for the Pilgrim Tercentenary celebration, first proposed by the New Hampshire Board of Trade, and appropriated \$25,000 for the expense of the commission in evolving such plan. Governor McCall has appointed Maj. T. W. Higginson, Galen L. Stone, Frank W. Stearns, Arthur Lord and Robert M. Burnett as members of the commission. Report is to be made to the legislature next January.

The centennial of the installation of Rev. Nathan Lord, who subsequently became President of Dartmouth College, as pastor of the Congregational Church in Amherst, was duly celebrated in the old Amherst church on Sunday, May 21, when an historical address was given by the pastor—Rev. A. W. Remington. Dr. John K. Lord of Hanover, a grandson of President Lord, was also a speaker on the occasion.



Armenia S. White

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

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A NOBLE CAREER ENDED

Armenia S. White Passes to the Higher Life

On the morning of Sunday, May 7, as the congregation was assembling in the nearby church, named in her own and her husband's honor, where she had been a constant attendant since its erection sixty years ago, until debarred by physical disability in the recent past, the spirit of Armenia S. White, long known as the "first lady of the land," so far as New Hampshire is concerned, whatever the civil or social rank which others may have held, left the "tenement of clay," which it had tenanted for nearly a century, and passed to its reward in the life beyond.

Strictly speaking, however, this expression is far from accurate. The great-souled, warm-hearted men and women, whose lives are replete with the blessedness which accompanies noble service, receive large measure of reward in the satisfaction which comes of the consciousness of duty done; and with all her manifold cares, labors and responsibilities, Mrs White reaped rich reward from day to day, not only in this consciousness, but in the affectionate regard of hundreds of her fellow beings and the profound respect of the community at large.

An extended biographical sketch of Mrs. White appeared in the GRANITE MONTHLY for January, 1910; but some reference to the leading facts and incidents of her long and eventful life may be regarded as pertinent now that her life work is ended by the sudden summons which came just when she was supposed to be on the way to recovery from a severe illness of several weeks.

Mrs. White was born Armenia S. Aldrich, daughter of John and Harriet (Smith) Aldrich, in Mendon, Mass., November 1, 1817, and was a descendant of that George Aldrich, who came from England early in the seventeenth century and was among the first settlers of Milford, Mass. His grandson, Moses, was a celebrated Quaker preacher of Smithfield, R. I., and the father of Caleb, generally known as "Judge" Aldrich, who was the grandfather of John, the father of Mrs. White.

John Aldrich removed to Boscawen, N. H., in 1830, when his daughter was thirteen years of age. There she resided with her parents, until her marriage, on the nineteenth anniversary of her birth, with Nathaniel White, a native of Lancaster, then a young stage driver, twenty-five years of age, with whom she made her home in Concord, which was ever after her place of abode, the residence in which her life was mainly spent having been first occupied by them in 1848. It then fronted on School Street, but after the opening of Capitol Street, when the State House was remodelled, it was enlarged and improved and the entrance changed to Capitol Street. Here Nathaniel White and wife lived throughout his wonderfully successful business career, closing with his death, October 2, 1880; here their family was reared, and here Mrs. White remained, managing throughout the affairs of the large estate left in her hands, and continuing her interest and efforts in the various important charitable,

benevolent and reform causes and enterprises, in which, with her husband, she had been engaged for many years.

Reared in the simple, trusting faith of the Quakers, or "Friends," based upon the overflowing love and mercy of the Infinite, she naturally espoused the cause of Universalism, then just commanding the attention of thoughtful people in the community, when making her choice of religious affiliation in Concord, and, with her husband, was active in the movement for the organization of a society and the establishment of regular worship under that name and faith. Fully believing as did her husband also, in woman's right to active participation in religious as well as civil affairs, it was through their influence that women were admitted to membership in this society—the first in Concord to admit them. She was soon instrumental in the organization of a woman's auxiliary, known as the Ladies' Social Aid Society, working in aid of the social and material interests of the denomination, of which she was chosen president, holding that position continually until the day of her death, though for the last few years debarred, on account of physical disability, from the performance of its active duties. Throughout her life, working conjointly with her husband, as in other worthy causes, till his decease, and in her own behalf and in his name thereafter, she gave of her time and means, labor, care and devotion, for the welfare of this church, whose house of worship, originally built largely through their material contribution, and more than once remodelled and improved in good part at their expense, was named, after Mr. White's decease, in their honor—the "White Memorial Church."

But, greatly as she loved this church, and the principles of human brotherhood under the Divine Fatherhood, for which it stands, her activities here were by no means limited to the pro-

motion of its interests, and the care of the home over which she presided with the quiet dignity and grace of the true American woman. Neglecting no domestic, social or religious duty, she was, nevertheless, first and foremost among the women of the city and state in espousing every important cause in the fields of reform and philanthropy, and every movement in which her heart was enlisted, commanded her hearty support in time, money and effort.

To the antislavery cause, with her husband, she was long earnestly devoted, and so long as work in its interest was called for, it was unsparingly rendered. The temperance reform movement received no more prompt or hearty support in New Hampshire than was by them accorded; and it was largely through Mrs. White's instrumentality that the New Hampshire Woman's Christian Temperance Union was organized, of which she was fittingly elected the first president, holding the position, long in an active and later in an honorary capacity, to the time of her departure, and never faltering in her devotion to the great cause in whose interest it was organized, and for which it has so grandly labored.

Yet, while so earnestly devoted to emancipation and temperance, it is safe to say that no cause was ever closer to her heart, and none so long and persistently labored for, as that whose object was the enfranchisement of her own sex and the elevation of woman to the plane of political equality with man. She was the pioneer of the woman suffrage movement in New Hampshire. She was the first signer of the call for the first equal suffrage convention in the state, held in Concord, in December, 1868, called the meeting to order; was elected the first president of the New Hampshire Woman Suffrage Association then organized, and held that position, either in an active or honorary capacity, while she lived, and, through all this period of nearly fifty

years, has been the most consistent and persistent advocate of the suffrage cause in New Hampshire, giving labor and means unsparingly in its behalf. She was a delegate to the American Woman Suffrage Association, organized at Cleveland, Ohio, immediately after the New Hampshire Association was formed, and was vice-president of that association for New Hampshire many years. Mainly through her efforts, heartily supported by Mr. White, the state legislature,

at the head of the list. To scores of others she contributed generously and regularly; while her individual benefactions, her assistance to the poor, the unfortunate and distressed on every hand, unceasingly continued; so that, indeed, her name became a synonym for all that is kindly and compassionate in the human heart.

The last of all that great coterie of woman-workers for justice and righteousness in our land, including



The White Residence, Capitol Street White Memorial Church

in 1871, made women eligible to serve on school committees, and, in 1878, granted them the right of school suffrage, before any other New England state had accorded them such privilege.

It would be an arduous task to enumerate, even, all the public and private charities, and benevolent organizations in which she was a prime mover, and to which she was a constant and liberal contributor, but the New Hampshire Centennial Home for the Aged, the Orphans' Home at Franklin and the Mercy Home at Manchester may be named

Susan B. Anthony, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Lucy Stone Blackwell, Mary A. Livermore, Frances E. Willard, Julia Ward Howe and their compeers, Armenia S. White has at last joined her associates on the "other shore"; but, let us fondly hope and believe, her influence for every good cause which she espoused, for every noble work in which she here engaged, will be felt through the years to come, until success is attained and victory results.

Finally, it may be said, in all justice and truthfulness, that, with all her labors for the good of others, for

the reform of abuses, the elevation of her sex, the uplift of the community, the welfare of the state, the nation and humanity at large, she will be remembered no less as a shining example of the best type of American woman-

hood—simple in her tastes, quiet and unostentatious in manner, kindly and courteous to all—the lowliest as well as the most exalted—a true wife and mother, and the presiding genius in a home whose guiding star was Love.

THE TREE OF HANOVER

By David Alawen

In poet-loving Germany, the Fatherland of gem
 In mine, in wit, in many a civic law, in stratagem
 Of self-defence, in common sense and architecture stout,—
 I went one day to see a grave that bore a name devout,
 The Lotta of great Goethe's heart, his love and his despair,
 The woman who in simplest task was ever the most fair,
 With sane, still mind of motherhood, yet, to her wayward swain
 A gentle monitor, a steadfast friend to meet his pain
 With soothing of angelic hand. In that God's acre
 Gray, old and steeped in centuries' memorial myrrh,
 We walked, three friends and I. There, in the young May's tender green,
 We came to tomb round which it seemed a mighty force had been
 A solemn husbandman with an imperial disdain.
 In plain drab, solid stone, dust of an aged dame had lain
 Long, storm and battle-riven years. Self-ramparted it seemed,
 That grim, Teutonic stone. The friends of human dust had deemed
 It so, and chiseled proudly on its face: "*This grave, for aye,
 Unopened shall remain!*" And human hand in truth did stay
 All violation of the human, tool-cut, curt command.
 But, stronger than a curious wit or self-incited hand,
 Life suddenly displayed a zeal that only life can show,
 For that great force which fears no death smote her supremest blow,
 Force which in soundless might sends newer aeons down through time.
 Through tomb the tempest rived not, rose a woodland grace sublime,—
 A young birch trembled in the breeze and wooed the wayward wing,
 Flinging to right and left her charm she sang as poets sing
 When, before inner vail in wisdom rapt, soul's pioneer
 Is all alone and knows his God—no human ear to hear.
 The young boughs drank their sun-pure draughts while, underneath, the tomb
 Yawned helpless as the dust itself within its rayless gloom.
 We looked, my friends and I, at the mocked words all cracked apart:
 We smiled in unison at man's despised command and art.
 Then one, the judge of future years but fair-haired student there
 Said in his quiet way, "I see how death wakes young and fair."
 O blue-eyed dreamer, from the grave lips of your sensate youth
 Let the seal rest on God's own resolute, eternal truth.

Chocorua.

SANDERS POINT

By J. M. Moses

I wonder how many of the sojourners at the Wentworth Hotel, in Newcastle, realize the historic importance of the land just across the bridge. It was called Sanders Point as early as 1632, the name at first including the peninsula to the north, now called Blunt's Island. For what Sanders it was named, we do not know. Probably for some pre-Masonian squatter, as we do not find the name among Mason's men.

In a letter from London, December 5, 1632, John Mason and his associates wrote Ambrose Gibbons, "You desire to settle yourself upon Sanders Point. The adventurers are willing to pleasure you not only in this, in regard of the good report, they have heard of you from tyme to tyme, but also, after they have conferred with Capt. Neale, they determyne some further good towards you for your further incouridgement."

This promise was fulfilled after Mason's death by Captain Neale, he giving Gibbons "a certain tract of land in Piscattaway River called Sanders Point, lying between the Little Harbor and Sagamore Creek;" the amount of land to be the same that was given to Henry Jocelyn and others on the other side of the river. It must have included considerable land at the west of Little Harbor bay.

We have the statement of Belknap that Ambrose Gibbons went there. Tradition has it that he was buried there. He was assistant governor at Portsmouth, May 25, 1640, and second signer of the grant of the Glebe land. In 1641 or 1642 the commissioners from Massachusetts, according to Belknap, confirmed Francis Williams, Thomas Wannerton and Ambrose Gibbons governors of Portsmouth, they having been continued in office by popular election.

Gibbons, however, before 1640,

became interested at Oyster River, now Durham, where he obtained a large grant of land. He removed there before 1647, leaving his Sanders Point property to the occupancy of his son-in-law, Henry Sherburne. Sherburne sold one half of Blunt's Island in 1666.

June 5, 1643, Henry Sherburne was commissioned by the General Court to keep a ferry and an eating house. As this record has sometimes been imperfectly quoted, I give an exact copy, by an expert.

"Henry Sherborne ordered by Court to keepe a fferry & to have for his paynes from the great house to the great lland 2^d And to the Province 12^d To Rowes 2^d to strawberry banck 6^d for one man And if there come 2 or more to have 4^d a pcs to strawberry Banck 8^d a pcs to the Province & 2^d a pcs for all the other fferryes And tis further ordered that he shall keepe an ordinary at 8^d meale

And this order to continue till the generall Court take further order"

(Deeds 1-14)

"The great house" of this record I take to have been that of Ambrose Gibbons. The historians have assumed that it was the famous first house, built by David Thompson at Odiorne's Point, which Hubbard dignified by the name of Mason Hall. I followed them in my article in the GRANITE MONTHLY of July, 1914. As I now venture to differ with them, I give my reasons.

The fares must be supposed to have been proportionate to the distances. The "great house" must have been about equally distant from Newcastle Island and "Rowes," which was just north of the mouth of Sagamore Creek, about three times as far from Strawberry Bank, and six times as far from the Maine shore. Now

get the United States maps, combining the sheets for Dover and York, and measure distances. Can you find any location that will fulfill these conditions other than Sanders Point or Blunt's Island? The latter is almost exactly equally distant from "Rowe's" and Newcastle, three times as far from Portsmouth city at Frame Point, and six times as far from Kittery.

The "great house," unqualified, would have meant the one built by Chadbourne, at the corner of Court and Water streets. That is impossible in this case, because the ferry was to go to Strawberry Bank, and because the distance from that to Maine is less than to the other points.

It was natural that the house at Odiorne's Point should have been assumed as the starting point. It was the first *rendez-vous* for Mason's men, the point of departure from which they carried civilization up the Piscataqua. The name "Rendez-vous" clung to it for many decades, though the Masonian headquarters were at Chadbourne's great house, built about 1631. To me the fares allowed are conclusive against this location. The distances from the Thompson house to Newcastle, Rowe's, Frame Point and Kittery are in the proportion of 2, 3, 5 and 8.

Besides, Henry Sherburne must have lived where the ferry started. We have no account of his living at Odiorne's Point. We do know that Ambrose Gibbons had Sanders Point, and that Henry Sherburne had it after him, with a large tract on the southwest, where he later lived.

That Ambrose Gibbons would have a house of distinction was inevitable. As "assistant governor" he could not have been less than police magistrate. He had been at the head of a "great house" and plantation at Berwick, now broken up. Probably some of his employes followed him and lived with him. Sanders Point had taken his fancy, as it has that of many others. It was favorable for com-

merce and fishing, not for agriculture. Doubtless at Durham he realized an establishment more to his tastes and interests than he could have had in Portsmouth.

We also know that an early road ran southwesterly from Sanders Point. It is still in existence, subject to gates and bars. It was mentioned in a deed of January 1, 1667. (Deeds 3-4a). Have we any earlier mention of a road south of Sagamore Creek? Should not this have been called the Pioneer Road, instead of that to Odiorne's Point? I suppose it was part of a route of travel as old as the ferry. It was mentioned again July 13, 1774, as "the highway that goes to Sandy Beach," meaning Rye. (Deeds 3-94a).

According to tradition the road down through Rye Center to North Hampton follows an old Indian trail. It follows the crest of a low ridge, just far enough inland to avoid swamps and creeks of obstructive size. It was the natural route of pioneer travel, and it went to Sanders Point, not Odiorne's Point.

It had a branch around the head of Sagamore Creek. There was mention July 13, 1674, of "the highway that goeth to the head of Sagamore Creek." (Deeds 3-97a). It joined the other road near the head of Sherburne's Creek.

There was doubtless some travel up the coast to Odiorne's Point. But that settlement evidently was not maintained, after the Masonian abandonment, by any considerable number of people. The main building was in ruins in 1680. In 1656 it would seem as if James Johnson was the only inhabitant. March 20, 1656, it was "granted that no man shall take mony for ferryage from goodman Sherbornes neck to the great Illand except Allexand Bacheler, nor from goodman Johnson." Johnson was the only one thought of that would not be accommodated by the ferry from Sherburne's neck.

Doubtless Portsmouth had other

ferries to Newcastle and Kittery by this time. As for connection south, would there not have been a bridge over the dam of the Lane sawmill at Moses Island?

I am satisfied that the first center of travel was at Sanders Point, with ferries in three directions, roads or trails in two, and a "great house" that furnished meals, and probably lodgings.

The grant of the ferry to Batchelder was within a year after the death of Ambrose Gibbons, who had bequeathed his Portsmouth land, not to Henry Sherburne, but to Henry's son Samuel. Henry immediately began buying land. Sept. 25, 1656, he bought a tract adjoining or near the Gibbons land on the west. Jan. 29, 1656-7, the town granted him sixty acres more adjoining this. Feb. 20, 1657-8, he bought the Puddington farm at the Plains, which the following April he transferred to his brother John, who probably sold him his house and field at the head of Sherburne's Creek. Before 1660 he had bought the Langdon and Sloper farms, which he deeded later to his sons-in-law of those names.

He seems to have had title to at least one half of Blunt's Island as early as March 26, 1666; as on that date he and wife Rebecca deeded Mark Hunking, who lived over by the old Wentworth House, "the moiety or one half of a point or neck of land, the whole containing about three acres more or less, which point or neck of land is situate and being northward of a Cove commonly known by the name of Baker's Cove at or near unto the entrance of the Little Harbor in Piscataqua." (Deeds 6-287.) Hunking sold this back to Sherburne the next year, but bequeathed that year "the marsh to the 3 acres."

In this deed "Little Harbor" means the more sheltered waters north of Little Harbor Bay. Many other deeds use the name not only for the bay, but quite as often for

the channel above. Sept. 24, 1661, Thomas Langly sold Robert Mussell five acres on a point "near the Little Harbor's mouth," it being "between the land of Walter Abbott and said Mussell." (Deeds 2-61b.) Walter Abbott lived near the meetinghouse. (Deeds 2-93b.) The Little Harbor, by these deeds, had its "entrance" at Sanders Point, its "mouth" by Frame Point.

Jan. 1, 1667, Samuel Sherburne sold his inheritance from his grandfather Gibbons to his father, Henry. The same day Henry deeded his son-in-law Tobias Lear land on the south side of Sagamore Creek, some distance west of Sanders Point. The road ran on the southeast side of this tract. The second Tobias Lear lived here. A map of his estate may be found in the Probate Records.

Dec. 28, 1668, Henry deeded Blunt's Island in equal parts to Samuel Sherburne and Tobias Lear. Samuel probably lived there for a time, as his house there was mentioned in 1693. Lear's half of the island was owned by his son Tobias as late as 1719, when it was called land adjoining to the Newcastle ferry.

Jan. 29, 1677-8, Henry Sherburne deeded Sanders Point, with twenty-six acres adjoining it, to his son John; also, to have after his father's decease, his homestead farm, bounding east on Little Harbor Bay, south on Sherburne's Creek, north on Tobias Lear, and west on land he had deeded Samuel Sherburne, part of which Samuel subsequently deeded John. May 29, 1751, Sanders Point was part of the estate of John's son John, and was assigned to his daughter Hannah, who later married Captain John Blunt. See the map in State Papers 33-552, which shows the location of the Sherburne buildings.

June 30, 1674, Samuel Sherburne obtained the grant of the ferry "in Little Harbor from Bachelor's poynt to Sanders poynt," the court allowing him "two pence for a single person & 4^d a horse for their transportation from

from side to side," and enjoining him "to make a sufficient boate for the use." (Deeds 5-4.) He died in 1691. It seems that by 1693 the ferry had come to be operated from Blunt's Island, instead of from Sanders Point, as authorized. This change was legalized Dec. 5, 1693. See the History of Rye, page 73, where the court record is quoted: "Whereas the Ferry over to Great Island from Sanders Point was granted to Capt. Samuel Sherburne, which is not found so convenient as where it is now kept, where the bridge was made over; the Court granted Mrs. Love Sherburne the privilege, Provided she keep a sufficient Bridge on the piece of marsh near their house where it is now passable for horse and man."

The author thinks the bridge that was "made over" was the same as the bridge that was "on the piece of marsh." To me it would read more natural if I could suppose a bridge had been made over to Newcastle, which bridge did not then exist, but whose abutments were convenient landing places for the ferry. However that may have been, a bridge was later built from Blunt's Island to the point opposite, and the route of travel was across the piece of marsh between Blunt's Island and Sanders Point.

Since writing the above I have made some research on the history of the Odiorne's Point peninsula after the Masonian abandonment.

There was a ferry from Odiorne's Point granted Oct. 6, 1649, if I have the right understanding of the following court record, which I give as copied by an expert. It is in Deeds, Vol. 1, page 67.

"James Johnson is allowed to have to ferrie one man to dover ii^s yf more then one then xvi^d each and to strawberie banke for one man i^s yf more then 8^d each and to m^r hiltons howse for one person i^s yf more than 8^d each and to walfords Islande ii^d for one person & to henrye sherbournes i^d yf more then halfe so much."

Of the points named, I suppose Walford's Island was Great Island, or Newcastle, where Thomas Walford first settled. Mr. Hilton's house, I take to have been that kept by William Hilton at Kittery Point. See Old Kittery pp. 47-49. Henry Sherburne was probably living near the mouth of Sherburne's Creek, where he was in 1677-8. See N. H. Genealogical Record, Vol. 1, page 4, where a Portsmouth record is quoted, dated March 4, 1646:

"It was granted that John Sherborn should have a hou[se lot?] And apportenances belonging thereunto at the head of [the creek?] betwene william Sevy and Henry Sherborn."

Supposing that James Johnson was at the northwest corner of the Odiorne Point peninsula, the distances from his landing to Henry Sherburne's, Newcastle, and Kittery Point would be roughly in proportion to the fares allowed, also to Strawberry Bank if the voyage went around to the "great house." Some long haul principle must have been applied to the rate to Dover, unless Newington would answer for Dover.

Was Henry Sherburne living in 1666 where he was in 1646 and 1678? Nov. 15, 1666, Thomas Walford directed in his will that he should be buried "in the burying place neare mr Henry Shirburns." Here was a burying place near Henry Sherburne's, where others than the Sherburnes claimed rights to be buried. Was it not here that Ambrose Gibbons was buried, rather than at Sanders Point? And why not many others?

James Johnson was mentioned in 1643 and onward, having lawsuits with Valentine Hill, Francis Champernowne, John Pickering and a Thomas Johnson. He may have lived near the Rollins Station in Newington, as he acknowledged Oct. 2, 1651, that he had "sold unto James Rawlyns his house & land upon the longe Reache." He was selectman in 1656, and one of the largest subscribers for preaching in 1658. He was on Odiorne's Point

in 1661, apparently in intimate relations with George Wallis, as the land committee gave them their land allotment together. His son-in-law John Odiorne was probably there by that time, and remained there.

Johnson removed to Great Island after deeding George Wallis his homestead, described as follows: "all the upland and meadow, salt & fresh at Sandy Beach, together with his dwelling house, barns, stables or other out housen, wherein the said James & Mary now liveth, situate & being on the South West side of the Little Harbor in Piscataqua river, aforesaid." (Deeds 2-45b.)

What became of the first house on Odiorne's Point, built by David Thompson? Did not Joseph Mason, kinsman of John Mason and agent for his estate, take possession of it in 1652, and sell it in 1668 to James Randall?

Joseph Mason was in London, March 3, 1650, at John Mason's house where a part of John Mason's will was shown him, and he received a letter of attorney from Ann Mason, John's widow and administratrix, commissioning him "to manage her estate in New England," "& as well for the disposing of all such lands to her belonging," etc. (State Papers 32-12. Deeds 2-54b.) He was in Boston in May, 1652, testifying before Governor Endicott.

Portsmouth land grants in 1652 and

1653 have grants to "Mr. Mason's house," (N. H. Gen. Record 1-9 and 2-24), as also to "Mr. Leader's house." It seems that Richard Leader at this time had the "great house," of Court and Water streets. Did not Joseph Mason have the David Thompson house? He was at Portsmouth 1656-1663, a subscriber for preaching in 1658, a sharer in the land allotment of 1661. July 21, 1668, Joseph Mason late of Portsmouth, for 207 pounds, 10 shillings, and good causes, deeded (Deeds 3-35) to James Rennell (Randall) of the same place, carpenter, "all that my dwelling house situate lying & being in the Little harbor within pascataquauck, aforesaid, together with all houses, edifices & buildings whatsoever to the said dwelling house belonging, & all gardens, orchards, marshes, arable lands, feeding commons, and commons of pasture, trees, wood and woods, easments, . . . commodities, advantages," etc. "to the said dwelling house, lands, marshes & premises belonging." "The commonage here intended is for feeding of cattle and for firewood for his own use & the use of his heirs & assigns, and to reach as far from the said dwelling house as to the Sandy beach, commonly so called, & about a mile and a half from the same, & in the Division that doth or may belong to Mr. Robert Mason, heir of Capt. John Mason, deceased."

CONTENTMENT

By Edward H. Richards

Why should I sit me down and cry
And sigh for things I cannot buy
For those I love;
Forgetful of the priceless joys
Of life and home, with girls and boys,
Gifts from above.

Nay, let me tell them o'er and o'er;
Each tally shows me, more and more,
These blessings fine;
And, lo, my tears are turned to smiles!
Away with greed and show and styles,—
The world is mine!

AN IMPORTANT HISTORICAL DOCUMENT

By Rev. Everett S. Stackpole

Few writers of local history and genealogies of New Hampshire know what a wealth of material may be found in the court files, that have been carefully and laboriously indexed in the office of the Secretary of State. They fill fifty-six large drawers. The card index gives the names of plaintiff and defendant in each case and a hint as to what may be found in each folder, such as writs, deeds, wills, depositions, accounts, town grants, etc. The depositions are of special value to genealogists, often giving age of the deponent and incidentally mentioning relationships that cannot elsewhere be ascertained. Many items of historical value can be gathered here. It takes time and patience to search among these records, but perseverance usually brings reward.

In No. 17795 a discovery has been made of an indenture, or deed of gift, in which the first Capt. Thomas Wiggins conveyed to the town of Exeter a large tract of land. This conveyance is the legal basis of the ownership of many farms in Exeter. Its date is 1639, the next year after Exeter was settled, and I know not of any older conveyance of land in New Hampshire, except royal grants and deeds from Indian chiefs. The land conveyed was three quarters of a mile in length, on the east side of Squamscot River, reaching from Exeter Falls to Wheelwright's Brook, and extending from the river three miles to the Hampton line. Ever since 1710 this document has been hid away in a bundle of papers pertaining to a lawsuit in the case of Capt. Joseph Smith of Hampton *versus* a Mr. Wadleigh of Exeter. So far as can now be learned it was never recorded. It is clearly written and bears the seals of the three "Rulers" of Exeter. It is alluded to in the records of

Exeter, in the year 1656, as "Captan Wiggins deede of gift" but Governor Charles H. Bell, in his History of Exeter, indicates that he had no knowledge of the original conveyance. The town in 1656 sought a confirmation of it from the General Court of Massachusetts. The document is as follows:

This Indenter Made the first day of the 2d month (April) in the yeare of Our Lord God 1639 Betweene Thomas Wiggins of Pascatiqua in New England Gent sole agent and deputie for the right hono^{bl} William Viscount Saye and Seale and Robert Lord Brooke Sir Arthur Haselbrieke Kn^t and Baronett Sir Arthur [Richard written above it] Saltingstone Kn^t and certaine other Gents of the Kingdome of England Lords and owners of the plantation of Pascatiqua in New England and also Lords and Owners of all that tract of Land lying or being on the south side of the river called Pascatiqua from the sea unto the fall of the said river and three miles in the Maine Land from the said river (except six thousand acres of the said tract of Land lying and being towards the sea) of the one p^{te} and Captain Richard Morris, Necholas Needam Isaac Grosse Rulers of the Towne of Exeter for and in the behalfe of the said Towne of the other p^{te} Witnesseth that the said Thomas Wiggins for good causes and considerations him thereunto especially moveing hath given granted and confirmed and by these presents doth give grant and confirme unto the said Richard Morris Nicholas Needam Isaac Grosse their heires or assignes forever all that p^{te} or parcell of the said tract of Land from y^e said fall towards the sea unto the mouth of a certaine creeke on such side whereof theire Lyeth little narrowe plats of Mash Ground w^{ch} have beene for two years last past in the occupation of John Wheelwright Pastore of the Church of Exeter being by estimation from the fall of the said river unto the said Creeke 3 quarters of a mile or thereabouts bee it more or lesse, and from the said River into the maine Lands three Miles and also all and singular woods under woods and Trees grow-

ing or being in or upon the same premises herby given and granted, wth all p'sells comodities advantages and hereditam^{ts} belonging or appertaining unto the said p'mises herby given granted & confirmed or to any p^{tes} thereof, except and alwaies received [sic] unto the said Thomas Wiggins, and the said Lords and owners of y^e said p'mises before specified and mentioned their heires and assignes agents and deputies and every of them free liberty to take fish at or about the said fall of the said River p'portionally according to that right w^{ch} belongs unto them to have or to hold the said p^{te} or p'cell of Land wth all p'fitts comodities and hereditam^{ts} before in these p'sents given granted and confirmed (except before excepted) unto the said Richard Morris, Nicholas Needam Isaac Grosse, their heires and assignes for ever, to use of the said Towne of Exeter for ever more; yielding and paying yearly unto the said Thomas Wiggins and the said Lords and owners aforesaid their heires and assignes for every hundred acres of Lands w^{ch} shall bee converted into use 2^d Sterling Money being lawfully demanded p'vided alwaies and upon condition y^t they the said Richard Morris Nicholas Needam Isaac Grosse their heires and assignes shall doe their best endeavor to defend and maintain the right and interest of the said Lords and owners their heires and assignes agents and deputies of and in the said tract of Land before specified and menconed against all invaders and intruders seditious practices or any that shall doe them violence or violate there right, w^{ch} if they or any of them shall refuse or neglect to doe, that then they or any of them refusing or neglecting soe to doe shall forfeite their Right or estates given granted and confirmed as afore^{sd}. And the said Thomas Wiggins for himselfe and for the said Lords and owners aforesaid their heires and assignes doth p'mise grant and agree that hee the said Thomas Wiggins and the said Lords and owners afore^{sd} shall doe their best endeavor to defend and maintaine the right and title of the said Richard Morris Nicholas Needam Isaac Grosse, their heires and assignes of and in the said p^{te} of the said tract of Land by these p'sents given and granted against all intruders invaders seditious practices or any that shall doe them violence or violate their right given and granted as

afore^{sd}, w^{ch} if the said Lords and owners their agents and deputies shall refuse or neglect soe to doe That then the said Richard Morris Nicholas Needam Isaac Grosse their heires or assignes shall bee free from the said p'miss and condition afore^{sd}. In witness whereof the p^{ties} to these p'sents have interchangeablie sette their hands & seales the daye and yeare first above written

	Richard	
Sealed and delivered in	Moris	(seal)
the		
p'sence of		
John Wheelwright	Nicholas	
George Smyth	Needham	(seal)
lenaord morres		
	I ^s Grosse	(seal)

A few words about the persons named in this document may be of interest.

Sir Arthur Haselrigge, as he signed his name to a letter, was one of Oliver Cromwell's officers and had charge of the prisoners captured at the battle of Dunbar in 1650. Some of those Scotch prisoners helped to colonize Dover and Exeter.

Sir Richard Saltingstone is better known as Sir Richard Saltonstall, who came over with Governor Winthrop in 1630 and lived for a while at Watertown, Mass. He returned to England and died there, although some of his children remained in Massachusetts.

Richard Morris, one of the "rulers," or selectmen, of Exeter, also came with Winthrop. He had command of Castle Island in 1637. Probably he went to Portsmouth, R. I., in 1643 and was living there in 1655.

Nicholas Needham was of Boston in 1638 and perhaps went to Wells, Me., with John Wheelwright. His name is perpetuated in "Needham's Point," in Durham, on the north shore of Great Bay.

Isaac Grosse was in Boston in 1635. He returned from Exeter to Boston and died there in 1649.

George Smyth was for several years recorder of deeds in the province. His handwriting and signature appear often in the early records. The above

is the earliest mention of him. Later he was of Dover. He disappeared in 1653. He was one of the judges of the early courts.

John Wheelwright here signed his name with one "e" in it, and so also it appears in his signature to the Exeter Combination. As a graduate of the University of Cambridge, Eng., he certainly knew how to spell his name, yet all his descendants spell the surname Wheelwright. He had been vicar of Bilsby, co. Lincoln, 1623-32, and came to Boston in 1636. He was closely related by family ties to Ann Hutchinson and sympathized with her in her peculiar religious views, preaching what was regarded as unorthodox doctrine in his pulpit at Mount Wollaston, Mass. Therefore the Puritan rulers at Boston ordered him to leave the colony within two weeks, and he came down to Exeter, then regarded as outside the jurisdiction of Massachusetts, late in 1637, built him a cabin and spent the winter on the bank of the Squamscot River, near the mouth of a creek, afterwards called Wheelwright's Creek. The above Indenture, dated the first day of the second month, 1639, states that Wheelwright had been in possession of land in Exeter two years. This fixes the time of his coming and is another evidence that the so-called Wheelwright Deed of 1629 is a forgery. Notice, too, that the Indenture is dated three months before the well-known Exeter Combination, which was dated the fifth day of the fourth month, 1639. So there was a town organization and rulers, or selectmen, chosen before any formal combination. Wheelwright brought some of his church members from Bilsby and Mount Wollaston in 1638, and probably the first thing they did after arriving in Exeter was to organize themselves into a body politic and come to some mutual understanding. In 1642 New Hampshire, or the Plantation of Pascataqua, as it was first called, came under the jurisdiction of Massachusetts and, therefore,

Wheelwright and some of his brethren went to Wells, Me., and established a new settlement there. He later became reconciled with the Massachusetts government and served as pastor of the churches at Hampton and Salisbury.

Observe that Pascatiqua was the name of the river from Exeter Falls to the sea, running through Great Bay and Little Bay and between Hilton's Point on Dover Neck and Bloody Point in what is now Newington, and so on past Strawberry Bank, now Portsmouth. It would seem as though Squamscot was the Indian name of the fresh water of Exeter River, above the Falls. Some have argued that the Pascatiqua extended up to South Berwick, then called Quamphegan, but that river from Hilton's Point up to Salmon Falls was called the Newichawannock. Let the old Indian names be preserved! Notice, too, the spelling of the Pascatiqua corrupted by some into Piscatiqua. The first, I am told, conforms to the Indian language.

On the land conveyed by Thomas Wiggins the town of Exeter built a house, perhaps intended for a Bound House, to mark the limits between Hampton and Exeter. The house decayed and long afterward controversy arose concerning the right of Hampton, or of Exeter, to grant land in the eastern portion of this tract. Hence the lawsuit and the preservation in hiding of this ancient document, now for the first time brought to light.

The right of taking fish at the Falls was a common right and reserved to the grantor. All the water powers, too, of ancient Exeter and Dover were held to be the common property of the towns and were rented for the support of the minister, at least in Dover. So it should have remained throughout the country. Private monopolists have seized the people's property, by due process of law, of course, but who made the accommodating law?

Notice, too, that the land was not absolutely given away. There was to be a yearly rent, if demanded, of two pounds sterling for every hundred acres converted into use. The cultivators of the land were regarded as tenants, but the rent was never demanded, so far as is known. The grantees were to defend the right and interest of the owners of this tract of land. They were planning for absentee landlordism, as in Ireland.

NATURE'S TEACHINGS

By Hannah B. Merriam

From the forge of guilt comes the chain of crime,
With its links of iron, its rust and grime,
Blacking and dragging the soul till it falls,
Broken and crushed 'neath its own ruined walls.

The links which form the golden chain to bind
Holy of holies, temple of the mind,
From nature come; while we o'er volumes pore
Her gifts, unheeded, wait at every door.

Through halls of knowledge, vast and high, we search
To find the key which gives us state and church,
But when we seek the key which gives us soul
Nature her boundless volume must unroll.

Then mists of crime shall fade, grief's vision clear,
The soul in joy arrayed, without a fear,
Shall trustingly on nature's arm find rest,
With her great Central-light its guide and guest.

SPRING-TIDE

By L. Adelaide Sherman

'Tis spring, how beautiful!
The azure-curtained dome is tremulant
With light and life; the sunbeams fall aslant
The budding trees; earth leaps enraptured forth
To greet the south, long prisoned by the north.
'Tis spring, how beautiful!

The mossy rocks and velvet sward grow green;
Above the brooks the pussy-willows lean.
The gardens glow with snow-drops, glistening white,
And hyacinths, a dazzling flood of light.
'Tis spring, how beautiful!

I feel new currents through my being dart,
And new emotions kindle in my heart;
So, like the snow-drop, may my life unfold
And show the world its hidden wealth of gold.
'Tis spring, how beautiful!

THE MILLET APPLE TREE

By Lydia A. Stevens

Until within a few years, a very old apple tree stood on the premises of Henry Coleman at Dover Neck, in the historic locality of the first permanent settlement of New Hampshire. Though broken and distorted, it bore fruit in 1912, of palatable quality.

Years ago the trunk had rotted away so that two persons might walk into the cavity. The living walls were only a few inches thick. All over whatever bark showed there was a myriad of blotches and scabs. The main body was about seven feet in height, surmounted by a single fruit-bearing branch. The accompanying picture was taken in 1904. Now nothing remains except the scraggy stump.

About this venerable tree many memories and traditions have gathered. One is to the effect that, before pastures and tillage, roads, houses and farms appeared on Dover Neck, the tree came oversea in a tub, voyaging with the first ship-load of immigrants in the spring of 1623, or it was sent from Edward Hilton's English home at a later date. The story lacks detail, but undoubtedly has passed from one person and one generation to another. There are no insurmountable objections to this claim. However, it has never borne the name of the first patentee.

More circumstantially presented, another family tradition declares that many years ago, when New Hampshire was a small settlement, there came from England to Dover Neck a man of some wealth and considerable ability, Capt. Thomas Millet. Readers who are familiar with the ancient records will recognize the name. He was a veritable personage. The people had confidence in him, and he was elected frequently to positions of trust and importance. He acquired

a tract of land, established salt works, and took part in shaping colonial legislation. Some legend, too, there is that he had an intellectual appetite, whose cravings were fed on the contents of a choice selection of books, the first library in Dover. And the story goes that he loved adornment; sported a silver-handled sword, shoe and knee-buckles; was affected and owned slaves. Such display was a prodigious novelty in the settlement. With his household goods and other movable property came the tree. It has ever since been known as "The Millet Apple Tree."

Ten years ago a descendant of Hilton and a descendant of Millet—two women of exceptional ability—joined breezily in a newspaper debate as to which legend deserved the greater credit. It is not my intention to weigh the evidence submitted. There is still another moss-grown story connected with the tree. It has the interest which belongs to romance as well as to local history.

"Nicklas" Harfutt's pretty daughter, Patience, was much admired by the young men of the settlement. Her parents were eager to wed her to a man of property. But the girl favored John Hathorne, a newcomer from Massachusetts. He was a fine upstanding youth, already popular and promising. But alas! he had neither land or money. As may be supposed, the penniless one met with no parental encouragement. Indeed, his suit was scornfully rejected and further visits forbidden. The lovers, however, were too ardent to be separated thus, and, through the medium of an old servant woman, who was devotedly attached to the girl, they obtained a parting interview.

In the late twilight Patience stole out to the trysting-place. There she waited the arrival of her lover, while

her attendant kept nearby, ready to give the alarm agreed upon. Suddenly a tall figure came close to where the waiting maiden stood. The greetings will be omitted. Matters of such sort have not changed, nor will while love rules the world.

He spoke low and rapidly, telling her that as her parents objected to him on the ground of his poverty, he had determined to win wealth; that an old Indian, bound to him by ties of gratitude, possessed knowledge of a rich fur country far away among the mountains, to which he had promised to guide him; and by courage and management he hoped soon to return and claim her hand from her ambitious and avaricious parents.

"Remain true to me and resist their scheming. Wait for two years, and if at the end of that time you do not hear from me, know that I have perished in the attempt to win you."

He then gave her a wild apple shrub, saying that so long as it lived she might know that he loved and was true to her. Patience's first act in the morning was to plant the little tree as directed. Many prayers and tears for the success and safety of her lover accompanied this act.

The hours and days dragged along, but the little bush grew and flourished with wonderful luxuriance, and gladdened the heart of the girl. It helped her to bear the burden of anxiety and suspense. But a new trial developed. Her father and mother found, as they thought, a suitable companion for their daughter in the person of a forehanded fisherman, who promised them a liberal consideration for her hand. This man possessed much unincumbered estate, and his position in the colony was satisfactory and well established. Patience's violent opposition, however, while it did not move them to renounce their purpose, induced them to postpone the marriage in the hope she would forget her former lover, and become more reconciled to their will.

In the respite thus gained, the time for Hathorne's return would expire. Meanwhile, Patience prayed daily for the arrival of her betrothed, with the fortune that was to find him favor in the minds of her parents. The two years were rapidly drawing to a close, and yet no sign or token had come save what she found in the vigorous growth of her cherished tree. During all the waiting period it was the very breath of her life.

At length the old couple, pressed with debts and weary of the prolonged indulgence to what they considered an idle fancy, fixed the wedding day. The eve of this day was the second anniversary of the parting, when John Hathorne told Patience that if he did not return within two years, she might know he was dead. She had crept away from the scene of busy preparation to her beloved tree. There she prayed that she might be taken away to the spirit world, where she believed her lover to be. Approaching footsteps aroused her attention. A familiar voice greeted her ears and stayed her flight. Trembling she waited the outcome. It was, indeed, John Hathorne, bringing a fortune equal to that of his rival.

With faith in his love and confident of success, he had followed the Indian across wide areas into the heart of the unexplored north, where he proved the honesty of his guide and the truth of his promises, coming upon a marvelous abundance of fur-bearing animals.

All other things being equal, the parents consented that their daughter might choose between the suitors, and the next day, instead of being led to the altar a wretched sacrifice to their greed, she went as the willing bride of the man she loved.

Years passed away, as did the community of that day. Generations followed in due order. Good and bad fortune alternated. Blessings came and went. Decay was relentless. But strange to say, the faithful tree lived on.

Its fruit proved superior in flavor to that of others, the choicest in the town. By some chance of nature, because the soil was suited to it, or from causes unknown, it bore a new variety of excellence, full of savoriness and fresh delight. And as time marched farther along, it turned out to be the best stock to transmit the prized qualities of distant favorites.

It withstood the violence of sea winds and inland gales. It worked its own will. Each spring it braced itself for another struggle, demanding its right to live. Seemingly, it had the power of healing its wounds and supplying its losses. What it saw it never disclosed. But of this we may rest assured: two years ago it was the oldest living thing in Dover. Maybe

it was coeval with the sailing of Hilton's ship. Very likely, in its neighborhood men voiced their thoughts concerning the 1640 "Combination at Pascataqua." Children, who grew up to serve in the Colonial wars, sucked its fruit with greedy lips. It shook its blossoms down on the Dover Neck men, who marched with Captain Waldron to Bunker Hill. And when peace and tranquility came, perhaps there was a richer response in the tumult of its sap. Doubtless, when old and scarred, it could count up other love-making and bruising of hearts, but the record is not clear. Till its death, when the spring or autumn winds sprung up, it is said that a descendant of the girl who planted the tree could hear the love-song it had crooned for centuries.

THE GOSSIP OF ROBIN

By M. E. Nella

"Daffy-down-dilly, I'm here, I'm here,
Where are you hiding? I'm calling you, dear.
The pussy willows, all grey and pink,
Have begun to turn fuzzy, down by the brink
Of the small mill pond, where the alders gleam red."
To Miss Daffy's shy greeting, bold robin then said:

"I'm going to build a new nest, this spring,
In that large crooked willow; we think it the thing,
For the view is superb—a fine neighborhood, too,
Besides, I can frequently visit with you;
And the tanager, bluebird, and young chick-a-dee,
Intend to reside in this knarred old tree.

"There'll be food, and water, and music at hand,
For the hum of the bees is as good as a band;
They always make merry wherever they go;
And in summer this mill pond will be white as snow,
From its margin to center sweet pond lilies grow,
Cov'ring the water which ripples below."

"I'm glad of your news," cried Miss Daffy in glee,
While in ecstasy quivered the old willow tree.

“NORTH OF BOSTON”

A Book of New Hampshire Poems Recently Published

North of Boston lies New Hampshire. This fact we know and so at the outset can, with some certainty, lay claim to the geographical location of the poems which Mr. Robert Frost has written and included in the volume bearing this significant title. It takes, however, but a brief reading of these poems to show that New Hampshire is the situation of their themes; the New Hampshire of the small town, of the village lying snugly in the winding river valley; and the farm, clinging in its isolation to the rocky hillside.

The men and women who people the pages of this book are also of the Granite State. Drive two miles through any part of the country districts and you will see their counterpart. If you stop and talk with them a moment you will not fail to hear similar phrases used, and feel that behind the spoken words, lie the thoughts and mental outlook which Mr. Frost has taken and so firmly imprinted in his poems.

It really matters very little if these characteristics are not common to our state alone, and, in any event, does not prevent a friendly appropriation of the man and his book.

The fact that Mr. Frost is now living in New Hampshire, or to be more specific, Franconia, and that he has spent the greater part of his life in this state, cannot help but increase local interest in his achievements. We may be justified in taking a certain pride in the thought that this man, who has so quickly risen to the high rank among modern American poets, which he now occupies, has a real relation to New Hampshire.

“North of Boston” came to us of America by a roundabout route. About two years ago our critics

noted the publication, in London, of this book of poems and, what was more significant, the enthusiastic praise of the contents by certain English reviews, little given to the habit of marking out for extended mention, the work of an unknown and unsponsored American. This rather unusual event, combined with the local setting of the poems, as indicated by their title, quickly brought the book to the attention of American, and particularly Boston, critics and reviewers.

The estimates of our own literary judges were even more favorable than those of their English cousins, and “North of Boston” became the literary sensation of the season. Since that time it has attained a firmly placed and widespread popularity that has shown no signs of waning.

The brief history of this book is matched by the comparatively few facts which are available regarding the author himself. Although we know that he lives with his family in a small frame farmhouse, a few miles from Franconia; yet the man, his personality and theories (he would not, we think, call them theories) have escaped that publicity and exploitation which marked success almost invariably brings. As time goes on, and as other poems come to increase the two slender volumes which now represent his published work, we will undoubtedly know more that we do now, regarding this New Hampshire poet. For the present we must be content with the material which Mr. Frost has given us. After all, we cannot but respect his evident desire to let his poems alone speak for him.

The poetry of Robert Frost, as given us in “North of Boston,” and the less pretentious volume, “A Boy’s

Will," which was published slightly before the first named book was issued, is distinctly a product of what has been termed the "Renaissance of American Poetry"; the recent re-awakening of poetic endeavor that has been sleeping for so many years. The past five years have brought to the front a new company of poets whose work, today, constitutes what is, perhaps, the most distinctly American literature which this country has yet produced.

There is no doubt but that "North of Boston" is a product of American soil. The themes with which it deals, and particularly the method in which they are handled, are strongly representative of a new, and not an old world attitude. While we still have a contemplation of things which are universal and of all time, yet they are placed before us in a new light and turned at a new angle. Even the more technical matter of verse construction, reflects this change, or at least changing, method.

The poems contained in "North of Boston" represent, and are chiefly concerned with, the characters of men and women. They treat of everyday people, and you will find them to be mostly farmers; the men who are at work in our New Hampshire fields and the women who are their wives, and the bearers of our New Hampshire children. There are no verses commemorating national occasions, no sonnets which treat of abstract thought, no preaching, no forcing of theories, but into each line and sentence that Mr. Frost has here written, there is packed—life.

Life, is the outstanding element in these poems. It is as if the author has closed his eyes to all else, and had then written with single purpose, and that to impress upon the reader certain phases of everyday living, as it comes to the everyday man and woman. We are not given visions of what might be, or what used to be, but present day realities. We are allowed to look for the moment, not

only within the four walls of a house to see there episodes which brick and wood shut from actual sight; but, also, deep into the minds and hearts of men, that we may feel the impulses which promote action and even thought itself.

Those who may read the poem, "Home Burial," will find for themselves the almost supernatural ability which Mr. Frost displays, in quietly opening wide the doors which commonly veil the innermost working of a mind; in this instance a mind clouded by intense feeling and emotion. The picture which this short poem presents is not pleasant, and, like nearly all of his work, it will not appeal to those timid persons who are afraid to look beyond the superficialities of human existence, yet with simple truth it tells of a tragedy which is as old as mankind.

There is happiness as well as sadness in these poems, because both are a part of life; the one no greater than the other. The happiness is never detached, however, from actual, every day living. There is none of that wild unearthly ecstasy which is such a favorite subject of the old poets, and particularly those with little real gift, but in its place there is shown the happiness which lies in the common task, the quiet joys of the common man, whom we know because he is one of ourselves.

The two rhymed verses of four lines each, which come in the book before the table of contents, and so serve as an introduction are characteristic of this conception and treatment just mentioned. We find after a single reading, that they run through our mind like a melody, until we wish that they might be sung to actual music.

Only two of the poems which this book contains, have been specifically mentioned. The remaining fourteen vary in subject and treatment, but not in interest, for, with but minor exceptions, they are of sustained excellence and worth. Each indi-

vidual reader will, of course, find in some of them more force and truth than in others; yet we do not believe it possible to take the book in hand with serious purpose, without obtaining a new, or at least a clearer, insight into the lives of those men and women about us.

We have every confidence that Mr. Frost will excel the splendid work which he has already accomplished; but if not, we will always be fortunate in having this impressive and sympathetic picture of New Hampshire country life that "North of Boston" contains.

D. O.

IN A PASTURE

By Fred Myron Colby

We have always pitied those unfortunates who have only learned to love the country when they have found leisure to make holiday late in life. They miss the lingering fragrance of those bright, early associations, which are revived by sights and sounds and scents to the country bred boy who has passed a busy working time in cities, or abroad. To him the cawing of the crows or the call of the cuckoo, the first violets of the spring, or the fragrance from the fresh hayfields, will bring back a rush of happy memories. Oh, ye country, bred youths who murmur at your lot, to you will come the time when you will look back upon the experiences of this early time and thank God that the grass sprouted green for you and the birds sang, and the rivulets murmured their dulcet rhymes.

When the world was new the dwellers therein loved the soil. In the songs and legends of all the early peoples the student finds constant allusions to this natural reverence for the earth. The old story of the giant, who received tenfold strength every time he was thrown upon the bosom of his mother earth, represents a grand truth. And to possess a piece of land, to feel that it is ours, is a pride that we should not be ashamed to own; for it is a right good feeling, whether found in man or woman, a natural true instinct for our dear old mother earth, for the trees and grass that will grow for you, for the wild flowers and the

birds that will make your small portion of the globe their home.

To me the experiences of my boyhood, in my country home, are delicious idyls. The recollections of the early spring mornings, the wanderings in dewy meadows and shaded lanes, the delightful sounds of rural life—the lowing of the cattle, the singing of birds, the swish of the mower's scythe, the tinkling of bells—all those echoes, which Gray in his immortal "Elegy" has glorified by song, hold a world of boyish romance. With all the old Greek stories in my mind of the Hesperides and Alcinous' gardens at Scheria, and the golden apples of Apollo, growing beyond the farthest confines of the sea; of the Roman pastorals, Cincinnatus and his little farm, and Virgil tending the bees of his country villa; of the old Sabine life among the hills when golden Saturn led the earth, and the dreamy idlesse life of the medieval monks amid their wheat patches, their peach gardens and strawberry beds, under the shadows of gray old monasteries—more precious than all these memories are my recollections of days spent in an old pasture, of dreams under shading trees where Pan might have piped to Cynthia; of romps among woodlands that might have attracted a Corydon and an Amaryllis, and rambles after many a fern, many a luscious berry and a gayly colored flower.

It was an old pasture even then; for a portion of it had once been the field of an early settler, and there

were the visible remains of the cellar, all grown round with lilac bushes and clumps of downy catnip. The pasture had its traditions, too, stories of the young bride who had been brought there by the sturdy pioneer, who had worked seven years—after the ancient patriarchal fashion—to win her of the stingy, Laban-like father. The first child of English parentage had been born in that house, and a whole volume of romance lay untold of that early home and struggling life. Years had passed since the hearthstone had been warmed by a genial fire, and the bones of the settler and his wife, the fairy-like Rachel whom he had won after so many years, lay resting under the sod in the neighboring orchard, where a rude stone told the record of their lives.

There were many acres in the pasture lot, fifty at least, and it abounded with beautiful places and out-of-the-way nooks. It had knolls fragrant with sweet fern, and hollows where strawberries ripened, fine as those that grew in his Grace the Bishop of Ely's gardens at Holborn. In one place we always knew where to look for the largest checkerberries, and under the hemlocks, on the banks of a purling stream, there were bunches of "pudding plums," red as the deepest coral ever fished from the Indian seas. The pasture was sterile in some places, luxuriant as a garden in others; it had several small bogs where there were bulrushes and flags, and where many and many a time, when boys, we had stood and stoned the frogs who were always jubilant there in the spring. A portion of the pasture bordered on the highway for the space of a dozen rods or more, and on the other side was the shadow of a deep wood, into which a sled path entered, sinuous as a serpent's trail.

There was the long, green lane, with a high wall on each side, leading from the barnyard gate. How many times we had driven the cows—

speckled Beauty, brindled Loo and claret-colored Cherry, up that narrow way at night, whistling merrily under our ragged palm-leaf hat. Granite rocks, bossed with gray-green lichens, were scattered over the sward, and there were green herbs shooting up under every hedge. Oh, that pasture lane! How fragrant are the memories it holds of the cheerful, dewy, sun-shiny mornings when I rose with the sun to follow the cows to pasture, in search of the first ripe strawberries, and of the radiant sunsets when, through the gate walked slowly the three cows, the two black cossets, while Dan, the white farm horse, and several frolicking yearlings came up, less dignified and orderly.

But, what the old pasture was richest in, were the wild flowers which, thick as if shaken from the lap of Flora herself, sprinkled every foot of this grand old lot. Almost as luxurious a nosegay could be gathered there any day from earliest May to golden October as Corydon names in Virgil's second Eclogue:

"Behold the nymphs bring the lilies in full baskets; fair Nais, cropping the pale violets and heads of poppies, joins for thee the daffodil and flowers of sweet-smelling dill. Then, interweaving them with cassia and other fragrant herbs, sets off the soft hyacinths with saffron marigold. And you, O laurels, I will crop; and thee, O myrtle, next, for thus arranged you mingle sweet perfumes."

There were the early flowers: violets, blue and white; violets all along the stone walls and in the shadows of gray old boulders, as sweet and beautiful as if they had been planted in the night by the hand of Persephone, or Flora. Any where in the borders of the wood you could find the white flowers of the sanguinaria, and the yet more delicate blossoms of the anemone. Then came bluebells and hepaticas. Oh, those dear old-fashioned, pallid and faintly smelling flowers! They have been loved by every generation since

the children of the Pilgrims first found them blooming in the wilderness by the side of their wood cabins. There they were, peeping out on some mossy old bank in some briery corner; then we saw them brightening the soil on the steep side of the ancient orchard. As the meadows grew green out came golden cowslips, scattered well over them, and on higher ground the star-like blossoms of the royal dandelion.

We could find the arbutus in two places, widely apart—on the sunny hillside under a few straggling pines and by following the winter sled-path deep within the wooded swamp. There was not a day's difference in their opening, and the white and rosy clusters were mixed in about the same proportion in each. Who is there that plucks those delicate flowerets without thinking of those early days at New Plymouth, of the long, cold winter, and how glad must have been the hearts of those Pilgrims when they saw the clearing free of snow and those pretty blossoms peeping up among the leaves as if to welcome them to the New World. And who does not imagine the Puritan maidens carrying home bunches of them and filling the pitchers of Delft to set in the sunny corners of their sitting rooms? Doubtless the lovely Priscilla wore some of the beauties in her hair, as she sat spinning when John Alden went to woo her for Miles Standish, and the maiden answered him, looking up with eyes that had a roguish light in their depths and her cheeks burning red, "Prithee, why not speak for thyself, John?"

Then, later came trilliums, Jack-in-the-pulpits and many other plebeian flowers. If we stayed away but a single week it was wonderful what a transformation took place. There were so many flowers, and they bloomed in such affluence, in such prodigal bounty, in such spendthrift waste. All through the summer months there was a gaudy show of

pond lilies, buttercups, goldenrod, and cardinal flowers, while rhododendron and clematis could be plucked by the armful. In one spot there was a winsome and very sensitive species of oxalis; in another grew some curious green orchids and in the swamp, creeping over the old logs and stumps and making a carpet dainty enough for Titania's own feet, with its brown, thread-like vines, whole rods of snowberry, its berries looking like drops of white wax set amid the tiny ovate, glossy, aromatic leaves.

About the ruined cellar of the old settler's home, beside lilacs and the common red roses, there grew another exotic, a sweet-briar, the eglantine of the poets. What a lovely thing it was, and what a romance it might have told! We loved to think that it was brought there by the young wife of the settler from her home in the old colony, that she wore it in her hair on her bridal night, and so set the slip out in the clearing in the wilderness. Many a time, doubtless, as she watered and nurtured it, the tears came to her eyes as she thought of the old home and the aged parents she had left; yet was she happy amid her tears, and as the little blossoms grew in the household perhaps to them she told the story of the eglantine and of the comfort it had been to her.

The pasture ended at the south and was lost in dreary *terra incognita* of alder thickets and slumbering pools. But the intervening woods were beautiful. How cool and shaded in the burning midsummer! How fragrant the beds of fern! In the autumn months, when the bluejays were calling among the trees and the squirrels were scampering from branch to branch, and the partridge drummed among the deep recesses, it was no less delightful. And when the winter came, and the brooks and pools were ice-locked and the snow lay deep in the wood path, what fun it was to break through the drifts behind the

slow, patient oxen, and return with a sled-load of maple or birch, mounted on the load as happy and

as rich as Croesus! Ah, the old pasture lot! What charms it holds for those who know it best!*

AN ENCOUNTER WITH PRINCE OSWALD

By Edward J. Parshley

There have been so many tales of the adventures of commoners with the representatives of royalty that I have hesitated to tell this story of mine, but I have been encouraged to do it by the marked difference between my experience and that of the ordinary hero of fiction. Usually, the commoner wins the heart and hand of a princess of rare personal charm, while in my case it was a prince of no charm at all and I was very far, indeed, from gaining his affection.

My name is Philip Graham and I am an American of good parentage. I do not mean that my ancestors were of the colonial aristocracy or that they figure in the pages of history as nation builders, but my father was a volunteer soldier in the Civil War and among my forbears were men who fought in the War of 1812, in the Revolution and in the French and Indian War. They were all privates and they all returned to their farms or shops when their military service was over, but I have always taken pride in my ancestry and in the pure Anglo-American blood that flows in my veins.

My father was a mechanic of the higher paid class until a few thousand dollars saved, a few more thousands from the distribution of the estate of a wealthier relative and the maturing of some endowment insurance enabled him to retire with a modest income. My mother is the daughter of a New Hampshire farmer and both parents were educated in one of the academies that flourished in New

England before the public high school reached its present development. In my case, it was decided that I should go to college and so I matriculated at Dartmouth, where I gained some fame as a football player and won the reputation of being the best boxer in college. I made a creditable record in my books, too, and earned enough money from newspaper correspondence to pay a large part of my own expenses.

It was natural that I should drift into newspaper work after graduation and, more through good fortune than because my ability was greater than that of my fellow reporters, I advanced in my profession with moderate rapidity. By the time I was five years out of college, I had pursued noted political campaigners up and down and across the United States, had gone up into the air with famous aviators, had written up an election in Canada and had observed the progress of a war in Mexico.

It happened at this time that the young man acting as assistant to our correspondent in London wanted a vacation of a few months and I was sent to England to take his place. The British and Continental newspapers were just then giving much space to the performances of a certain Prince Oswald, heir to a petty throne, who was roaming about Europe and conducting himself in a way that but for his title, would have earned him more than one richly deserved thrashing. Prince Oswald was in London when I reached there, and

*Sometime in 1910 I was invited to have a paper at a meeting of the Merrimack County Pamona Grange, and this was prepared for the occasion. I was unable to be present. Stumbling upon it today, I hasten to give it to the public in this way.—AUTHOR.

had already added some unsavory chapters to his discreditable record.

One day, a week or two after I had taken up my duties as a foreign correspondent, I was hurrying along a London street when I bumped into a young man walking in the opposite direction. The collision was wholly his fault and I was proceeding on my way without waiting for or giving an apology when one of two men closely following him unceremoniously halted me.

A heavy hand dropped on my shoulder and swung me about and I found myself facing a tall, bearded chap of a somewhat soldierly bearing.

"You neglected to apologize for your rudeness, sir," he said. "Do so at once."

"Who the devil are you?" I demanded. "What are you interfering for? Take your hand off my shoulder."

"You will apologize, sir," he repeated and he tightened his grip with the words.

I did not intend to argue further and as he refused to remove his hand I removed it for him and hurt his wrist in doing it.

"If you lay your hand on me again," I said, "I will certainly knock you down. Now go on about your business."

The one who had so strangely become my opponent hesitated a moment but the young man who had caused all the trouble called out to him and he abandoned his quarrel with me with manifest reluctance.

The incident puzzled me for a minute or two, but I decided that it was of no consequence and was about to dismiss it from my mind when it occurred to me that the features of the person with whom I had collided were familiar. Then it flashed upon me who he was. I had seen his picture so many times in the newspapers that it was a wonder I had not recognized him at once. Beyond a doubt, I had bumped Prince Oswald. I chuckled in genuine amusement and then forgot all about the matter.

Three days later, my chief told me to go to the Hotel Piccadilly and send my card to suite 37.

"I've been given a tip that there's a story of some kind there," he said. "Suppose you go and see what it is."

I went and when I was ushered into suite 37 I found myself in the presence of Prince Oswald and apparently at the mercy of his bodyguard of two.

The tall man with whom I had had my previous encounter admitted me, and he at once closed the door and placed his back against it. The prince was seated in a big arm chair, regarding me with small, malicious eyes. Beside the chair stood his other traveling companion, dressed in a gorgeous uniform and wearing a sword. The tall fellow was also in uniform but his sword, sheathed, stood against the wall in a corner of the room.

This last mentioned individual seemed to be a sort of master of ceremonies and he did not permit me to remain long in ignorance of the object sought in decoying me to the prince's apartments.

"You will apologize in the most humble manner for the indignity visited upon Prince Oswald the other day," he said, in tones of the utmost finality.

"Do you make that as a statement of fact?" I inquired.

"Most certainly, sir," he replied.

"Then you are a liar," I answered, "for I shall do nothing of the kind."

The prince sprang to his feet. "Trifle with him no more, Hugo," he commanded. "See that he does as he is told."

From somewhere about Hugo's person came a revolver and he pointed it straight at me. I have said that he had the manner of a soldier and he was presumably familiar with firearms but in this instance he was incautious. He stood so near me that I had only to reach out my hand and grasp his wrist and so quickly did I act that I had transferred the revolver from his right hand to my left before he fairly realized what I was about.

Then I hit him, squarely on the point of the jaw. He went down and I knew that he would not rise at once, for I had given him a knock-out blow.

I wish that I could describe the expression of rage that swept over the face of Prince Oswald, but I haven't the trick with words to do it. He was so mad that he nearly choked.

"Run him through, Eric," he shrieked and the obedient Eric whipped out his sword and came at me.

I had broken open the revolver and, that neither I nor another might do harm with it, had extracted the cartridges, thereby seriously impairing its value as a weapon of defence. It had no doubt that the princely idiot would allow his servant to kill me and the intention of the man with the sword to run me through was evident.

But one thing occurred to me to do and I hurled the revolver at him with all my force. It struck him in the head and he dropped to the floor, to stay down even longer than his comrade.

Fright succeeded rage on Prince Oswald's face, but he tried to maintain his dignity.

"Well, sir, what do you intend to do now?" he demanded in a voice that trembled in spite of his efforts to control it.

"I am tempted to sweep the floor with you," I responded, for I was now, with justification I think, thoroughly mad myself. "Another temptation that assails me is to shake you out of your boots, but I think I will resist both. I will just say good day and get out of here."

My departure was delayed, however. While I was talking with the Prince, Hugo had risen to his feet and had secured possession of his own sword. I now found him between me and the door and apparently as determined to make good use of his blade as Eric had been. I slowly retreated backward and while Hugo

was enjoying his triumph picked up the sword that Eric had dropped when the revolver hit him in the head. I registered a mental prayer of thankfulness that fencing was one of the exercises I had chosen to keep myself in good physical condition when I no longer had to meet the training demands of college athletics and in the same moment that I breathed the prayer I parried Hugo's first thrust.

If he had been in the frame of mind to enjoy it, Prince Oswald might now have had the pleasure of watching a pretty bit of sword play. It was a lively bout, but it had not lasted long before I had the best of reasons to believe that the fencing instructor of the Manhattan Athletic Club knew his business, and that he had succeeded in imparting something of what he knew to me. Hugo was out-classed at what might reasonably have been called his own game, and his intense desire to kill me was soon succeeded by a desire even more intense to keep me from killing him.

I had no idea, of course, of going to that extreme, but I did think of pricking him a little. Humanitarian impulses restrained me, though, and I waited until I saw a chance to work a disarming trick I knew and sent his sword spinning across the room.

"Now, Hugo, my impetuous friend," I said, "I don't want to hurt you, but I have had quite enough of you. Suppose you go over in that corner and stay there."

Hugo acted upon my suggestion without hesitating for a moment. I walked leisurely to the door, dropped my sword and, turning, faced Prince Oswald for the last time.

"Permit me to bid you good morning, your highness," I said. "I have, on the whole, enjoyed my call and I hope that it has given equal pleasure to you."

Then I went out.

ACROSS THE NEW HAMPSHIRE HILLS

By Norman C. Tice

When the first warm days of April arrive and the snow is rapidly vanishing from the sun-beaten hilltops, I begin to scout along the trail. Nature is new to me after the long, cold days of winter, when the frost snaps the twigs of the trees and the snow mantles the sleeping earth. As I have said, when the first warm days arrive, I take to the trail. There is a suggestion of subtle mystery in the air. It is detected in the opening buds and in the songs and movements of the birds.

The slopes of the hills are smooth in grassy waves, which were beaten down by the snows of the previous winter. All through the undulations can be seen the trails of the mice, with now and then an opening of some subterranean passage. At varied intervals a house composed of interwoven grasses is cleverly concealed. The brook, also, has a tone of mystery and sings joyously, as it tumbles along, full-banked and strong. Willows and alders, heavily tagged, sway in unison with the current as their lower branches are flooded in the rapid current. A few leaves of the adder-tongue have pierced the dull gray matting and are beginning to open. The song sparrows are flitting around in joyful song or are busy in contemplation of summer homes.

Now and then a snow bank, discolored and coarse, nestles beneath some overhanging bank, half-shielded from the direct rays of the sun. It will soon vanish away and our last reminder of winter will be gone. A hawk wheels aloft in dizzying circles, and crows are sailing past, busy and silent. A crane, on his journey northward, grandly ploughs the air, as he passes through the valley, not deigning to settle in these shallow coves.

I travel the length of the meadow and enter the woods. The shrubs and bushes are in full bud and every plant of the wild is in its subtle time of budding mystery. Light green points are beginning to appear on the tips of the fir trees, and the ashes and poplars and other venturesome trees are showing a pale-green trifle of leaf. There is a stir of growing things in the air and an odor of perfume on the warm breeze. There is activity on the part of the bird folk, suggestive of the season of nesting and the rearing of their young. As I pass a mossy, overhanging bank I startle a flock of juncos into flight. They have been feeding upon the seeds of the hardhack and are doubtless preparing for their northern flight. They perch upon the limbs of the trees, where I catch a gleam of their white bills and slate-colored heads.

As I travel along the trail I miss my winter friends, the chickadees, sap-suckers, and jays. They are doubtless farther away in the swamp, or else have migrated to cooler climes. I leave the woodland path and follow a road which leads past a deserted farmhouse. The dull gray walls look sad and forlorn. Ruin is depicted on the decaying sheds and fences, and the broken and unfastened windows. A pair of robins have constructed their nest on the jet of the dismantled shed.

I cross the wornout fields where the water oozes forth from the thin soil, or stands in dirty pools in the hollows. I climb the pasture hill. In the distance are the rugged peaks of the White Mountains, with a dainty tracery of snowdrift that sparkles in the sunshine. Below is the flooded valley, with groups of alders and stumps of decayed cedars standing about. I scrambled down the

wooded hill and cross an open field, bordered by an old rail fence. I climb over the fence and find myself on the verge of the flooded river. The outline of the river can be discerned by the fringing border of willows, now half covered by the rapidly flowing stream. A flock of birds come flying down the valley. They alight on the willows and begin an incessant chatter. They are blackbirds, on their northern pilgrimage. Some fly away from the trees and, finding a grassy hilltop which barely pierces the water's flow, they search for food.

A boat is tied close by. I untie the rope and, taking the oars, I row about the flooded meadow. Then I paddle into the swamp. I let the oars rest in the oar-locks and drift at will among the stumps of dead trees and dwarfed cedars.

I perceive a motion in the midst of the swamp. I look intently, but all is quiet. Again I see a movement as of a dark colored bird. I look very carefully this time, and I can distinguish a brown, sticklike stub, as of an alder branch. More careful inspection and I can see the bright eyes of a meadow-hen. I move the oars against the boat, and she rushes to a safer retreat. Again I move the oars and she scurries away. The blackbirds chatter in the alders and a wild duck seeks refuge in rapid flight. Kingfishers shriek from their perches on cedar stubs and a partridge drums on an upland log.

I row across the bay of the lake and land my boat on the sandy beach. I fasten it securely to a tangled tree root. Then I climb the sandy bank which is sparsely covered with thin grass and clumps of dwarfed bushes. As I walk along the bank a sandpiper rushes away, with a loud cry, and sails over the water in his curious flight. I look carefully about and I find a cleverly concealed nest of dried grasses, beneath a dwarfed bunch of willows. Three large, speckled eggs lie in the hollow of the nest. I walk away toward the woods. Boat sails can be seen in the distance, and flocks of water birds, as if in play, race past.

The pine woods are near, and I follow a well worn trail which leads among them. The path winds among the trees in an intricate maze. It passes by a large rock, or a mossy knoll, with trails of evergreen hanging from it. Presently I reach a rocky pasture, where clumps of shriveled sweet fern are interspersed with the slender spirals of the hard-hack. I follow the sandy road toward a remote farmhouse and open the bars at the end of the lane. Two clusters of lilac bushes on either side of the gateway are heavy with masses of purple bloom. Their perfume lies heavy upon the evening air. I unlatch the gate and pass up the narrow garden walk, bordered by old fashioned flowers. It is my home and the end of the trail.

DO NOT WORRY SO

By Georgie Rogers Warren

Slowly I have learned not to hurry, not to worry,
 Surely I have learned it is better so—to go slow—
 For, you know, there's such a little way to go.
 Truly I have learned all this,
 And much I would not miss
 That you can know;
 So do not worry—and go slow—
 There's such a little way to go.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

COL. CHARLES SCOTT

Col. Charles Scott, long a leading citizen of Peterboro, died on March 12 at the home of his daughter, Mrs. L. G. Smith, in Bronxville, N. Y., where he had resided, with his wife, for the past eleven years.

He was born in Peterboro, April 14, 1829, the son of William and Phylinda (Crossfield) Scott and great-grandson of Maj. William Scott of Revolutionary fame. He received only a common school education, but was himself a teacher in youth, and afterwards a clerk in different Peterboro stores. At twenty-three he became proprietor of the *Peterboro Transcript* which he published three years and then sold, having received a commission as deputy sheriff, which position he held for some time, and was afterward, for three successive five-year terms, sheriff of Hillsborough County.

He enlisted in the Union service in the Civil War, going out as major of the Sixth New Hampshire Regiment; was promoted to lieutenant-colonel, in 1862, but was taken ill with malarial fever and placed in a hospital at Newport News. When convalescent, with a large party, he started up the Potomac on a steamer which was sunk in a collision, and nearly all on board drowned, he escaping with a few others by clinging to the smoke-stack of the sunken vessel. The exposure and strain brought on a relapse resulting in severe nervous prostration, from the effects of which he never fully recovered.

Colonel Scott was always interested in military affairs, was a member of the old Peterboro Light Infantry, and a member and two years commander of the Peterboro Cavalry.

He was a Republican in politics, represented his town in the legislature in 1876, 1891 and 1893, and his district in the State Senate in 1897. He was also police justice for Peterboro from 1892 till disqualified by the age limit. He was president of the Peterboro Historical Society, a member of Peterboro Lodge, I. O. O. F., and a Congregationalist. As a citizen he was most public spirited and a leader in all good works.

He is survived by a wife, and a daughter, Mrs. L. G. Smith.

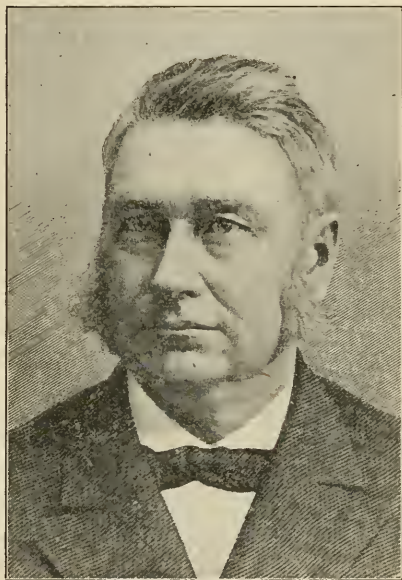
GRANVILLE P. CONN, M. D.

Dr. Granville Priest Conn, for many years a leading physician of Concord and the state, died at the home of his son in Wayne, Pa., March 24, at the age of eighty-four years.

Doctor Conn was born in Hillsborough, January 25, 1832, and was educated at Norwich (Vt.) University and Dartmouth Medical College, graduating from the latter in 1856, and being the last survivor of the class at the time of his death. He practiced

first in Randolph, Vt., and in 1862 went out as assistant surgeon in the Twelfth Regiment Vermont Volunteers for service in the Civil War, at the close of which he settled in practice in Concord, where he continued till his retirement about two years ago, when he went to Pennsylvania to pass his remaining days.

He was eminently successful in his profession, and enjoyed a state-wide reputation. He was active and prominent in the organization and work of the Concord and State Boards of Health and was president of the latter, from its organization, for a long series of years. He was secretary of the New



Hampshire Medical Society from 1869 till 1914, except for the years 1880 and 1881, when he was vice-president and president, respectively. He was city physician of Concord from 1872 to 1876, and United States pension examiner from 1877 to 1881. He was also for a long time surgeon for the Boston & Maine Railroad. He held membership in the American Medical Association, the Medico Legal Society of New York, and the International Association of Railway Surgeons, the Masonic Fraternity, and the Society of Colonial Wars, and had long been medical director of the New Hampshire Department, G. A. R. He was lecturer on hygiene in Dartmouth Medical College from 1886 to 1896, professor from 1896 to 1909, and professor emeritus from the latter date. He received the honorary degree of A. M. from Norwich University in 1881. He edited and

compiled a volume of biographies of New Hampshire Surgeons in the Civil War.

He married at East Randolph, Vt., May 25, 1859, Helen M. Sprague, who died in 1914. Their two sons were Frank W. Conn, deceased, and Charles F. Conn, Dartmouth, '87, now of Pennsylvania, an engineer and at one time treasurer of the Boston Terminal Company.

ASA WALKER, U. S. N.

Rear Admiral Asa Walker, U. S. N., retired, a native of the town of Milton in this state, died at Annapolis, Md., March 7, where he had made his home since retirement in 1908.

He was born November 13, 1845, the son of Asa T. and Louisa Walker, who removed to Portsmouth in his childhood, where he was educated. He was appointed to the Naval Academy at Annapolis in 1862 and graduated in 1866. He became an ensign on March 12, 1868; a master on March 26, 1869; a lieutenant-commander on December 12, 1884; a commander on April 11, 1894; a captain on September 9, 1899, and rear admiral on January 7, 1906.

Before taking command in the Spanish-American War of the U. S. S. *Concord*, on which he took part in the battle of Manila Bay on May 1, 1898, he was stationed at the Naval Academy for four periods, part of the time as instructor. For his part in the battle of Manila he was advanced nine numbers for "eminent and conspicuous conduct in battle." He was on duty at the Naval War College at Newport, R. I., 1899-1900.

Admiral Walker was a member of the Naval Examining Board, 1900-01, and commanded the U. S. S. *San Francisco* January 2, 1902, to November 21, 1903. He served as a member of the General Board from January, 1903, until November of that year and had command of the U. S. S. *Wabash* the next two years. He was appointed superintendent of the Naval Observatory at Washington on February 28, 1906.

He retired from the service November 13, 1907, having attained the age limit of sixty-two years.

He is survived by his second wife and one son, Dr. Wallis G. Walker of Portsmouth.

HON. C. W. WILDER

Christopher W. Wilder, a prominent resident of Conway and a leading citizen of Carroll County for many years, died at his home in that town, on December 19, 1915.

He was born in Lancaster, Mass., January 7, 1829, but removed to Conway, with his parents, in infancy, and there spent his life. He was much in public affairs, holding various town and county offices, representing his town in the legislature and serving for five years as judge of probate, by appointment of Governor Weston. Politically he was a staunch Democrat and was prominent in the councils of his

party in county and state for many years. He transacted much business in the line of settling estates; but his life work was the management of the Conway Savings Bank, which was chartered through his efforts in 1869, and to which he thereafter chiefly devoted his attention. In religion he was a Swedenborgian, but was an attendant and liberal supporter of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

He married, November 25, 1852, Sophia Greenwood of Bethel, Me., who died some time ago, as have their three children, but several grandchildren survive, among whom is Levi N. Quint of Conway.

CHARLES GILLIS

Charles Gillis, long a prominent citizen and for some time a hotel-keeper of Bradford, and formerly of Hillsborough, died at his residence in the former town, February 8, 1916.

He was a native of Francestown, born October 5, 1839, and educated in the common school and David Crosby's famous academy at Nashua. He served in the Eighth New Hampshire Regiment in the Civil War, was with General Butler at New Orleans, and with Sheridan during the Wilson Raid in Virginia, and the Luray Valley expedition. He was present at the execution of the conspirators in the Lincoln assassination. He conducted the St. Charles Hotel at Hillsborough Lower Village, ten years after the war, and the Raymond House in Bradford for twenty-four years, up to its destruction by fire in 1897.

He was twice married: first to Augusta King of Nashua, and, after her decease, to Anna H. Robbins of Hillsborough. He was a man of keen wit, and decided opinions, a warm friend and a public spirited citizen.

WILLIAM H. VICKERY

William H. Vickery, long a leading druggist and prominent citizen of Dover, died at his home in that city, March 10, 1916.

He was born in Dover, February 16, 1839, and had always resided there, entering the drug business in 1864, and continuing through life.

He represented his ward in the legislature two terms in the '70s, and was a member of the School Board from 1884 until 1894. He was a member of the Advent Church.

He leaves a wife, three sons, James E., Charles W. of Juneau, Alaska, and Harris K. of Cleveland, Ohio, and two daughters, Mrs. J. J. Eden of Newburg, N. Y. and Mrs. Paul V. Lockwood of Portsmouth.

COL. EVERETT O. FOSS

Everett O. Foss, a long time newspaper correspondent of Dover, and active politician for many years, died in that city March 1. He was a native of the town of Strafford, born December 24, 1830. He was employed in

youth in the office of the *Morning Star*, a Free Baptist paper published in Dover; but removed to Minnesota in early manhood, where, in 1857, he established and edited the *Courier*, at St. Peter, and was appointed a colonel on the staff of Governor Medary of that state. Returning to Dover, in 1861, he established the *Daily Union*, a morning paper, in that city, which was short lived, but gave the people of the city the first news of the shooting of Colonel Ellsworth at Alexandria.

Colonel Foss traveled much, and held the distinction of being the only man to witness the assassination of both Presidents Lincoln and Garfield, and narrowly missed being present at that of President McKinley. He was a public spirited citizen, and initiated and aided in carrying out many important local enterprises. He was also greatly interested in historical and genealogical matters.

CAPT. WILLIAM F. WILEY

William F. Wiley, born in Conway, N. H., January 3, 1838, died in Peabody, Mass., February 17, 1916.

He was educated at Fryeburg, Me., and removed to Salem, Mass., when twenty years of age, where he was in business, and was a member of the Salem Light Infantry, which was Company A of the Seventh Massachusetts Regiment before the Civil War; at the outbreak of which he enlisted in the Union Service. He served first in the Eighth Massachusetts Volunteers and, later, in the Twenty-fourth, and was mustered and, at the close of the war, as a Captain.

He then engaged in the leather business at Peabody, where he continued. In 1900 he was appointed postmaster by President McKinley and held the office until 1912. He was a Mason, an Odd Fellow and a past commander of Union Post, No. 50 G. A. R.

GEORGE E. AIKEN

George Edward Aiken, a native of Goffstown, N. H., born January 1, 1834, died in the Mount Vernon Hospital, New York, March 3, 1916.

Mr. Aiken was a graduate of Amherst College, of the class of 1857, and had been prominent in musical circles in New York and Boston for more than fifty years. He had charge of the music at the funeral of ex-President Ulysses S. Grant.

WILLIAM R. BRACKETT

William Ross Brackett, born in Littleton, November 24, 1842, died in Plymouth, March 1, 1916.

Mr. Brackett was engaged in railway service nearly all his active life, and was well known to the traveling public in northern New Hampshire. He was a clerk in the office of the old Boston, Concord & Montreal Railroad, for several years, and later, from 1864 to 1884, general ticket agent. Subsequently, for some years, he was general baggage agent

of the Boston & Maine, in Boston, leaving the railroad service to go to Littleton to care for a wealthy uncle, Cephas Brackett, from whom he inherited a fortune, retiring, afterward, and living quietly at Plymouth.

He leaves a wife, Ella Stearns, daughter of the late well-known railroad man, Wilbur (Webb) Stearns, and a daughter, Lucy Stearns, wife of Harry Merrill of Littleton.

FRED LEIGHTON

Fred Leighton, born in Concord, January 25, 1857, died in Webster, March 5, 1916.

Mr. Leighton was a son of the late Calvin Leighton, was educated in the old Washington Street Grammar School in Concord, and, at an early age, entered the office of *The People* newspaper, to learn the printer's trade. He continued in connection with the establishment, with which the *Patriot* was subsequently merged, working as compositor and foreman, until after the establishment of the *Daily Patriot*, when he was soon assigned to duty as city editor, which position he held till 1909, when he transferred his services to the *Monitor* office, where he held a similar position till death, which came suddenly from apoplexy while on a visit to his wife, who was then in a Webster sanitarium.

For many sessions, Mr. Leighton had reported the proceedings of the New Hampshire legislature for the papers which he served, and in this capacity, as well as in that of city editor, and reporter for various other journals, he gained a wide acquaintance and a large circle of friends, as well as a reputation for faithful and conscientious work unsurpassed in the profession.

Mr. Leighton was united in marriage September 20, 1887, with Miss Irene Harnden of Groton, Mass., then a compositor in *The People* office, who survives, with one son, Alan, a graduate of the New Hampshire College and Cornell University in the department of chemical engineering.

REV. GEORGE S. ROLLINS, D. D.,

Rev. George S. Rollins, D. D., born in Franklin, N. H., April 28, 1864, died in Springfield, Mass., April 13, 1916.

His parents died when he was quite young and he was adopted by a family in Canterbury and reared on a farm, which in his later years he acquired and made a summer residence. He attended Monson, Mass., Academy, for a time, labored in the South three years, for the American Missionary Society, and finally entered the Congregational Theological Seminary in Chicago, from which he graduated in 1892. In 1904 this seminary conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Divinity for graduate and non-resident work which he had done, while Fargo College of Fargo, N. D., gave him an honorary degree in 1902. He preached in Chicago until 1894, at the same time doing graduate work. From that city he went to Davenport, Ia., where he

remained until 1902 as pastor of the Edwards Congregational Church. From 1902 to 1907 he was pastor of the Park Congregational Church at Minneapolis, removing thence to Springfield, where he was pastor of the Hope Congregational Church till death. In 1887 he married Helen F. Knowlton, of Monson, who survives him, with three children.

DR. ALBERT L. MARDEN

Albert L. Marden, M. D., a native of the town of Epsom, born December 31, 1849, and a graduate of the Dartmouth Medical School of the class of 1873, died at his home in Claremont, where he was in practice from 1891 to 1910, and from 1914 till death, April 2, 1916. He was first in practice in Perkinsville, Vt., and for three years, from 1910, in Goffstown. He served in the Vermont legislature, and on the school board while in Perkinsville, and was long a member of the Claremont Board of Health.

DR. CHARLES A. DAVIS

Charles A. Davis, a distinguished geologist, born in Portsmouth, N. H., September 29, 1861, died in Washington, D. C., April 9, 1916.

He was the son of Lewis G., and Cyrena Frances (Pierce) Davis, and graduated from Bowdoin College in 1886, receiving the degree of A. M., in 1889 from that institution, and that of Ph. D., from the University of Michigan later. He was a teacher of science

in the Hyde Park, Ill., high school for a time, professor of biology in Alma College, subsequently, and later still instructor in forestry in the University of Michigan. Subsequently he was employed as an expert in the U. S. Geological Survey, and since 1910 had been connected with the Bureau of Mines at Washington. He had done much scientific writing, and was a member of various scientific societies.

CAPT. W. W. HARDY

Captain Washington W. Hardy, who had circumnavigated the globe thirteen times, being in command of the vessel on eleven of these voyages, died in Dover, April 9, 1916.

Captain Hardy was born in Chesterfield, March 15, 1838, son of Thomas and Sarah (Folsom) Hardy. His mother was a native of Exeter. His grandfather, Thomas Hardy, was a Revolutionary soldier. For much of his boyhood his home was in Brentwood and he was educated in part at Hampton Academy. Going to Dover with his parents while still a boy, he began his sea career in 1854 and followed it forty-seven years, thirty years as captain. He commanded various ships in the China and Japan trade. He was a member of the Boston and New York Marine Societies, Stafford Lodge of Masons and St. Paul Commandery, K. T., of Dover.

He is survived by a daughter, Mrs. Henry H. Folsom, and a son, Hathaway, of Seattle, who is in charge of a section of the United States geodetic coast survey in Alaska.

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER'S NOTES

The disappointment of the publisher in failing to bring out the promised "Progressive Manchester" number of the GRANITE MONTHLY at the expected time is at the least greater than that of any subscriber. Unexpected delays have prevented the completion of the work; but it is hoped that it will appear in a triple number covering March, April and May, at no distant day.

An interesting and appropriate exercise, arranged in connection with the Annual Meeting of the New Hampshire Old Home Week Association, Thursday, June 1, at the rooms of the Department of Agriculture in the State House is the memorial service, in honor of the late Ex-Governor Frank West Rollins, the father of "Old Home Week," and long time president of the society, whose death has occurred since the last annual meeting. No more appropriate place for such service could be found, since up to the time of the recent enlargement of the State House, these rooms were occupied by the Governor and Council and it was there, in fact, that "Old Home Week" was born.

The recent announcement that the old house in North Hampton, in which Gen. Henry Dearborn was born, is being torn down by the owner to make way for a modern bungalow, must have occasioned regret, if not surprise, in many minds. All such historic houses should be sacredly preserved by the state. General Dearborn was one of New Hampshire's most illustrious sons. He made a notable record as a soldier in the Revolution; was twice afterward elected to Congress; was Secretary of War in the Cabinet of President Jefferson, and commanded the U. S. Army in the War of 1812.

The most notable musical event of the season in New Hampshire, was the Keene Musical Festival, May 18 and 19. The chorus included some 250 voices, directed by Nelson P. Coffin, the most successful director in the state, who has created for Keene a reputation as a musical center, unequalled today by that of any place of its size in or out of New England. More than a dozen of the most eminent soloists in the country contributed to the success of the affair.



REV. THOMAS CHALMERS, D.D.

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THE INFLUENCE OF THE REVOLUTION ON THE RELIGIOUS LIFE OF AMERICA

By Rev. Thomas Chalmers

(Address delivered before the New Hampshire Society, Sons of American Revolution, at the Annual Meeting, June 13, 1916.)

It is a singular fact that the United States is practically the only civilized nation in the world in which there is no connection of an organic character between the church and the state. At the present time France seems to be in the same general position; but, as a matter of fact, though the French revolution went further than our own American revolution in obliterating all state recognition of religion, yet it was under the consulate of Napoleon Bonaparte that the Concordat was adopted, July 15, 1801. It reestablished the church in France and gave to the government the right of appointing archbishops and bishops, with the consent and confirmation of the head of the church. The Concordat continued in force to the present century. Indeed France has not yet entirely given up the ancient conception that the church represented in some sense one of the great functions of the state. The French revolution therefore did not complete its program so far as the separation of church and state was concerned.

The English people underwent two revolutions in which the question of religion was a matter of paramount concern. One was the revolution under Cromwell, beginning in 1642, and the other was the revolution under William and Mary, in 1688. The revolution under Cromwell disestablished the Church of England, and gave a quasi establishment to the Presbyterian and Congregational churches in its stead, which was reversed under the restoration of

Charles II. Other nations of Europe have undergone revolutions, but none of them thus far, with the possible exception of France, has succeeded in severing the organic, ancient connection between church and state.

These preliminary considerations add interest to our study of the effect of our own revolution on the church life of America. The American revolution found the church and state with very much the same old connections as had existed in Europe. The colonies had their established church. The established church in New England, in all the colonies except Rhode Island, was Congregational. In Rhode Island, though the Baptists under Roger Williams had the prestige of priority, the definite connections between church and state were not as clear as in the other New England colonies. In New England one of the usual first acts of a town, after its incorporation, was to provide for the erection of a church and maintenance of the preaching of the gospel. For instance the old town of Derryfield, now Manchester, was incorporated in 1751, by inhabitants from Londonderry and Chester. They had been living near the Amoskeag Falls for some time in what had been called Harrytown. The town of Derryfield was incorporated September 3, 1751. The first town meeting was held in John Hall's Inn, three weeks later. There John Hall was elected first town clerk. The second meeting was held at the same place, twelve weeks later, and

the most important vote taken at this meeting is recorded by John Hall in his characteristic and original chirography and spelling in the following words, "Voted twenty fore Pounds old tenor to be Resed to Paye for priching for thies present yiear."

In many of the towns of New England the church and town were quite completely identified. The people who constituted the one also constituted the other. The meeting house and the town hall were frequently adjoining, and often, in fact, did business under one roof. Indeed there are cases in New England today, as in Wareham, Massachusetts, where the church owns one half of the building, which is used for both meeting house and town hall, while the town owns the other half. In Amherst, N. H., the church still owns the meeting house, and the town owns the tower clock in the meeting house. These are relics that show the intimacy of the old connection in those days.

The minister was an important town functionary. He was not criticized then for getting into politics. He was in politics by the very nature of his office, if by politics we may understand an active interest in the practical management of municipal affairs and government.

South of New England other denominations were in the same close relationship with the state. Crossing the line between Massachusetts and New York one discovers even to this day a noticeable difference in customs and appearances, due to the influence of the New England church on the one side, as in Stockbridge, Mass., and the Dutch Reformed church on the other side, in the valley of the Hudson. The Episcopal church was established in Virginia and exerted a marked and wholesome influence on the boisterous early life of that colony. But the nature of the church was perhaps not as democratic as that of the church in New England, and naturally came into a more

uncomfortable position in relation to the radical and revolutionary elements of Virginia preceding the revolution. In fact the troubles of the Virginia commoners, with the established church of the colony, furnished the ground on which such orators as Patrick Henry and such philosophical students of government as Thomas Jefferson schooled themselves in the principles of eloquence and expression, which were later to exercise so profound an effect on the history of this country.

In the first years of the eighteenth century a reaction set in against the radical Protestantism that had peopled the north of Ireland with the Covenanters of Scotland. The English government annoyed the Presbyterians of Ireland with all manner of disabilities in the year 1704 and following years. Marriages by their clergy were declared invalid; they were forbidden to keep school; they were not allowed to hold any office of importance. The result of these petty persecutions was the tide of emigration of the Scotch-Irish to America, which lasted from 1719 to 1782, when the Toleration Act for Ireland was passed. A few of these Scotch-Irish came to New England. One of their most important colonies settled near us in Londonderry, on ground now within the present town of Derry; but a larger number settled in the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia.

These Scotch-Irish settlers, driven from the old country, as they believed, by the English church, were not disposed to look with favor upon the same English church established in the forests of America. They therefore became sturdy believers in the principles of disestablishment. They became the backbone of the Democratic reform in Virginia which furnished Thomas Jefferson with a nucleus of the powerful organization in American political life which was founded by his genius and is still doing business to this day. These Scotch-Irish were a virile and prolific

race. They were one of the powerful influences that prepared the colonies for the coming church disestablishment.

Another powerful influence was the preaching of George Whitefield. George Whitefield, one of the founders of Methodism, made repeated visits to America, with his fervid evangelical eloquence. He visited Georgia in 1738; again visited America in 1739 and 1741, preaching in New England, New York, Georgia and elsewhere. He was in America in 1744 to 1748 and several later times. He visited America in 1769 and died here, in Newburyport, the following year. He was not interested in political philosophy, but no man did more to prepare the American people for the disestablishment of the church, and for the period of free church vigor that was to begin in the days that followed the revolution. Supported by the influence of Jonathan Edwards, he put new snap and vigor into the decadent Christianity of the colonies, with the result that when the Revolution came, with its new and marked change of notions on all matters religious as well as political, it found the church in a strong enough condition to stand alone without the support of the state.

Another factor in the movement toward separation of church and state in this country must be mentioned. Intelligent Americans of the colonial days, who were accustomed to read the European journals, had been profoundly influenced by the writings of such men as Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, D'Alembert. The encyclopedists of France were the exponents of the French skepticism of the eighteenth century. Their publications began in 1751 and lasted over a period of nearly twenty years. They prepared the way for the wild religious liberalism of the French Revolution and the Reign of Terror, that also deeply influenced such men as Thomas Paine, and, to a less degree, influenced Benjamin Franklin

and Thomas Jefferson—apparently also Samuel Adams. They do not seem to have exercised any noticeable influence on George Washington. This was doubtless because of Washington's more conservative temperament. But the college life of America was profoundly affected by the French infidelity. The Revolution therefore came at a psychological moment in the history of the church as an organic institution, dependent upon the state for support. During the years of the revolutionary struggle the concerns of the church were looked upon as minor affairs. The rescue of the people from the tyranny of the mother country was the all important question of the hour. The members of the church themselves gave time, energy, money for the common cause. Even the ministers led their flocks to the battlefield. These eight years served as a period of religious as well as political transition. We went into the period young and immature. We came out of it self-reliant and mature, if not aged. A most remarkable change in the political and ecclesiastical thinking of the American people had taken place. We had been believers in monarchical institutions. We came out of it believers in republican institutions. We had been dependent upon the maintenance by the state of our religious life. We came out of it ready for the age-long adoption of voluntary principles in religion.

It might seem that the church, having depended since the days of Constantine the Great on the strong hand of the state for its support, would languish and die when that support was withdrawn. Such a result was unquestionably expected by many believers in the doctrines of the encyclopedists who did not care to see the church survive, because they looked upon it as an agent of superstition. Gradually, imperceptibly, but swiftly, the hand of the state was withdrawn from the hand of the church. The old customary article

in the town warrant, "To see what we shall raise for preaching," became almost immediately obsolete. Whether the church was to live or die, sink or swim, henceforth depended upon its own latent, inherent energies. And with that terrible handicap, and under the necessity henceforth of providing every dollar for its maintenance from the voluntary gifts of its own people, and without the aid of one dollar from public taxation, it began the most colossal task which ever confronted the Christian church in any nation. That task was to evangelize the American continent by means of its own spiritual resources and without endowment or public taxation. That task was begun in the days of the revolution. It was continued with a great outpouring of new vigor in the days that followed the revolution. And how successfully it

has been done is clear today to any man who follows the westering sun on its way from the Atlantic to the Pacific with an eye open to the great achievements of Christian devotion—the churches, the cathedrals, the Christian colleges, the academies, the seminaries and the universities that the voluntary gifts of Christian America has strewn broadcast over hill and vale and prairie land, from ocean to ocean and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf.

Such was the effect of the revolution on the religious life of America. The invigorating influence and self-reliance which it brought to the religious life of America has not been surpassed even by the quickening power that it gave to the political idealism of the great people which has been welded into one from the scattered colonial fragments of those early days.

Rev. Thomas Chalmers, D.D., was born in Algoma, near Grand Rapids, Mich., January 8, 1869, son of Andrew and Catherine (Doyle) Chalmers, of Scotch-Irish stock. He gained his preparatory education at the Sparta, Mich., high school, and at Ann Arbor, and graduated, A.B., from Harvard University in 1891, in a class that included many men who became eminent in various walks of life. Among them are Frank H. Hitchcock, late Postmaster General, prominent in the campaign for the nomination of Charles E. Hughes as the Republican candidate for President, at Chicago; Congressman Nicholas Longworth of Ohio, son-in-law of Roosevelt; Robert L. O'Brien, editor of the *Boston Herald*, and others of equal note. After graduation he studied in the Universities of St. Andrews, Scotland, and Marburg, Germany. He was for a time Superintendent of Schools in Buchanan, Mich., later Dean of the Michigan Military Academy at Orchard Lake, and subsequently became pastor of the Congregational Church at Port Huron, Mich. In 1899 he accepted a call to the pastorate of the First Congregational Church of Manchester, N. H., which position he has since filled to the great acceptance of his parish. He has been chairman of the Commissioners of the New England Congregational Conference, and was chairman of the committee of twelve which conducted the successful campaign against the invasion of the State by the New York race-track trust, which campaign attracted wide notice, and was followed with interest by Governor Hughes of New York, who subsequently carried on a similarly successful campaign against the same interests in that State.

Dr. Chalmers has ever been deeply interested in educational affairs, and has served several years on the Manchester School Board. He has been a leading spirit in the campaign against tuberculosis in this State, and is President of the Pembroke Sanitarium, established for the promotion of that cause. A Republican of progressive tendencies, he has taken an active interest in party affairs, and played a prominent part in two State Conventions, the first being that for the choice of delegates to the Republican National Convention, when an informal appeal which he made from the platform, contributed to the adjustment of a difficult situation, and the other the regular State Convention of 1912, over which he presided. At the election in November of the latter year he was chosen, from the Seventeenth District to the New Hampshire State Senate, was the Republican caucus nominee for President of that body, and took a prominent part in the legislative work of the session.

A few weeks since Dr. Chalmers announced his candidacy for the Republican nomination for Representative in Congress, from the First New Hampshire District, to succeed Cyrus A. Sulloway now completing his tenth term of service; and, for the purpose of making an unhampered canvass, has resigned his pastorate, to take effect August 31. Dr. Chalmers is a forcible and eloquent speaker, endowed with the courage of his convictions, and will be heard with effect in the primary campaign, and later, if nominated. Dartmouth College conferred upon him, in 1908, the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity.

He was united in marriage, at Columbus, Ohio, June 20, 1894, with Miss Maude Virginia Smith, by the Rev. Washington Gladden.



LILACS

By Harriet E. Emerson

The lilacs bloom in the old road ways,
 Where wild birds nest and sing;
 And the pink buds glow amid the green,
 And purple rings of deeper sheen
 Their fragrant cups of incense swing
 Along the old road ways.

The lilacs bloom in gardens old,
 Among the weeds and thorns,—
 Still lavishly their perfume pours,
 In memory of bygone hours,
 When loving hands, on dewy morns,
 Tended the gardens old.

The lilacs bloom o'er hearthstones grey,
 Where once the home-light shone;
 Through fire, and flood, and chilling blast
 Their roots, deep planted, long out-last
 The crumbling walls of wood and stone—
 O'er them the lilacs wave.

The olden charm of the lilac's bloom
 Still woos the birds and bees;
 When the Frost King goes, through open doors
 On weary hearts spring's gladness pours;
 New hopes come wafting on the breeze
 That's sweet with Lilac's bloom.



LIEUT.-COL. SAMUEL H. MELCHER, M.D.

LIEUT.-COL. SAMUEL H. MELCHER, M.D.

Physician, Patriot, Pioneer—A Worthy Son of the Granite State

Into all sections of the country, into all professions, occupations and callings—wherever honorable effort redounds to the credit of the individual and the benefit of the community and the nation, the sons and daughters of New Hampshire have gone, in great numbers, in all periods of our history, and have rendered notable account of themselves in the field of worthy achievement.

SAMUEL HENRY MELCHER, a native of old Gilmanton, scion of a sturdy race, whose father—Woodbury Melcher—was born in Portsmouth and served in the Town Guard there in the War of 1812, and whose mother, born Rebecca French, was the daughter of Captain Samuel B. French of the New Hampshire Militia in that war, was one of the countless number of those who have gone out from the State to make a life-record in other fields of effort.

Born October 30, 1828, he followed his preparatory education by the study of medicine at Bowdoin College Medical Department, Vermont and Dartmouth Medical Colleges, graduating, M. D., from the latter November 6, 1850. During the winter of 1850-51 he was an interne in the city hospital at South Boston, Mass. From there he went to Hebron, N. H., where he was for some time engaged in practice. April 25, 1854, he married Martha Ann Ranlet, daughter of Charles Ranlet of Laconia, one of the proprietors of the famous car manufacturing establishment, since known as the Laconia Car Company. Removing to Boston, he was engaged in practice there, on Summer Street, when his only son, Charles Woodbury, was born, March 4, 1857.

During the panic of that year, he went, with three others, by boat, to Galveston, Texas, from which point

they went as far west as San Antonio in search of a favorable location. Unable to have their trunks brought up from the coast, they drew lots to determine who should go for them. One by one the others drew the lucky number and went for the trunks; but as each man reached Galveston he took his own trunk and went home, leaving Melcher stranded at San Antonio. At last, in order to get away, he went, with a drove of mules, to St. Louis, for five dollars and his passage, serving as cook for the outfit. Arriving at St. Louis, he had his trunk sent to him, and soon located at Potosi, Washington County, Mo., where he practiced medicine till the outbreak of the Civil War, when he entered the Union service as Assistant Surgeon of the Fifth Missouri Volunteers—three-months men—May 7, 1861, and served with his regiment at the battles of Carthage, Dug Springs and Wilson's Creek, in which latter conflict General Lyon, the Union Commander, was killed. Surgeon Melcher remained on the field until all the other Union officers had left, and obtained the body of General Lyon from the Confederate Commander, General Price, and conveyed the same to Springfield the same day, accompanied by a volunteer Confederate escort.

The term of service of his regiment having expired, he voluntarily remained in Springfield, as a prisoner, to care for the wounded Union soldiers, brought there, of whom there were over five hundred. He was at his post in the hospital on the 25th of October, 1861, when Fremont's bodyguard, under Major Zagoni, made its famous charge into Springfield and drove out the Confederate forces. On the morning after the encounter, Surgeon Melcher, assisted

by a soldier from the First Iowa, and another from the First Missouri Volunteers, raised the Stars and Stripes over the old Court house, which stood in the center of the square.

In November, following, Surgeon Melcher removed all the Wilson Creek wounded to St. Louis, and in December, 1861, he was made Brigade Surgeon of the First Brigade, Mo. S. M. Volunteers. He was assigned to hospital duty in St. Louis on the staff of General Schofield, and in the spring following had charge of the three most important hospitals in the city, receiving, for his efficient supervision of the same, a testimonial from the Western Sanitary Commission, and honorable mention by the Surgeon General of the United States. About this time he served as a member of the State Medical Board for examination of candidates for appointment as surgeons of state troops. Later he was commissioned Colonel and organized and equipped the 32nd Regiment E. M. M., which he commanded until ordered to join the Army of the Frontier, under General Schofield, as Medical Director of the District of Southwest Missouri and Army of the Frontier, and stationed at Springfield, where he organized the Medical Department, having in the hospitals there January 1, 1863, over twelve hundred sick and convalescent men.

While here, on the night of January 7, learning that the Confederate General Marmaduke was approaching, with a large force, he offered his services to Gen. E. B. Brown, commanding, and organized and armed over four hundred convalescents, and a company of citizens; improvised a battery of three old iron cannon, mounted on wagon wheels, and commanded this force through the fight of the next day, which resulted in the repulse of Marmaduke and the salvation of the town and the heavy amount of supplies of the Army of the Frontier, there stored.

It was during this battle that Gen-

eral Brown had a shoulder badly shattered. Forty-four hours afterward Surgeon Melcher removed, by excision, five inches of the upper part of the humerus, including the head and part of the scapula, taking out the bullet, and saving the forearm and hand, which remained in almost perfect condition during the following thirty-nine years of General Brown's life. This operation is classed as one of the first as well as one of the most successful operations of the kind on record.

In the spring of 1863 he returned to St. Louis, with General Schofield, when he was commissioned Lieutenant-Colonel of the Sixth Cavalry, and assigned to duty as Acting Assistant Inspector General, Department of the Missouri, and, on recommendation of General Schofield, continued in the same position under General Rosecrans. During the Price raid in Missouri, in 1864, he acted as aide on the staff of General Pleasanton, winning commendation for conspicuous gallantry and fidelity.

His last active service was as Post Commander at Jefferson City. Failure of eyesight, from injuries received from a shell at the battle of Springfield, caused his resignation, Dec. 24, 1864, and this injury, in 1888, resulted in total blindness.

After the war he was for a time in charge of the Freedman's Bureau at La Grange, Tenn., and from 1870 to 1872 in St. Louis, in charge of the U. S. Marine Hospital. From 1874 to 1883, Dr. Melcher lived in Chicago. In May, 1883, a year after his marriage with Miss Christine Erickson, daughter of Ole Erickson Quam, he removed to South Dakota (then Dakota Territory) and located near Mitchell, taking up a homestead claim at Crow Lake, Jerauld Co., where his only daughter Anina Rebecca, now Mrs. John C. Tully, was born, September 11, 1884. Here he was engaged in farming, and in the practice of medicine, so far as his impaired eyesight would permit.

Doctor Melcher was prominent in

the early history of the county, and a member of the board of commissioners by which it was organized, and was the first citizen to pay a tax in the county. In N. J. Dunham's "History of Jerauld County" it is said of Doctor Melcher that he "was a man of pleasing manners, wide experience, cultured and possessed of great creative and executive ability. He, more than any other member of the board, shaped the policy that has been pursued by the county as an organization ever since."

In 1895 Doctor Melcher was one of a party of eleven who went in five "prairie schooners" from South Dakota to Lookout Mountain, Alabama. His subsequent years were spent in Chicago, Springfield, Mo., and South Dakota, up to 1909, when he resided for a time with his son at Hinsdale, Ill., and from 1910, till his death, August 1, 1915, with his daughter in Chicago.

In 1905, accompanied by his daughter, he made a six months' visit to Mexico, going by way of New

Orleans, Vera Cruz and Pueblo, to the City of Mexico and Guadalajara.

He is survived by his son, Charles Woodbury Melcher of Chicago, and his daughter, Mrs. John C. Tully of La Grange, Ill., also by a brother, Hon. Woodbury L. Melcher, ex-Mayor of Laconia, and a sister, Rebecca F., Mrs. Philip A. Butler, of Merrimacport, Mass.

Doctor Melcher was initiated in the I. O. O. F. February 10, 1852; was a member of the Grand Lodge of New Hampshire 1853-4; received the Royal Purple degree, in Penacook Encampment, No. 3, Concord, August 14, 1854; affiliated with St. Louis Lodge, No. 5, by card from the Grand Lodge of New Hampshire, January 7, 1871, and received the fifty year Veteran Jewel of the Order, from the Sovereign Grand Lodge in May, 1904. He was a life member of Class A, U. S. Grant Post 28, G. A. R. Chicago; a member of the Society of the Army of the Frontier, and a Companion of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States.

DARK DAYS

By B. B. P. Greene

Days of shadow, spitting rain, with heavy dampness in the air;
Fitful gusts of angry wind the bare old branches rend and tear.
My sinking soul's submerged, and heavy with dull despair;
Weighted with the murky wetness of the moaning, sighing air.

Like the Sabian I love the singing brightness of the sun,
The mystery of the glow where its silver splashes show
Through twisted, gnarled old trees, and the springing quivering leaves,
As the moon makes fairy dances under tangled swaying branches,
Swinging as the breezes blow; light and shade in witching motion, ceaselessly
they play.

Shining beams across the water, in a glorious pathway gleams;
Watching stars that laugh above—each a twinkling face it seems—
Sun, and moon and stars on high (give for rain the falling dew),
Old world, it is the cheery brightness I am worshipping in you.

NEW HAMPSHIRE'S INVITATION

By Martha A. S. Baker

Would you spend the summer days
Where the cooling breezes blow,
'Neath the shadow of the hills,
Whence the sparkling waters flow?
Come to New Hampshire.

Would you view the mountain heights,
When the evening shadows fall,
When like sentinels they stand,
Silent, steadfast, grand and tall?
Come to New Hampshire.

When the early morning sky,
Gilds them with a sun-kissed light,
When a veil of silver mist
Half conceals them from the sight?
Come to New Hampshire.

Would you stand within the aisles
Of some deep cathedral wood,
Where the solitude but lures
Thoughts toward God and all that's good?
Come to New Hampshire.

Would you seek the rocky shore,
Hear the rhythm of the sea,
Restless tides that never still,
Sing their tireless litany?
Come to New Hampshire.

Here are rivers peaceful, still,
Mirrors for the earth and sky;
Placid lakes, rare gems, with which
E'en earth's choicest ones may vie.
Come to New Hampshire.

Here are meadows fertile, green,
Graceful elm and stately oak,
Blossoms of the fairest hue,
Woodland creatures, feathered folk.
Come to New Hampshire.

Here's a welcome warm and true
For the old friend and the new;
Stranger, come within our gates,
Here for you a welcome waits.
Come to New Hampshire.

MANSION HOUSE OF WENTWORTH CHESWILL

By Nellie Palmer George

Wentworth Cheswill, the son of Hopestill and Catherine Cheswill, was born in Newmarket, 1746, and here he lived more than three score years and ten, and died lamented, on the 8th day of March, 1817. He was educated at Dummer Academy, Byfield, Mass., then as now considered a good school for boys.

He was appointed Justice of the Peace when he was twenty-two years of age. About this time he was executor of the estate of Deacon Joseph Judkins. In town affairs he was always active. He held the esteem and confidence of his fellow townsmen. He executed deeds, wills and other legal papers and acted as judge in the trial of causes.

As citizen, judge and soldier he stands prominent in the history of Newmarket. He was selectman in 1783, '85 and '95; assessor 1784, '86, '87, '91, '97 and '99; auditor 1786, '99, 1801, '04, '12, '14 and '16; coroner 1786, '87; representative 1801; moderator 1801, '04, '07, '09, '11, '13 and '16. In church affairs he was active. He signed the association test July 12, 1776.

In the important town meeting, held in Newmarket October 20, 1775, it was voted to send thirty men to Portsmouth, under command of Lieut. James Hill. At that meeting Wentworth Cheswill was chosen to report to the provincial committee at Exeter the proceedings of the meeting and receive their instructions. He was with the men at Saratoga under Col. John Langdon, who marched September 29, 1777.

I have a book from his library on "The Power of Parliaments," printed in London, 1715. It bears the book plate of Edward Mosley and was the gift of Capt. Benjamin Torry to Wentworth Cheswill. Beneath the

written names of Capt. Benjamin Torry, Edward Mosley, and Wentworth Cheswill is a line in cypher.

He married Mary Davis of Durham, September 13, 1767. Thirteen children were born to them. They made their first home near Piscassic, now called Moonlight Bridge. This house afterwards became the home of his son Thomas.

He was a prosperous business man. He owned, at the time of his death, all the land bordering on the Wadley's Falls Road, from where now stands the house built by the late Edwin S. Carpenter, west to Moonlight Bridge. The large house still standing on the south side of the road near the bridge was his property and doubtless built by him. He owned a farm in Durham and was at one time joint owner with Benjamin Meade of the Brick House Estate, and property near the town landing. This property extended some ways from the river. Under the brick sidewalk, in front of what is now the Chinese laundry, is a well which was the west boundary mark of the land owned by Wentworth Cheswill and Benjamin Meade.

The house where Arthur Dearborn now lives was his property, and where for many years Martha and Abigail, his two youngest children, lived. From this house a green field stretched away to the house of George Ropelle, now I. T. George's residence, at Exeter Street railroad crossing. Through this field flowed Solon's Brook. There were gravestones in this field when I was a child. Giants were buried here, for we children would find a footstone in line with a headstone twenty feet away and marvel that men ever grew so tall. On the corner opposite the Brick House, or Kittredge Place, a little one-story house was used as a schoolhouse.

Later this was a bake shop, owned by Nathaniel Robinson in the latter years of the war. Below it on Main Street was a two-story house with a front yard, filled with cinnamon rose bushes. Both of these houses came to the heirs of Wentworth Cheswill. They were burned in the big fire.

I wish I could describe as well as I can remember the old-time mansion house of Wentworth Cheswill. In this house I was born and spent my childhood. Every room in its detail of finish and furnishing and the chambers of the ell in their lack of finish is clear in my mind. I will try to describe it as it was in 1864, when it was soon to be sacrificed to the modern ideas in the mind of the owner.

To one who had been familiar with the house in the youth of its existence it would seem to have fallen from its high estate, but the dignity, strength and beauty of colonial architecture was apparent, even when it had withstood the changes of one hundred years. It was beautiful for situation. The stately elm trees in the wide front yard, the shrubbery and old-fashioned garden, and, beyond to the west and north, the farm, one hundred and twenty acres of orchard, corn field, pasture and woodland, to Pigeon's Hill, with its wood road winding through the old growth of pine sloping to the banks of the Piscassic. There flowed the river to the west, through the birches and alders, there the high bush blueberries grew, quite to the abutments of Moonlight Bridge. There were oaks and walnut trees, straight and tall in the rocky pasture, and in the apple orchard the native fruit had a flavor all its own. Beyond, a stone wall, bordered by white bloomed locust trees, enclosed the graves of many Cheswills, marked by slate and marble stones. In the tall grasses, outside the front yard fence, grew ladies' slippers and old maid pinks. There, a little nearer the road side, stood a tall, old balm-of-Gilead tree, from whose branches the medicinal buds fell to the ground and

were carefully gathered for the healing of the neighborhood. There were four big elm trees in the front yard. Stone walls bounded it. Currant bushes grew beside the walls, and the green grass grew all around.

The house faced the south, and it was founded upon a rock. The foundation wall of the east end of the house was part of the ledge. This low-lying ledge extended into the side yard. It was lightly covered with soil in places and chickweed, the children's weather prophet, lived here and held council on hot summer mornings with the weavers of webs upon the grass and told us if the skies would be cloudy or fair. The house looked old but not dejected. Its solid oak timbers had resisted decay, the hand-wrought nails and spikes held beams and boards in their original position, and the great chimney received the flames from the wide fireplaces, with as much safety as when they were built. Time had colored the house uniformly and well.

I have never since seen a house with the same kind of portico. The front door opened upon a flat stone, perhaps two and one half by three yards. Two round wood pillars in each outside corner upheld the roof of the portico, which joined on to the house. From this stone floor five steps of stone led to the front walk and five steps led to flagstone walks which extended from the portico on either side the width of the house. The stone of these steps was cut smooth and shapely. In the angle, formed by the steps on the west, grew phlox, sweet william and marygold but on the east side only striped grass and rosemary would flourish. On either side of the front door, extending the width of the house, was a wall of stone, solidly built from the flagstone walk, up perhaps four feet or higher. This was doubtless the foundation wall. It projected from the house and was topped with a slanting roof not more than two feet wide. This roofed wall seemed a part of the house. A

trick of our childhood was to walk this slanting roof without falling off. Easy enough when we could clutch at the window casings but difficult in the spaces between. The front door was heavy and wide and the latch lifted with a brass handle. There were two windows above and below, on the west side of the front door, and one window in both stories, on the east side. These windows were small-paned and fitted with inside shutters or blinds of panelled wood, in two sections, so half or all the light could be excluded.

The front hall was square, with a high closet built in the wall east of the stairway. Under this closet a table stood, covered with a red woolen tablecloth, the flowered figure of which was in black. The big Bible always had its place here. The wainscoting was after the manner of the times. The stairs were of easy ascent with here and there a broad stair to accomplish the curve. The rooms were lofty, for the time when the house was built. Well finished, huge beams ran horizontally through the ceiling of the rooms and in the outside corners were upright beams, which gave an appearance of solidity and strength, that did not detract from the beauty of the room.

Our parlor was real good. We children felt proud of it. The windows were hung with curtains that rolled up half way and were tied with red cord and tassels. Over these were white muslin curtains, embroidered. The carpet was large figured, red and green. The high-backed sofa and chairs were of black haircloth. A whatnot stood in the corner with a lot of new little things on it and some beautiful shells that our Captain Uncle brought from over-seas. The mahogany framed mirror and the big picture of Shakespeare and his friends hung on the wall. We had oriental pictures. Few people had them any way. They were something new. We had David's Harp on a blue groundwork, on either side of which

were flowers and yellow glittering steps leading up to the harp. There was a bouquet of roses and a wreath of flowers on white backgrounds. These hung in frames, on either side of David's Harp. All of these pictures were painted with transparent paint, and the crinkled tinsel behind them made them look different from natural. Father made the frames for them, then they were spread over with putty; and peas, beans and corn were laid on them in patterns; and mustard seeds covered the putty in the spaces, and then black varnish made them lovely. Folks used to go a visiting for the afternoon or to spend the day very frequently in those days. So mother used to pull the shutters in the parlor and we wouldn't go in the room unless it was when mother wanted us to be there.

The living room was on the other side of the front entry. In this room there was a bow cupboard built in the east corner. The upper half was oval at the top, and the door had many small panes of glass. Here mother kept all her best china and glass dishes, including the easter with its shining cruets and the spoon holder and its contents. In the lower half of the cupboard the door was panelled. The wide shelves held Britannia ware and on the floor of this cupboard were brown jars, containing company fruit cake and special cookies. In a large frame by the front window hung the picture of a tree, with long roots and branches, and on the branches were names instead of leaves. This picture was the puzzle of my childhood. Then there was the picture of Daniel O'Connor, the Irish patriot, I remember his coat was very short waisted. Over the Green Mountain stove on the mantel shelf were oil and fluid lamps. The wicks in the little upright tubes at the top were covered by day with tiny pewter extinguishers, which hung by small chains from the top of the lamp. Between these lamps stood a mottled brown and white china cow.

a recognition of good behavior we were permitted to raise the lid on the cow's back and fill her with milk which we poured from her mouth when we played party. Her tail was thrown gloriously over her back to form a handle and we had to be very careful not to break her tail or her horns.

A door opened from this room into mother's bedroom, and under the fourposted bed was a trundle bed for the smallest children. Beyond this bedroom and two steps up was the bedroom for the older children.

The winter dairy room opened from the kitchen. There were shelves on one side; two square windows on the other. Here stood the dasher churn and the cheese press.

The kitchen was very large and doors opened from it into the west bedroom, the living-room and parlor and the long ell entry. The fireplace and its belongings occupied all of the south end of the kitchen, except an entrance way to the parlor, on one side of the chimney, and on the other to the living-room. These jogs in the wall were as long as the chimney was deep. The chimney cupboard was in the wall on the parlor side and on the east side of the fireplace was the brick oven. The uneven hearth extended into the room, I should say ten or twelve feet. The stove stood on this hearth and connected with the chimney by a long funnel. We used to play catch and run freely between the stove and the brick oven and in front of the blazing logs without danger. Into the great fireplace a grown man could have walked without stooping, and looking up have seen the stars at mid-day. In cold weather the stove and fireplace doing their level best could not remove the frost from the kitchen windows. The big and little cranes in the chimney did duty on special occasions, but they had retired from active service some years before I was born. The dresser occupied the east side of the kitchen wall with a cupboard built in at either end. There

were three shelves above the wide lowest shelf, and a space below the wide shelf, between the cupboards, was raised a step from the floor. This was a lovely place for a play house, and here we watched with safety the delightful process of washing and sanding the kitchen floor. This floor did not sag but its wide boards were worn uneven by long use and the highbacked wooden rocking chairs managed by the children would make good time in a trip around the room. Three windows flooded the room with sunlight, and, as I write, I see the old room and can hear the echo of "Charming Nellie Gray, they have taken her away," and that other memory of mother's voice, "There's a land of pure delight, where saints immortal dwell."

The kitchen opened into the ell entry. At the east end of the entry was the door to the summer dairy. Stone steps led down to a room whose walls and floor and shelves were stone. In summer the pans of milk stood here, gathering cream for the churning. We children took turns at this, and no cheating. We watched each other well.

We were interested when the tin peddler came around and mother would buy new tin pans with flaring sides for the milk. We would stand around the cart and see all the treasures of the outfit. The brooms that flanked the cart on either side stood straight like heralds and we saw them coming over the bridge and would run with the message, "The tin peddler is a-coming."

On the north side of the ell entry there were three doors. One led to the scullery, an unfinished room, from whose beams in October hung my father's chief agricultural pride. In jackets of canvas, cut in sections like the cover of a baseball, sewed and laced, were squashes, without spot or blemish, and of unusual size; and if father ever boasted about his squashes I know he could deliver the goods. A big dresser and sink fin-

ished the north wall of the scullery. There was a window in this room, and the big back door had long hand-wrought hinges, a latch almost as long as the door, fastened with a bar. It opened on a flat stone, from which three other steps reached the ground. A smooth, flat rock nearby was called the horse block.

Two other rooms opened from the ell entry. The one nearest the end door of the ell was father's work shop. Here was the low shoe-maker's bench, with a canvas seat, where our shoes were mended, and here was a high horse, almost a really truly one. We could put the reins around its neck and ride astride or a side saddle, and if we could manage to reach the stirrups we could make the top of his head open and shut. On this the farm harnesses were mended with long thread called "waxed ends."

The other door from the entry led to the wood room. It seemed a far road from the big woodshed in the barn to this place of direct supply. Both of these rooms were finished and the walls were colored a light yellow. Doubtless they were bedrooms for the Cheswills of other days.

Up the back stairs, from the scullery, we could look from the north chamber window over the barn to the woods of Pigeon's Hill. In this unfinished room were spread the walnuts to ripen. Popcorn traces hung from the beams. Here were stored the winter supply of dried apples, rims of dried pumpkin, blackberries, blueberries, and sweet corn. It was a double chamber without the door. In the other room hung bundles of motherwort, thoroughwort, spearmint, catnip, wormwood and mullen, with smaller bundles of gold thread, pennyroyal, sage and bay leaves—a sort of medicine room, as necessary in the household as the pills and pellets of today.

There was one other unfinished room. Here were the white inner husks from the corn, selected with

care for the renewing of the beds. There were bags of feathers for the same purpose, and there were coarser, yellower husks for braiding into mats for the kitchen and back entry doors. Looking up from this room you could see only the great chimney which occupied the center of the dusky attic. Half way up the stairs, like an unset gravestone, stood a church pew door. It was painted white and numbered sixteen. It had been excommunicated and somehow found a place there. The chimney was so wide and the attic so dark that number sixteen seemed like a ghostly sentinel, guarding mysteries beyond, which we children had no desire to probe.

In the front chambers the beams were in the ceiling, overhead, and in the outside corners. In the west room four windows looked to the south and west. The open fireplace was not very large, and nearby a door opened into a dark smoke room, which was a part of the big chimney. Here were cranes for the hanging of the hams. The boards of the floor were wide and smooth and yellow with paint. In the other chamber the walls were papered. Paper curtains were rolled and tied half way up the windows, dividing horizontally a wonderful picture which seemed to be related or connected by incident or location with the big fire board which closed the fireplace. Upon it were castles and bridges and swimming ducks. The mahogany bureau, lightstand and table, the fourposted bed with its spread and valance, the home-made carpet of dark-colored cloth, with bright-colored designs appliued upon it, are well remembered. In a narrow frame on the walls hung the weeping willow where the weeping lady stood by the grave, the stone of which was marked "In Memoriam." There were companion pictures. The little girl in red dress and pantalets gazing fondly at a lady whose curls were held in place by a high backed comb and underneath it the inscrip-

tion, "This is Mamma." The companion picture, "This is Papa," hung nearby. Napoleon Bonaparte, in characteristic pose, looked from the opposite wall.

The best chamber bedroom was not a bedroom at all. Here were brass-studded hair-covered trunks, chests with tills at each side, hat boxes and bonnet boxes and big round covered baskets. In this room our best clothes were hung in the closets, along with mother's wedding dress of changeable silk, with its high waist well boned, low neck and flowing sleeves all trimmed about with tiny shell trimmings of silk. There was a dark blue velvet cape and lace kerchiefs and collars, and a brown beraige bonnet, wired in rows, with a ribbon bridle in front to pull it over the face, hung on a nail beside a quilted petticoat and a pumpkin hood. Mother said they were old-fashioned. We never saw mother wear them.

I have taken you through all the rooms of the house. I have not told you of the little windowless house, with double doors so wide that a dump cart could be backed into it and conveniently emptied of its load into the cellar; of the barn which stood behind the house and on lower ground so that it was half hidden from the road; of the old willow tree, whose branches near the ground gave us access to limbs higher up, and from this vantage point we could see the tents go up when a circus came to town; of the oak grove beyond the circus ring; the big rocks in the walnut pasture; the rail fences, so easy to climb,

the adventurous land where grew sweet flag, cat-o'-nine tails and tiger lilies; of the beauty of Pigeon's Hill, with its wealth of evergreens, bunch plums, pigeon and checkerberries; of the orchard, with the "best apple tree," the "picked nose" and "striped apple," the tree by the carrot bed, "old sour apple," the tree where the caraway grew, and the watersoaked bitter sweet; the cherry trees behind the barn; the pear trees by the ledges; the sweet briar and cinnamon roses that grew around the square little house with its two small windows and octagonal roof, where inside there was "a little seat for the little wee bear, a middling sized seat for the middling sized bear, and a great big seat for the great big bear." Like the snow that rifted in under its sagging door these landmarks of the Cheswill acres have passed; but memory has treasured the picture of my childhood home, and when I think of the Wentworth Cheswill place, the present day view dissolves, and I see the old house, and my mother's garden with its phlox, sweet william, balsam, and morning glories; the big swing on the elm tree, the barn, with its hiding places in mows and scaffold, and I sit again on the low ledge by the kitchen door, where with frightened eyes we nightly watched the comet, and heard our elders talk of war, of the dreadful crime of slavery, of John Brown and of his body mouldering in the grave; and of the shuddering fear, in the darkness of the night, to know that his soul was marching on.

Newmarket, May, 1916.

EXIT MEPHITIS

By Bela Chapin

Alas! he is gone! his probation is o'er—

How it fares with him now I care not to tell;

But this I will say he will feast no more

On my little white chickens he loved so well.

In the deep frog-pond, where the wild flag grows,

He is taking alone unmolested repose.

MY CASTLE

By Delia Honey

Looking, I saw on the scraggy height
A castle of stone—but dim in the light—
I tho't can I reach that mountain side
There would I rest, and there abide,
Away from sorrows that blight.

At first my pathway was hard to find—
A broken twig that was left behind,
A footprint dim in the grasses high,
A crushed fern here, with a torn moss nigh;
The trail was very blind.

But I pushed my way onward, upward, and soon
My eyes beheld beauties, but sun had reached noon,
And I was so weary. A mossy bank
Was just before me, and on it I sank
And *slept*, till awaked by the moon.

I could not go further, the dews of night
Were fast falling on me, and yet in my plight
By the light of the moon a shelter I sought—
A large shelving rock by some power had been brought,
And beneath it I crept, trusting all in His might.

With daybreak came courage, and strength had its run
In my veins, and I climbed till the morning sun
Rose clear, shedding warmth and beauty bright
Over the earth. My heart grew light,
And I looked for my castle so dun.

It stood high above me—a castle rare,
Substantial and solid, no castle of air;
The mosses and flowers and ferns grew about—
The tree trunks and rocks somewhat lengthened my route,
But twilight would see me safe there.

I reached it. My castle with jewels bright
Was filled to the utmost—a wondrous sight—
Sweet memories, and friendships, and love untold
The story of which can never grow old;
And so in my search I was right.

This castle of mine is a mind content—
No worries, or frettings, or wishes are spent—
For here can I muse of the long ago,
All happy, and thankful that *it was so*—
The cycles bring with them Contentment.

THE ELMS OF NUMBER FOUR

By H. E. Cortin

Stately and silent they've stood on guard
At their post, while a century rolled;
Sentinels, keeping their watch and ward
O'er the sleeping valleys fold.

Silently waiting a foe's advance,
As they waited in days of yore,
When the forest aisles to the warwhoop rang,
'Neath the elms of "Number Four."

What do they whisper, these grand old trees,
Of days of the long ago,
When only the red man's campfire gleamed
By the river's murmuring flow?

The white man's coming, these elms have seen,
And they shadowed his cabin door,
When the village streets were a forest green,
And a king ruled "Number Four."

And they whisper at eve of the call to arms,
That echoed from sun to sun,
While the patriots gathered to follow Stark
To the fight at Bennington.

Now the Indian trail is a highway grand,
And the king rules over the seas,
And the Indian whoop is a motor horn;
That echoes beneath the trees.

But long may they guard us, these sentinels grand,
As they guarded the valley of yore,
And stayed be the vandal that strikes at our elms,
"God's temples" of "Old Number Four."

THE ROSE IS QUEEN

By Sarah Fuller Bickford Hafey

The pasture rose, in beauty, rare,
With odor, sweet, perfumes the air;
In innocence, the white rose opes,
A pure incentive, to our hopes;
The red rose, with its heart of love,
Is like the cooing of a dove;
The queen of flowers is ev'ry rose,
And lulls our hearts to love's repose.

OLD NO. 4 CHAPTER, D. A. R.

By Miss S. Abbie Spooner

On February 9, 1910, a number of ladies interested in the formation of a Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution in Charlestown, gathered at the home of Mrs. F. W. Hamlin, on Elm Street in the village, to meet Mrs. Charles Clement Abbott of Keene, then State Regent of the New Hampshire D. A. R.

Mrs. Abbott presented, in a charming manner, the work of this great organization of female descendants of the patriots of 1776, and gave all desired information as to its constitution and by-laws.

At the close of her address it was voted to organize a Chapter in Charlestown. Of course only one name appeared desirable, and the Chapter was then and there Christened "Old No. 4." Under that name the town had begun its existence, and was made famous by the heroic defence of the fort by Capt. Phineas Stevens and his sturdy little band of thirty soldiers and settlers, on April 9, 1747.

At this meeting Mrs. Ada Perry Hamlin was unanimously elected Regent, and to her tact and gentle courtesy the Chapter owes much.

When the organization received its charter there were sixteen members three of whom were non-residents. At the present time—March, 1915—there are twenty members. The first officers of the Chapter were:

Regent—Mrs. Ada Perry Hamlin.

Vice Regent—Miss Sophia Abbie Spooner.

Secretary—Miss Grace Ellen Hunt.

Treasurer—Mrs. Emma Parker Soper.

Registrar—Mrs. Ida Butterfield Walker.

Historian—Miss Ellen L. Fletcher.

Chaplain—Mrs. Della Perry Hutchins.

These all served two years, when,

Mrs. Hamlin declining, Miss Spooner was chosen Regent and Mrs. Hutchins Vice Regent, and Mrs. Hamlin became Chaplain.

At the annual meeting in 1914, Miss Spooner, having served two years, retired from the regency, and Mrs. Hutchins was her successor, Mrs. Marion Shur Wiley becoming Vice Regent and Miss Spooner, Chaplain, the other officers remaining the same.

Five regular meetings of the Chapter are held each year, on the first Wednesday of alternate months, from October to June. These meetings are helpful and interesting. Papers on local history have been prepared and read; also papers on Conservation, Indian Legends and the early history of Maryland.

The Chapter decorated with flags and wreaths the graves of fifty-four Revolutionary soldiers, and has secured a considerable fund toward the purchase of markers for those graves. It has also contributed toward various objects of particular interest to all Daughters of the American Revolution. It would highly appreciate the assistance of any descendants of the patriots whose names appear on the list of Revolutionary soldiers, whose graves are in the cemeteries of Charlestown, toward raising the needed funds for markers.

Following is a list of names of soldiers of the Revolution, whose graves have been located by Old No. 4 Chapter, in the cemeteries of Charlestown. Very few of their graves have permanent markers, showing that they are the last resting places of men who served in the war for American Independence:

Osmond Baker	1734-1802
Peter Bellows	17 9-1825
Theodore Bellows	1760-1835

William Bond	1757-1851
Ephraim Carpenter	1737-1835
Nathaniel Challis	1761-1855
Clement Corbin	1764-1853
Isaac Davis, Capt.	1725-1776
Isaac Farwell, Col.	1744-1791
Ebenezer Farnsworth	1724-1794
Amasa Grout	1757-1837
Elijah Grout, Com. Gen.	1732-1807
Jonathan Grout, Maj.	1760-1854
William Hamlin, Capt.	1724-1827
Josiah Hart	1748-1832
Moses W. Hastings	1756-1834
Stephen Hassam	1761-1861
Oliver Hastings, M.D.	1762-1823
John Hastings, Jr.	1720-1804
Sylvanus Hastings	1721-1807
Wm. Heywood, Maj. and Col.	1728-1803
John Hodgkins	1764-1850
Timothy Holden	1760-1833
Jonathan Holton, Capt.	1743-1821
Samuel Hunt, Col.	1734-1799
Jonathan Hubbard, Capt.	1747-1828
Peter Labaree, Sr.	1724-1803
Sylvanus Johnson	1748-1832
Lewis Morris, Gen.	1760-1825
Simon Sartwell, Capt.	1749-1791
Samuel Stevens, Lt. Col.	1735-1823
David Taylor, M.D.	1742-1822
Seth Putnam	1695-1775
Thomas Putnam	1728-1814
Timothy Putnam	1733-1817
Abel Walker, Capt. and Col.	1734-1815
Seth Walker, Lieut.	1717-1794
Jabez Walker	1758-1812
Moses Wheeler, Ensign	1720-1805
Jonathan Willard, Capt.	1744-1832
John Willard, Capt.	1753-1832
Jeremiah Willard	1746-1836
Moses Willard	1738-1822
Jonathan Willard, Q.M.	1717-1799
Joseph Willard	1723-1799
William Willard	1754-1825
Buckminster White	1761-1806

All the above graves are in Forest Hill cemetery.

At North Charlestown are the graves of

Nathan Allen	1760-1833
John Adkins	1755-1806
Frederick Locke	1765-1834
Thomas Whipple	1759-1839
Moses Whipple	1733-1814

Following is the charter list of members of Old No. 4 Chapter, with

the names of the ancestors on whose record they were accepted by the National Society Daughters of the American Revolution:

Mrs. Lois Hurd Albee, Concord, N. H.
Nicholas Colby, Cutting Noyes, Nathan Hunt, Moses Burbank, Peter Labaree.
Mrs. Louise Mitchell Clark, Lempster.
Thomas Mitchell.
Miss Lucretia E. Evans.
John Hodgkins, Wing Spooner.
Miss Ellen L. Fletcher.
Ezra Jones, Henry Silsby, Lasell Silsby, Dr. John Bartlett, Samuel Fletcher.
Mrs. Ada E. P. Hamlin.
Jacob Hunt.
Mrs. Della M. P. Hutchins.
Jacob Hunt.
Miss Grace E. Hunt.
Jacob Hunt, John Healy.
Mrs. Stella Way Huntley.
Timothy Putnam.
Miss Belle A. Huntley.
Asa Whitcomb.
Miss Clara A. Mitchell, Acworth.
Thomas Mitchell.
Mrs. Isabelle York Osgood.
Eliphalet Hastings.
Mrs. Mary Sanderson Scott.
Jonathan Edson.
Miss Elsie Huntley.
Joseph Parker.
Mrs. Emma Parker Soper.
Col. Benjamin Bellows, Samuel Chase, Capt. Peter Bellows 2d, Azariah Wright, Thomas Reed.
Mrs. Hattie Demary Spencer.
John Demary, Solomon Rand.
Miss Jane Olive Spencer.
John Demary, Solomon Rand, Azariah Knights, Joel Matthews.
Miss Sophia Abbie Spooner.
John Spooner, St. Elias Hull.
Mrs. Ida Butterfield Walker.
William Butterfield.
Mrs. Marion Shur Wiley.
Luke Sweetland.

Of these, two have married since joining the Chapter: Miss Belle A. Huntley becoming Mrs. William Miller, Jr., and Miss Elsie Huntley, Mrs. Harold Snow, whose daughter, Catherine, the first Chapter baby, was born March 9, 1914.

NOTE.—This article was written in 1915, and its publication inadvertently delayed.



HALF-LEATHER

By Shirley Harvey

A bit out from the rush and hurry of the main street stands the city library. Without, all is noise and rattle; humanity seems intent upon drowning all sounds in one continuous roar; but within the library all is quiet. People move along its rubber-matted floors on tip-toe, and speak in whispers as they group about the magazine tables. It is an oasis of silence in a desert of sound; a spot sacred to thought amid endless confusion and babble. Up stairs, among the neat stacks of reference books, there is a little table before a tiny window, at which only the elect may sit amid the denser silence of the library's heart. I conceived it as one of the greatest honors that had ever befallen me when one afternoon the little gray-haired lady who watched over the destinies of the reference room led me back into the recesses of the great building. Along the high gallery from which I could see the endless line of people winding up to and away from the desk which radiated an immeasurable stream of books going out into the work-a-day world, we went, down tiny flights of stairs, in and out among the high stacks of books, and stopped at the table before the window. She laid down the great volumes that I had asked for, and departed, with the remark that I would be much more quiet there and might stay as long as I wished.

Thereafter I sat often at the little table. I would enter the room, nod to the little lady at the desk, and go straight to the recess among the stacks, where I would find a pile of books waiting for me. One day I found that the table had another occupant. An old man with snow-white hair and beard, and a little stoop about his shoulders was engrossed in a great leather-bound

volume. He looked up with a smile as I took my place opposite him, wishing me good day in a hoarse whisper and a quick flash of greeting from eyes that sparkled behind heavy gold eye-glasses. Then he turned to his reading again, and I opened my own book.

For many days we met thus, exchanging greetings and then plunging at once into the depths of our own research. Gradually our acquaintance increased, and we talked of many little things concerning our respective work before settling down to silent reading. He had read much and variously, and seemed to delight in talking of the book world in which he lived and seemed to take such pleasure. Finally we reached the point where we began and left work together, and I walked with him to the little tenement where he dwelt. He generally carried a book with him, holding it tenderly in the crook of his arm as a mother holds a child.

"I can't understand how some people can abuse books the way they do," he said to me one day as we were sitting together at the little table. It was the early part of June, and through the open window played a light breeze, thrusting in and out of the casement a stray tendril of the climbing ivy that draped the outside of the building. He gazed absently out of the window, a distressed little pucker about the corners of his eyes.

"They are like human beings," he went on, "only they are so defenseless, and dumb except to those that care enough to interpret them. Yet some people throw them around, and bend the corners of their pages. It is really distressing to see some of the new volumes that come in down stairs after their first journey into the world. They go out new and fine, with a message for him who has come

for it; and they return broken by the first encounter of the conflict. They offer good, and receive evil. I cannot understand the attitude," and he fell to caressing the back of the half-leather volume that he had opened and now held closed upon his thumb. He opened it again with a light sigh and a quick shake of his head. "I can't understand it," he said, and fell to reading, his slender finger following down the page, pausing now and then as he re-read a line here and there.

One day he laid a brown paper parcel beside me before he took his own place opposite.

"It is a little gift," he said, "which I hope you will accept. You said yesterday that you had never read 'Leonidas.' This is a very old copy that I have had a long time. It has served me faithfully as a friend, and I should be very happy to know that it was serving you in the same way. No, no, please do not thank me," he said hastily, as I sought to find words in which to express my gratitude—phrases that sounded weak and inadequate because they were wholly sincere.

"I do not give it to you to be thanked," he went on, with his quiet smile lighting up his face. "You, who know and love books, will love it as I have loved it, and when you get through with it, you too will give it to another who will use it as carefully, and so it will live long after us, and spread its light long after ours has ceased to be seen, and all because we have treated it as a friend and given it strength to live on."

For many months I saw him at the table every day. But as summer gave way to fall, and fall to the sharper days of winter, I saw him less often. Finally I left town for several months. One day, shortly after my return, I paused at the counter of a little second-hand bookstore, where a miscellany of old books was exposed for sale, and idly picked up a volume, turning mechanically

to the blank fly leaf. The name that I saw neatly written in a small, smooth-running hand made me start. It was that of my friend of the library recess. I had never seen any of his handwriting before, but I knew instantly that it was his. It had so much that was suggestive of him in the preciseness and regularity of it, and in the absence of sharp angles. Hurriedly I bought the book, thrust it into my pocket, and started for the boarding-house where he lived. I knew that only the direst need could have driven him to sell any of his cherished books.

The landlady, who answered my ring, looked at me blankly as I spoke my friend's name.

"Oh, him," she said slowly, "he died two months ago. I had to sell his books to get my money for his bill. A poor lot they were, too, all old fashioned leather books that no one wants to read; the whole lot didn't bring enough to more than pay his expenses, and heaven knows they were small enough. The book folks wouldn't print the book he was writing," she went on, in response to my questioning. "I think that helped to kill him, though he was weak enough, if it comes to that. He was always buying books when he ought to have been buying food."

"What was the book he was writing?" I asked. "You say the publishers refused it?"

"Yes, sir, that was what I gathered from what he told me. I don't just know what the book was, but the publisher folks said people wouldn't read it, so they wouldn't print it. He never recovered from the shock of its coming back, just stopped eating and took to mooning around among his books. I sneaked one or two of them out when he wasn't looking, and sold them to buy food, which half the time he didn't eat. And one morning I found him dead. The doctor said it was old age and despondency, but I guess it was mostly the last. Folks didn't want his book, that was

what troubled him most. He talked about it to himself a good deal before he died. That helped to wear him out, too, as I kept telling him, but he would not listen."

I left the dingy little building and walked away up the narrow alley, and as I turned into the city street, the raw, cold, March blast beat stinging into my face.

LAKE SUNAPEE

By Laura A. Rice

A wizard's gift from magic land
Was dropped in bowl of silver sand,
From mystic realms we cannot see—
The gem we call Lake Sunapee.
To hide her treasure Nature tried
With forests deep on every side,
And draped the skies with blue and gray,
O'er sylvan spot where jewel lay.

The mist maid spreads her snowy veil,
O'er wooded hill, and flower strewn dale;
Concealed within her bosom broad
Is sparkling gift of Nature's God.
At morn the sun throws gilt shafts bright;
The filmy mist lace fades from sight.
Then wondrous jewel mortals see
And call it fair Lake Sunapee.

The glittering gem, so clear and white,
Repeats the star-lit lantern's light;
The moon, when sailing through the sky,
Is crystal gazing from on high;
She knows there is an occult power
At midnight's witching, magic hour;
She holds enchanter's golden key
Of realms whence dropped Lake Sunapee.

Within its surface, clear and deep,
Are visions mortals see in sleep;
Wierd dreamland power, and magic spell
Are cast o'er all who near it dwell.
The spirit, great, of forest green,
In shimmering light, and golden sheen,
Oh mortals, blind, can you not see,
Guards the crystal Sunapee.

Franklin, N. H.

THE SHOOTING STAR—AN INDIAN LEGEND

By Katharine Winnifred Beane

Each little bird had gone to its nest; the trees were quiet after a fretful day, kissed by the first beams of the Autumn moon. Softly the river wound its silver stream among the meadows. All was quiet save the occasional chirp of a cricket, or the distant call of the Whip-poor-will, as silently the veil of darkness was enshrouding the land—the evening of an Indian summer.

Quietly through the wooded path-way, spotted now and then by silver moonbeams, strolled Kesaw and Tallahassa—Kesaw, a brave young warrior, son of a chief whose ancestors had ruled over the nations since the beginning of time; Tallahassa, the most beautiful of Indian maidens. They had gone but a little way when they heard a great noise. Tallahassa kept close to Kesaw, but he told her not to be afraid, as it could be nothing more than the drumming of a partridge, or some other bird flying through the woods.

They soon came to a little opening in the woods, and, looking up, Tallahassa exclaimed, "Oh, Kesaw, look!" He looked up, and behold all the stars were hanging on the trees and the moon sailing around keeping them in order. "Oh, I do wish I could have one of those," exclaimed Tallahassa, whereupon Kesaw immediately began to climb a tree to get one. Hardly had he reached the first limb when to his amazement all the stars in that tree jumped into another one. Tree after tree he tried with the same results, until at last all the stars were gently swinging to and fro on one

tree. Almost in despair he started up that tree when all the stars, singing a chorus of beautiful music, darted back to their old home in the sky.

The disappointed Kesaw came down the tree and found Tallahassa sobbing at the loss of the beautiful stars; but she soon dried her tears and they resumed their walk. In a short time they came to the river. Sitting down on the bank they watched the moonbeams play upon the rippling surface, while he told her stories of long ago. At last Tallahassa sobbed, "Oh, Kesaw, how I wish you could have got me one of those beautiful stars." "I will try again if you will but give me a pin with which to catch a flying fish," replied the untiring Kesaw.

Taking the pin that she had in her blanket, without a word, he started for the river, returning in a short time with a flying fish large enough for both to ride upon. "Get on, Tallahassa," he said and she quickly did so. He mounted behind her and at the same time commanded the fish to fly. Obeying his command it flew up, up, up, till at last they reached the stars. Kesaw now began to gather the brightest ones but they burned his fingers and he let them fall, while Tallahassa watched them streak across the sky.

Ever after, when a shooting star went streaming across the heavens, the old squaw told the little papoose that Kesaw, in his search for a cool star to please his little Tallahassa, had burned his fingers again.

Contoocook, N. H.



MOLLY'S PERIL

By Theodora Chase

In the old days, when tramps and automobiles were yet unknown, a family comprising a father, a mother and several daughters, lived in Sanford, Maine.

The father was a farmer, and each daughter did what she could toward her own support. The oldest daughter, pretty Molly, ardently desired work, as a certain visit to the city hinged on her earning money enough to buy an outfit for the trip.

Molly had helped the neighbors in busy seasons, her strength and capability making her much sought.

But for a long time, nobody had asked for her services. She sat on this particular morning at her flax wheel, frowning over her work.

Her wheel was near the open door, but so engrossed was she, that she heard no footsteps till a sharp rap sounded on the casing.

She rose and greeted the stranger with a curtesy. He bowed in return and asked, "Does Benjamin Frost live here?" Molly answered in the affirmative. "Are you his daughter Molly?" "Yes, sir," responded the girl. "Then it is you I came to see," rejoined the stranger.

"I live in York Village. I want some one to help my wife a few weeks. Your neighbors recommended you highly. Can I engage your services?"

Molly's heart leaped, for in anticipation, she saw herself in wonderful Boston already. Her mother was called, and terms quickly settled. After dinner, Molly's tiny bundle was placed in a saddlebag, and she and her guide set forth. In those innocent days no harm was thought of letting a young girl go away with a stranger, and Molly mounted to her pillion with a light heart. Soon Sanford lay behind them, and Molly was gazing around her with a girl's keen interest in new scenes.

They left the highway, and continued their journey through deep forests. Fragrant pines and hemlocks spread their branches above their heads, while moss and ferns rendered the horse's steps noiseless.

Sometimes they halted by a tiny spring for the horse to drink and little bright-eyed creatures of the wood scurried away at their approach.

The occasional clearings they passed through were gorgeous with golden-rod and purple and white asters, and old wood roads formed avenues of scarlet sumac in full bloom, making it seem as if a bit of tropical landscape had wandered into stern New England.

The shadows were growing long and the hermit thrush was singing his lonely note, when the stranger, who had scarcely spoken since they set out, said brusquely, "We'll rest here."

Molly was glad enough to dismount, being cramped and tired. She sat down on the cool pine needles to rest, noting idly that the stranger had not fastened his horse, but simply flung the reins over his back. To this piece of carelessness, Molly probably owed her life.

The man disappeared in the forest, and was gone so long that the girl was just wondering what had become of him, when she heard a tiny snap behind her and looked up. Her blood froze as she looked, for creeping towards her with the stealth of a tiger, was the stranger, a huge clasp knife open in his hand, and the light of insanity in his eyes. Molly sprang up and fled among the trees. In and out, around and around a huge beech she ran, turning this way and that to avoid her pursuer. Once he came so close she felt his hot breath on her cheek, but she gave a sudden leap, and got out of his reach again.

Molly was brave and resourceful. Contests with Nature made her keen

and quick. Her mind worked as she ran.

If she could reach the horse and mount, she would be safe. She could not keep up her race for life much longer, and if she tripped, farewell to the beautiful world she loved so well.

The thought of tripping gave her an idea. Suddenly she stooped and caught up a crooked branch from the ground. With a true aim she flung it between her pursuer's legs. He fell heavily. Quick as a flash, Molly darted to the horse, seized his bridle, and scrambled somehow to his back!

Looking behind, she saw the mad-man was on his feet again. She gave the horse a sharp blow, but at his master's "whoa!" he stopped. With

the rapidity of thought, Molly snatched a long pin from her dress and plunged it into his flank. The frightened creature bounded away, soon leaving the stranger far behind.

The girl soon soothed the horse, apologizing tearfully for her cruelty. "It was to save my life, poor fellow," she cried. "I'm sorry I hurt you so." As night was coming on, she trusted to the horse's instinct to take her back to her starting place, and she was not deceived, for at dawn, she found herself again at her father's door.

She fell into his arms exhausted, and told her story. The next day he said kindly, "You shall have your visit, daughter, but you'll go away with no more strange men."

A TRIBUTE TO MOSES GAGE SHIRLEY*

By Lena B. Ellingwood

The poet's song is hushed. Sad tears are falling,
For one revered has passed beyond our sight.
'Twas June, and morning birds were softly calling
When, upward, that brave spirit winged its flight.

"The Poet of the Uncanoonuc Mountains,"
He sang the songs of nature and of home,
Content, among New Hampshire's hills and fountains,
Nor ever cared from his loved state to roam.

In body frail, in intellect aspiring,
His quenchless spirit soared in fancy's realm.
His barque of poesy, undimmed, untiring,
He guided, standing staunchly at the helm.

All honor do our hearts accord thee, brother,
Beloved son of this, our Granite State,
And to the names we cherish, yet another
Is added, in the annals of our great.

* Moses Gage Shirley, well known as a poetical interpreter of rural life, born in Goffstown, May 15, 1865, died at his home in that town, June 13, 1916.

MEMORY

By George Wilson Jennings

"Memory is like moonlight, the reflections of rays emanating from an object no longer seen."

The greatest blessing to mankind is this splendid word and were it not for the reflections of time that has passed, the present would be dark and dismal at the best. When we go over our past lives almost invariably the events that are best predominate.

The lines of Moore fittingly expressed this sentiment when he said:

"Hope shall brighten days to come
And memory gild the past."

The writer inquired of a lifelong friend, who had long passed the "allotted" age, what she considered the happiest memories in her eventful life. This was her reply: "To me the best in life have been my memories of the seasons. When the Spring comes, and in the soft air the buds are breaking on the trees and they are covered with blossoms, I think, How beautiful is the Spring! And when the Summer comes, and covers the trees with the heavy foliage, and singing birds are among the branches, I think, How beautiful is the Summer. When the Autumn loads them with the golden fruit, and their leaves bear the tint of the frost, I think, How beautiful is Autumn! And when it is sear Winter, and there is neither foliage or fruit, then I look up through the leafless branches (as I never could until now) and gaze upon the vast dome of the heavens, and at this eventide of the year, and of my life; the stars never seemed so brilliant, and beautiful to me." This gifted person also said that all through her life these memories in her existence are like golden sheaves.

Ralph Waldo Emerson has said: "To fill the hour and leave no crevice for repentance or approval. Life itself is a mixture of power and form.

To finish the moment, to find the journey's end in every step of the road, to live the greatest number of good hours is wisdom."

On an old sundial at Durham, New Hampshire, is this inscription: "I mark only the hours that shine." This saying inculcates a lesson. It teaches us to remember the bright days of life, and not forget the blessings that are constantly showered on us. Life, it is true, is not all bright and beautiful; but still it has its lights as well as its shadows, and it is well not to dwell at too great an extent on the darker portion of the picture. But he who looks on the brighter side of life and makes the best of everything will, we think, other things being equal, have a happier memory in after life and be happier in every sense of the word.

The heart, also, has its memories that never die; the rough rubs of the world cannot obliterate them; they are the memories of home. There is magic in that sound. There still stands the old house, with its familiar surroundings! What a flood of memories come back to one in after years: the driveway with overarching trees; such flowers as the lilacs, hollyhocks, and sweet william bring back memories that cannot be effaced. The home we so well knew and fully realized that while we were there we had our parents' protection! Even the very schoolhouse, associated in youthful days with thought of tasks, now comes to bring pleasant memories of many occasions that call forth some generous exhibitions of noble traits of human nature. There are certain feelings of humanity, and those, too, among the best, that can find an appropriate place for their exercise only by one's fireside. There is the one place where confidence and affection abide.

"Take the bright shell
 From its home on the lea,
 And wherever it goes
 It will sing of the sea;
 So take the fond heart,
 'Twill sing of the lov'd,
 To the end of the earth."

Most of us have come to mature years and are exiles from the homes of our childhood. We may go back to find our parents growing old in the home we once knew so well; but we have cast our lot in other places and taken up the task of making homes. These sacred and beautiful memories of childhood are among the most precious possessions of life. We are like the state of Connecticut which has for its motto: "He who has brought us over will sustain." We have a right to coin our memories into anticipations, because they have to do with the purposes and help of the Great Architect of the Universe.

On the other hand there are memories that haunt us through all the

changes of our existence. Some early memories walk with us, step by step, through the paths of the green earth, cling to us through sickness and sorrow, and dwell with us in sunshine and shadow; perhaps giving tone and color to the circumstances by which we are surrounded, and, often, very often, thus influencing our actions in every stage of life.

"Memory is to us now, when we see 'darkly as through a glass' and know only in part, a faint semblance of what 'knowledge' will be to us hereafter."

To deprive us of memory would be to leave us dwelling in the darkness of this "prison of the flesh," with our lamps of consolation extinguished; for hope is our lamp and hope is the offspring of memory. Memory presents the facts to our minds; hope builds upon them. Thus we borrow from the past the light so that our pathway shall be illumined toward the future.

THE SUFFRAGE SEA

By Frances M. Abbott

Dame Partington sate in her easy chair,
 On the edge of the Suffrage sea;
 She said: "My home is all my care;
 Now wherefore troublest thou me?"

But the sea it rose and rose again.
 "Get out," said old Dame P.;
 "This is my home, my sacred home,
 Besides I'm a great An-tee!"

But the sea came on in a mighty swell;
 "I must get my mop," said she.
 The white-capped waves were topped with votes.
 "Go back and sit down 'way from me."

She plied her mop, but the votes came in;
 "Oh, where am I at?" cried she!
 The sea then spake, as it buried her deep,
 "Way back in the last century!"

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

REV. SAMUEL C. BEANE, D.D.

Rev. Samuel Collins Beane, D.D., born in Candia, N. H., December 19, 1835, died at Grafton, Mass., May 16, 1916.

Dr. Beane was the son of Joseph and Lydia Haynes (Collins) Beane. He received his preparatory education at the old Pembroke Gymnasium, and Phillips Andover Academy, and graduated from Dartmouth College in 1858, among his classmates being the late Hans Hulse J. Boardman of Boston and William H. Clifford of Portland—distinguished lawyers; Joseph W. Fellows of Manchester, and Rev. Samuel L. Gerould. He studied theology at the Harvard Divinity School, graduating in 1861, and was ordained pastor of the Unitarian Church at Chicopee, Mass., January 15, 1862. In January, 1865, he was settled over the East Unitarian Church in Salem, where he continued thirteen years, thence coming to the Unitarian Church in Concord where he continued in the pastorate from January, 1878, till June, 1885, when he resigned on account of ill health and became field agent for the American Unitarian Association. His health improving, he resumed preaching, serving as pastor of the Unitarian Church at Newburyport for seventeen years. Later he preached for a time in Lawrence, but removed to Grafton in 1909, where he served as pastor until September of last year when failing health compelled his retirement.

Dartmouth College conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity in 1894. He was a member of the N. H. Historical Society, the N. E. Historic-Genealogical Society, the Essex Institute and the Newburyport Historical Society. He was president of the John Beane Family Association, and had also been many years president of the Collins Family Association. He was a member of the I. O. O. F., and had been Grand Chaplain of the order in Massachusetts. While in Newburyport he served nine years as a member of the school board.

Dr. Beane had been twice married, and is survived by a daughter, Miss Elizabeth C. Beane and a son, Rev. Samuel C. Beane, Jr., pastor of the South Unitarian Church, of Worcester, Mass.

HON. JOHN W. WHEELER

Hon. John W. Wheeler, long the leading citizen of the town of Salem, and the oldest resident at the time of his decease, died there, May 22, 1916.

He was born in Salem, August 19, 1826, being, therefore, in his ninetieth year at the time of his death. His life work was that of a manufacturer, and he was for many years the proprietor of a large woolen mill at the village of North Salem. He was a Republican in politics, and had been prominent and active in public affairs, having served six terms in the House of Representatives, two in the State Senate and one in the Execu-

tive Council, the latter during the gubernatorial incumbency of Hon. Charles H. Bell. The late Benjamin W. Wheeler of Salem was his brother.

REV. LE ROY F. GRIFFIN

Rev. Le Roy F. Griffin, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Westwood, Mass., died at his home in that place, May 24, 1916.

Mr. Griffin was a native of Deerfield, N. H., born June 25, 1844, son of Nathan and Caroline (Freese) Griffin. He graduated from Phillips Exeter Academy, and from Brown University in the class of 1866, and engaged in teaching, being employed at Phillips Andover Academy, at Colby Academy, New London (1893 to 1899), and at Lake Forest University, Illinois. While at Lake Forest he was ordained in the University. Previous to his settlement in Westwood he had preached at North Easton, Mass. He wrote much for magazines and newspapers and was the author of Griffin's College Physics, Griffin's Lecture Notes in Chemistry, Peeps at Nature, and Uncle Prentice. He was proud of the fact that many of his pupils had attained prominence, naming among them editors, lawyers, teachers, foreign missionaries, and ministers. Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis, Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman and the late Rev. B. Faye Mills all spent years in his classroom. His survivors are a wife, Ruth (Fitts); a son, Dr. Nathan L. Griffin, New London; three daughters, the Misses Caroline S. and Lillian F. Griffin, New York City, and Mrs. Albert N. Dow, Exeter; seven grandchildren and one brother, Dudley N. Griffin, Beverly, Mass.

HON. EDWIN G. EASTMAN

Hon. Edwin Gamage Eastman, Attorney General of New Hampshire from 1892 to 1911, and a leader at the bar for more than thirty years, died at his home in Exeter, after a long illness, June 20, 1916.

General Eastman was a descendant of Roger Eastman, the first of the name in America, who settled in Salisbury, Mass., in 1638. He was the son of Rev. William H. and Pauline Sibley (Winter) Eastman, born in Grantham, N. H., November 22, 1847, and educated at Kimball Union Academy and Dartmouth College, graduating from the latter in the famous class of 1874, which contained a larger number of members who became eminent lawyers, than any other class in the history of the institution, and he ranked well with the best of them. He studied law with Hon. Alonzo P. Carpenter of Bath, and was admitted to the bar in 1876, in which year he also represented his native town in the New Hampshire legislature. In the fall of that year he went to Exeter, and commenced the practice of his profession in the office of the late Gen. Gilman Marston, with whom, two years later, he entered into partnership, the connection continuing till the death of General Marston, in 1900.



Edwin G. Eastman,

Afterwards he had as a partner, John Young, now Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, and for the past few years he was the senior partner in the firm of Eastman, Scammon & Gardner. For a time he was also associated with Henry F. Hollis of Concord, now U. S. Senator, with offices in both Concord and Exeter.

General Eastman was solicitor of Rockingham County from 1883 to 1888; was a member of the State Senate in 1889, and a prominent member of the Constitutional Convention of 1902. For several years past he had been attorney for the Boston & Maine Railroad. He was prominently connected with various corporate institutions in Exeter, and has long been regarded as the town's first citizen. An extended sketch of his career appeared in the *GRANITE MONTHLY*, for December, 1911.

GEORGE W. STEVENS

George Washington Stevens, long a prominent citizen of Claremont, but for some years past a resident of Concord, died at his home in the latter city, April 28, 1916.

Mr. Stevens was a native of Acworth, born November 10, 1843. While in Claremont, where he resided for thirty years, he was active in town affairs, and was a representative in the Legislature of 1905-6. He was especially interested in the work of the Methodist Episcopal Church in that town, serving eighteen years as Superintendent of the Sunday School, and as trustee for twenty-five years. He was also for a long time Treasurer of the Claremont Junction Union Camp Meeting Association.

He had been twice married, his second wife, who survives him, being Dr. Jane Elizabeth Hoyt-Stevens of Concord.

GEN. TRUE SANBORN

Brigadier General True Sanborn, the oldest member of the last Legislature, and a prominent Civil War veteran and National Guard officer, died at his home in Chichester, June 9, 1916.

He was born in Chichester, July 30, 1827, and enlisted for the Civil War September 14, 1861, and was discharged for disability on November 2, 1864, with the rank of captain. After the war he was identified for many years with the State militia, and honorably discharged May 15, 1894, with the rank of colonel. By act of the legislature of 1909 he was breveted brigadier general. He was a farmer, lumberman and surveyor. As the oldest member of the House of Representatives in 1915, he took an active part in its proceedings, serving as chairman of the committee on military affairs.

MARTIN B. PLUMMER

Martin B. Plummer, long prominent in New Hampshire Grand Army circles, died at his home in Laconia, May 16, 1916.

He was born in Meredith, October 11, 1844, son of Moses and Betsy (Smith) Plummer, and was educated in the schools of that town. In April, 1864, when nineteen years of age, he enlisted in the First N. H. Cavalry, for service in the Civil War. After the war he was for some time in the employ of the Cook Lumber Company, and the Laconia Car Company, but for twenty-three years past had served as Register of Deeds for Belknap County, also serving for many years as clerk of the Laconia Police Court.

In politics he was a Republican, but his interest, outside his official duty, lay principally in promoting the welfare of the Grand Army organization, of which he was Department Commander in 1915.

W. IRVING JENKINS

W. Irving Jenkins, a retired banker and collector of steel engravings, died at his home in Clinton, Mass., May 12. He was a native of Stoddard, N. H., born May 30, 1848, a son of Sampson and Mary Jenkins. He was the first clerk of the Clinton Savings Bank in 1865, and in 1868 became teller and was, later, cashier of the Greenfield National Bank. Going to Denver for the benefit of his health he there became cashier of the German National Bank, a position he held for fifteen years previous to returning to Clinton.

Mr. Jenkins was a director of the First National Bank, Clinton Hospital Association, Clinton Home for Aged People and Clinton Historical Society, and was treasurer of the Spanish War Veterans' Monument Fund. He had served the town as sinking fund commissioner and as library trustee. His collection of steel engravings, made during many years, and augmented during frequent trips to Europe, is considered one of the most valuable in the United States.

HON. OLIVER E. BRANCH

Hon. Oliver E. Branch, U. S. District Attorney for New Hampshire from 1894 to 1898, and one of the most eminent lawyers in New Hampshire, died suddenly, at his home in Manchester, on June 22, just two days after the decease of Hon. E. G. Eastman of Exeter, two of the leading lawyers of the state, of the same age, representing opposite political parties, thus passing away almost simultaneously.

Mr. Branch was born in Madison, Ohio, July 19, 1847, graduated from Hamilton College, New York, in 1873; was for a time engaged in teaching, subsequently studying law and graduating from the Columbia College Law School in 1877. He practiced for a time in New York, but removed to the town of Weare, in this State, in 1883, where he was for some time engaged in literary work. In 1889, he entered actively into law practice in Manchester, removing there from Weare in 1894. A Democrat in politics, he was nominated and elected by that party as

a representative from Weare, in the legislature of 1887, in the legislation of which session he was conspicuous; was reelected for 1889 and was the Democratic candidate for speaker. He had been for many years leading attorney of the Boston & Maine Railroad in New Hampshire. He was a close student, a logical and forceful speaker, and his occasional addresses were classical in diction and strength. His oration at the dedication of the Pierce statue, in Concord, in December, 1914, was a masterpiece in this line.

Mr. Branch married, October 17, 1878, Sarah M. Chase of Weare, who died October 6, 1906, leaving four children—Oliver Winslow, Associate Justice of the N. H. Superior Court, Dorothy W., wife of Hon. Robert Jackson of Concord; Frederick William, and Randolph Wellington, both also lawyers, the latter having been just admitted to the bar as his father passed away. An extended sketch of Mr. Branch appeared in the recent Manchester issue of the GRANITE MONTHLY.

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER'S NOTES

A picture of the "Millet Apple Tree," of which Mrs. Lydia A. Stevens, of Dover, wrote in an article in the June number of the GRANITE MONTHLY, from a photograph taken in the last days of the famous tree,



The Millet Apple Tree

had been made to be presented in connection with the article, but was inadvertently overlooked in the makeup and is here presented for the benefit of any who may have been interested in the article.

The annual summer outing of the New Hampshire Board of Trade is to be held, according to present plans, on Tuesday, July 25, at Canobie Lake Park, upon invitation of the Salem Board of Trade. While partisan politics is barred at all meetings of the Board, it has been customary to invite as guests at these outings in campaign years, the candidates of the leading parties for Governor and Members of Congress. Under the primary system, now in vogue, it is impossible to tell who these candidates will be; but there are quite a number of declared aspirants for

nomination already in the field, and it is safe to assume that several of them will be present on this occasion, and be heard from along non-partisan lines. Rosecrans W. Pillsbury of Londonderry and Henry W. Keyes of Haverhill are the candidates for the Republican nomination for Governor who have thus far announced. In the First Congressional District four men are already seeking the Republican nomination for Representative, viz: Cyrus A. Sulloway, the present incumbent; Rev. Thomas Chalmers, D.D., George I. Haselton, and Aime E. Boisvert, all of Manchester; while in the Second, Edward H. Wason, now serving, is the only man of his party seeking the nomination. On the Democratic side Albert W. Noone of Peterboro has declared his intention to be a candidate for the gubernatorial nomination, and John C. Hutchins of Stratford is also in the field. Thomas H. Madigan, Jr., of Manchester is the only First District Democrat yet to announce his candidacy for the Congressional nomination. In the Second District Raymond B. Stevens, Representative in 1913-15, and Charles J. French of Concord, are understood to be aspirants.

"Old Home Week" occurs this year August 19 to 26, and the indications are that this firmly established mid-summer festival will be as generally observed, in the State of its birth, this year, as at any time in the past. As is usually the case, some towns that have held observances in the past will omit the same this year, while others that have never before recognized the event are coming into line this year with appropriate celebrations. Among the latter is the thriving town of Littleton, which advertises an Old Home Week during the week just previous to that fixed by the State Association, it being the week when the Chatauqua is held in the town, and is making elaborate preparations for the occasion. Among towns celebrating anniversaries during Old Home Week, and combining the same with Old Home Day gatherings, are Stratham, which celebrates its 200th anniversary, and Croydon, which will observe the 150th anniversary of its settlement.



HON. HENRY W. KEYES

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HON. HENRY W. KEYES

By H. C. Pearson

For the past half century there has been constant complaint, and with just grounds, that rural New England was suffering from the loss of her best young men. The same condition exists today, and is a chief obstacle to that revival of New Hampshire and New England agriculture which is so much needed and so earnestly sought. The country boy of spirit, energy and ambition reads and hears of the merchant princes and captains of industry who have gone from farm homes to achieve wealth, power and honor in the broad field of business. The attractions and the opportunities of the great cities and the great west make an almost irresistible appeal to his imagination. He does not know, or he chooses not to think, of the hundreds of thousands whose emigration was not successful; who have exchanged the comfortable security and manly independence of the farm life for the cruel competition of the crowded centers of commerce, where the underpaid, the underfed, the treadmill slaves of routine are in so sad a majority.

In keeping the boy upon his home acres, in enlisting the support of his youthful strength and sympathy for the upbuilding of his home community and state, it may be of assistance to point out to him prominent instances of men who have chosen deliberately country life in preference to city life, when the best opportunities of both were open to them, and who never have regretted their action.

Such a man is Henry Wilder Keyes of Pine Grove Farm, North Haverhill, New Hampshire.

Of inherited wealth and university training, with individual ability and ambition, his ties of family and friendship were such as to open invitingly before him avenues of metropolitan success in either business or professional life. But he chose, instead, to make his home upon the farm his father had founded in the fertile valley of the Connecticut river; and there he has been well content to live the simple, honorable, useful life of an intelligent, enterprising, up-to-date agriculturist and stock-breeder; serving well his town and state upon their official call; and assisting in the direction of important business enterprises.

If the occasion comes, as very probably it will, for Mr. Keyes to call upon the boys and young men of New Hampshire to stand by their state and to give their enthusiasm and energy for its progress and prosperity, his record will say for him that he has practiced what he preaches.

The genealogist tells us that the Keyes family in New England traces back to Solomon Keis, who married Frances Grant in Newbury, Massachusetts, October 2, 1653. A third Solomon Keyes, in direct descent, was one of the five survivors of the famous expedition of Captain Lovewell's company to Pequawket, Maine, and was killed at Lake George in the French and Indian War, September 8, 1755. His son, Colonel Danforth Keyes, the first white child born in the town of Warren, Mass., the date being July 6, 1740, served through the War of the Revolution and was a personal friend of General and President George Washington. At



Pine Grove Farm Buildings, Haverhill, N. H.

the close of the war the town of Hardwick, Vt., was granted to him and his associates.

His son, Thomas Keyes, prior to 1800, migrated from Massachusetts to Vermont, where his son, the elder Henry Keyes, was born January 3, 1810, in the town of Vershire, removing, before his majority, to Newbury, just across the Connecticut river from Haverhill. This Henry Keyes was one of the men who laid the foundations of the business prosperity of the comparatively young state of Vermont. He was a farmer, merchant and railroad builder, president of the Connecticut and Passumpsic Rivers Railroad and at one time of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Railroad. A Democrat in politics, he was three times the candidate of his party for governor of Vermont. His estate of 1,500 acres on both sides of the Connecticut river at Newbury and Haverhill he made one of the model farms of his time, equipping it with all improvements and engaging on a large scale in the breeding of fine stock, Durham cattle and Merino sheep, particularly.

He died September 24, 1870, leaving a wife who was Miss Emma F. Pierce, and five young children, three sons and two daughters.

The eldest of these sons was Henry Wilder Keyes, born in Newbury, Vt., May 23, 1863. He was educated in the Boston public schools, at Adams Academy and at Harvard College, from which institution he graduated with the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1887. While he was a good student and maintained a creditable scholastic rank at academy and college, Mr. Keyes was prominent, also, in the various other activities of school life, particularly in athletics. While at the academy he established an interscholastic record for that time of five feet, ten and one-half inches, in the running high jump. At Harvard he was a quarter mile runner and a member of the football squad, but gave most of his attention to rowing.

During the entire four years of his college course he was one of the 'varsity crew and in his senior year he had the honor and satisfaction of being the captain of a crew which once won a splendid victory over Yale.

At graduation Mr. Keyes was elected first marshal of the senior class for Commencement Week, the highest evidence of popularity and leadership which can be given at Harvard. He was a member of the Dickey and A. D. clubs and one of the best known and best liked men of his day at Cambridge.

Even before the completion of his college course Mr. Keyes had assumed many of the cares of the management of the family estate at Newbury and Haverhill and in its upkeep and development he was very much interested. Pine Grove Farm, proper, at North Haverhill, was owned originally by Moses Dow, a distinguished citizen and one of the first lawyers of Grafton county, who settled there before the Revolutionary War and made it a center of political and business influence for the surrounding country. Historic interest is thus added to its beauties of picturesque location and prosperous maintenance.

Immediately following his graduation, Mr. Keyes made an extended European tour during which he visited Friesland, the home of the Holstein cattle, and there made personal selection of stock for Pine Grove Farm; being thus one of the first, if not the first, to make direct, personal importation of this stock to America.

In the almost thirty years that have elapsed since his graduation from Harvard Mr. Keyes has made his home continuously at North Haverhill, and while business and politics have made extensive demands upon his time, his first care always has been for the management of his farm and its coöperative connection with the interests of its community.

He has bred with marked success Holstein and Jersey cattle, French coach horses, Shropshire sheep and

Yorkshire swine. The fertility of his acres has been maintained, their cultivation has been conducted in accordance with the new ideas and modern discoveries in agriculture and he has come very near achieving to the full his worthy ambition of making Pine Grove a model farm in all that title might imply.

It has been his constant desire, also, to have his farm contribute in every possible way to the general prosperity of its community and in such enterprises as the establishment of the successful creamery at North Haverhill he has been a leader.



Residence of Hon. H. W. Keyes

It was inevitable that a man with Mr. Keyes's qualifications for public service should be called upon by his fellows to exercise them, and in 1891 and again in 1893 he was elected a member of the house of representatives from the town of Haverhill, serving at each session on the committee on education, and by such service qualifying for the appointment which he received as a member of the board of trustees of the New Hampshire College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts at Durham for the term, 1893-1896, covering the critical period of the institution's transfer from Hanover to its new location.

In 1915 Mr. Keyes was again a member of the house of representatives and served upon the important committee on appropriations. In 1894 he was a candidate for the state senate and received more votes at the polls than did his principal opponent; but under the constitutional provision then requiring a majority of all the votes cast, the election was thrown into the legislature, where Mr. Keyes was defeated. In 1902, however, again contesting the election to the state senate for the second district, he received 2,291 votes to 1,554 for the veteran Samuel B. Page. In that senate, which was one of notable

ganized the commission to which Governor Felker made new appointments. This work was undone promptly by the Republicans when they resumed the reins of power at the session of 1915 and Mr. Keyes was as promptly restored to his place upon the board, this time becoming its chairman. This office he resigned on the day when he filed his declaration of candidacy for the Republican nomination for governor of the State of New Hampshire.

The license or excise commission has a most important and difficult duty to perform in its administration of the liquor laws of the state. It



Holstein Cattle, Pine Grove Farm

ability, Mr. Keyes served as chairman of the committees on railroads and forestry and as a member of other committees on military affairs, banks, incorporations and roads, bridges and canals.

It was the legislature of 1903 which passed the New Hampshire local option liquor law and established a license commission to take charge of the administration of the new statute. The degree of confidence in the ability and integrity of Senator Keyes was shown in his appointment by Governor Nahum J. Bachelder as an original member of this important commission. His service in this capacity was made continuous by successive re-appointments until 1913, when a Democratic legislature reor-

ganized the commission to which Governor Felker made new appointments. This work was undone promptly by the Republicans when they resumed the reins of power at the session of 1915 and Mr. Keyes was as promptly restored to his place upon the board, this time becoming its chairman. This office he resigned on the day when he filed his declaration of candidacy for the Republican nomination for governor of the State of New Hampshire.

The license or excise commission has a most important and difficult duty to perform in its administration of the liquor laws of the state. It must deal with equal justice with those communities which wish, and with those which do not wish, to have liquor sold in their midst. It must impose reasonable and salutary restrictions upon its licensees and must see that those restrictions are complied with to the letter. The unusual powers vested in it by the statute it must exercise with consideration for the legal rights of its licensees and yet with constant regard for the protection and preservation of law and order.

To say, with truth, that in his more than a decade of service upon the commission Mr. Keyes has so performed his duties as to meet the approbation both of those who oppose the sale of liquor and of those who

are engaged in it as a business, is to pay a high compliment to his common sense, good judgment and determination to fulfill to the best of his ability his oath of office.

It is probable, however, that the public service in which Mr. Keyes takes the most pleasure is that which he has rendered to his home town of Haverhill as chairman of its board of selectmen. First elected to the board in 1894, he has had sixteen reelections and during much of the time he has been at the head of the board.

Says a prominent fellow-townsmen: "Haverhill owes Mr. Keyes a

Mass., of which his brothers are the other executive officers. Upon becoming a candidate for the gubernatorial nomination this summer, and in view of the possibility that railroad legislation may be needed in 1917, Mr. Keyes withdrew from official connection with the railroad corporation of which he was the head.

Mr. Keyes is a Mason and a Patron of Husbandry and by religious affiliation a Protestant Episcopalian.

He married at Newbury, Vt., June 8, 1904, Frances P., daughter of John H. and Louise (Johnson) Wheeler, and they have three children: Henry



Pine Grove Farm From a Distance

great debt for his most valuable and efficient service in town affairs. His executive ability is universally recognized and he enjoys the unlimited confidence of his fellow citizens without distinction of party. He is eminently public-spirited."

Outside of his farm management and his public service, Mr. Keyes has various and important business connections. He has been a director and president of the Passumpsic and Connecticut Rivers Railroad corporation; a director of the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company; president of the Woodsville National Bank; and vice-president of the Nashua River Paper Company of Pepperell,

Wilder Keyes, Jr., born March 22, 1905, John Parkinson Keyes, born March 26, 1907, and Francis Keyes, born December 4, 1912.

Mr. Keyes always has been fond of out door life, for play as well as for work, and was one of the founders of the famous Parmachenee Club in Maine. He retains a lively interest in the sports of his college days and seldom misses an important athletic event in which the crimson of Harvard is arrayed against the blue of Yale.

His manner is characterized by a quiet, unobtrusive kindliness that wins the instant good will of those with whom he comes in contact, but which does not reveal the inherent



Woodland View, Pine Grove Farm

strength of his mental and moral make-up. That is shown when he turns to walk away and his square, broad shoulders, reminders of his athletic past, strike the eye.

Travelers through Haverhill, especially passengers on the White Mountains Division trains of the Boston & Maine Railroad, get a beautiful middle-distance view of Pine Grove Farm. So attractive is the vista, the handsome farm buildings in their picturesque setting, and the fine cattle grazing in the rich fields, that many a stranger is impelled to ask of a fellow traveler or of the brakeman or conductor, "Whose place is that"?

The invariable answer has been, "That's Harry Keyes's farm," for Mr. Keyes is "Harry" to the whole North Country.

But his friends hope and expect that after January 4, 1917, the new reply will be given, "That's the home of the governor of New Hampshire."

TWILIGHT IN THE COUNTRY

By Lucy H. Heath

How dear to the heart is the hour
 When all is hushed and still;
 The crickets chirp, the shadows grow;
 There is a note which we all know—
 The note of the whippoorwill.
 Whippoorwill! Whippoorwill!

Up, above us, the night hawk soars;
 His note is both loud and shrill;
 The chickens peep with drowsy tone;
 Again that note sounds sad and lone—
 The note of the whippoorwill.
 Whippoorwill! Whippoorwill!

CROYDON, IN THE MOUNTAINS

Settled 150 Years Ago, the Little Town Now Celebrates the Event

By H. H. Metcalf



Croydon Mountain, From the Newport Meadows

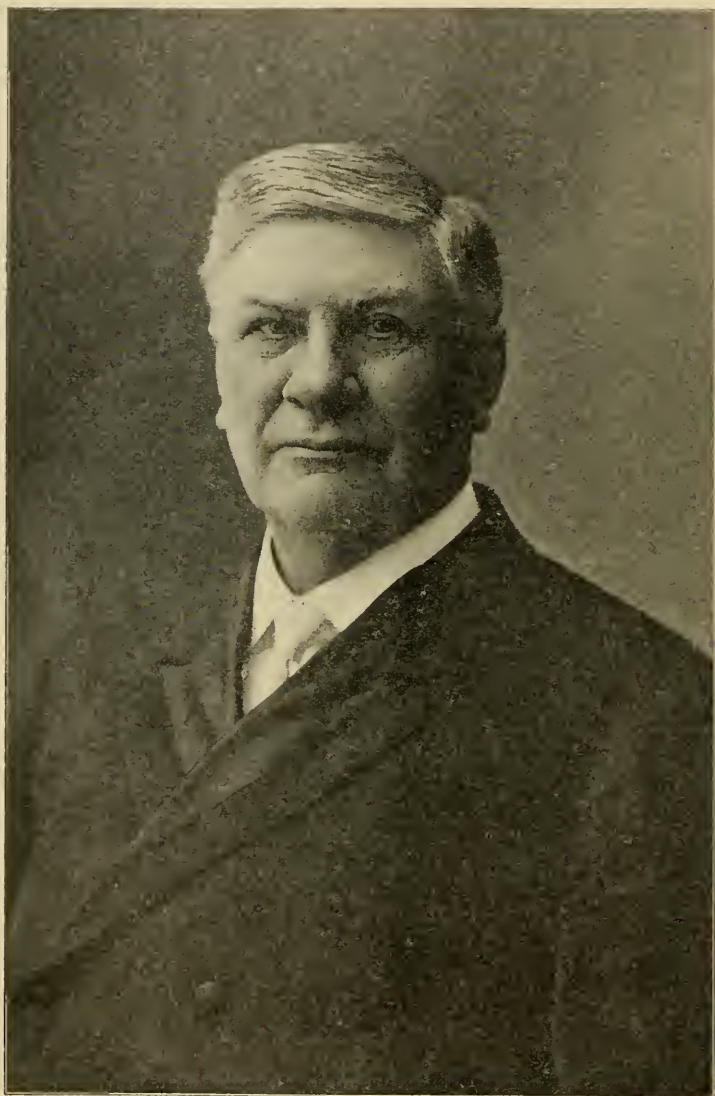
The town of Croydon, today the least populous of all Sullivan County towns, with a single exception, having but 324 people within its borders at the last census, and probably even a less number at the present time, although numbering a thousand inhabitants a century ago, celebrates the One Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of its settlement on Thursday, the 24th day of the present month.

Croydon was chartered by Governor Benning Wentworth, in the name of King George III, May 31, 1763, the town being granted to Samuel Chase and sixty-four others. As specified in the charter, the town as originally laid out contained 23,040 acres, equivalent to a territory six miles square, though not laid out in that form, no two sides being the same in extent. This territory, it may be remarked, was subsequently reduced by the annexation of a strip of land, half a mile wide, on the north side, to the town of Grantham in 1808, and another tract from the northwest corner, in 1809, to the town of Cornish.

The customary reservations, of one share for the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, one for a glebe for the Church

of England, one for the First Settled Minister of the Gospel, and one for a school in the town, and a tract of 500 acres for His Excellency the Governor, were made in the charter, the governor's plot being located in the southwest corner of the town. Provision was made for the payment of the rent of one ear of Indian corn annually, on the 25th day of December, for the space of ten years; and by each proprietor, settler or inhabitant, of one shilling, proclamation money, annually, forever. It was also stipulated that each grantee, his heirs or assigns, should plant and cultivate five acres of land, within the term of five years, for every fifty acres contained in his holding, and continue to improve and settle the same by additional cultivations, on penalty of forfeiture.

It was not until three years after the charter was granted that any movement toward the settlement of the town was made, though the proprietors, who were largely residents of Worcester County, Mass., held a meeting in the town of Grafton in that county and effected an organization, June 17, 1763. As in case of most other towns granted about this time, comparatively few of the gran-



HON. WILBUR H. POWERS

Orator of the Day at Croydon's One Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary



Spectacle Pond, Croydon, N. H.

tees ever settled in the town, or ever even saw the land assigned them, disposing of their rights to others. In the spring of 1766, it is recorded that several men from Grafton, Mass., among whom were Moses Whipple, Seth Chase, David Warren and Ezekiel Powers, the two former being among the grantees, came to Croydon, to spy out the land, and make some preparations for a settlement, one Ebenezer Waters accompanying them as a surveyor.

Just what impression the first view of the country, where their future

homes were to be, made upon the minds of these men, history has not recorded; nor has the fact been handed down in story or legend. It is improbable that they indulged in any mental rhapsodies over the scenic beauty spread out before them—beauty unsurpassed anywhere in this grand old state, noted throughout the land as the "Switzerland of America," whose marvellous attractions have inspired the poet's pen and the painter's brush for many a year. These were hard-headed, strong-hearted, practical men of their day and gene-

HON. WILBUR HOWARD POWERS, orator of the day at the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary celebration of the settlement of the town of Croydon, August 24, 1916, was most happily chosen for such important service. A native of the town, direct descendant of one of the original settlers, representative of a family conspicuous in Croydon's history from the start, and the most distinguished native member of the legal profession now living, he is preëminently qualified to speak in this capacity.

Mr. Powers was born in Croydon, January 22, 1849, son of Elias and Emeline (White) Powers. The name Powers, was originally La Poer, and the first of the name of whom there is definite knowledge, came over from Normandy with William the Conqueror, was one of his generals in the battle of Hastings, and his name appears on the roll of Battle Abbey. The name anglicized has been spelled Poer, Powre, Poore and Power. Walter Power, the first of the name in this country, came here from England in 1654, and settled in what is now Littleton, Mass. His sons added the "s" to the family name.

Ezekiel Powers, great grandfather of Wilbur H., was one of the first settlers of Croydon, was its largest landowner, and wealthiest man, and was a magistrate of the town under King George III. He was a powerful man, physically and mentally, and of great inventive genius. He constructed the first sidehill plow, loop sled, and sap pan, for making maple sugar. His son, Major Abijah Powers, grandfather of Wilbur, was prominent in town affairs, several years chairman of the board of selectmen, three times representative, and an officer in the War of 1812. Elias Powers, father of Wilbur, was a farmer and surveyor, born May 1, 1808, and died January 29, 1891. He was noted for his sound judgment and absolute reliability. He served long as a justice of the peace and quorum, and was a member of the board of County Commissioners.

It has been written that "the Powerses were distinguished for their giant forms, great physical strength and vigorous intellects," and the subject of this sketch may be fairly regarded as a worthy representative of the race, though it is fair to remark that he owes not a little to his maternal as well as paternal ancestry. His mother was the daughter of Capt. James White, of



Town House and Church, Croydon, N. H.

ration—men whose business and mission it was to clear away the forest, subdue the soil and lay the foundations of that later civilization, wherein culture and education should develop a taste for beauty in nature as well as art. They had neither time nor inclination to indulge the esthetic spirit, if they possessed it even in rudimentary form. They found heavy forests and a rough and rugged soil, rock-bound, but by no means

sterile, giving promise of fair return for patient and persevering toil; and they returned encouraged, after spending several weeks in laying out lots, erecting cabins, and making other preparations for a settlement.

Soon after the return of the party to Grafton, Seth Chase, with his wife and a child, set out, with their belongings, to establish their home in the new settlement, making the journey of 110 miles by horseback, and

Newport, and Tirzah, daughter of Capt. Joseph Taylor. Elder John White, who came from England in 1632, with members of the parish of Rev. Thomas Hooker, and settled in Cambridge (then Newtown) was Mr. Powers' first ancestor on his mother's side. Widener Hall, the Harvard Library, is built on a part of what was his home lot. He served on the first board of selectmen of Cambridge. Later he removed to Hartford, Conn., where he was one of the founders of the town. He served several times on the board of selectmen, and was a recognized leader in civic affairs. In 1659 he removed to Hadley, Mass., and aided in founding that town, serving as selectman several times, and as a representative in the General Court. In 1670, however, he returned to Hartford, at the call of the church to take the responsible position of elder. His son Nathaniel, next in the line, enjoyed the distinction of being elected eighty-five times to the Connecticut legislature from Middletown, serving continuously 50 years, representatives being chosen twice a year for a part of that period. Captain Joseph Taylor, one of Mr. Powers' maternal great-grandfathers, served in all the Indian and Colonial Wars, and was an aide-de-camp to General Stark in the Revolution.

Ambitious to obtain a liberal education, though promised but a single term at an academy as a final outfit, he succeeded in persuading his parents to allow him to complete the course at Kimball Union Academy; but he sought no further favor in this direction at their hands, preferring to rely upon his own efforts. Finding a friend in the late Ruel Durkee, he borrowed from him what was required for the expenses of a college course in addition to what he was able to earn, and graduated from Dartmouth in the class of 1875, with the degree of A.B. receiving that of A.M. in 1880. Pursuing the study of law he graduated LL.B. from Boston University Law School in 1878, and, January 22, following, commenced practice at 13 Pemberton Square, Boston, from which day to the present he has been engaged in an active and constantly growing practice, besides devoting much attention to political, educational and social life, while keeping fully abreast with the progress of the times through the reading habit, which he acquired in



Street View in Croydon

arriving, it is said, about June 10, and being the first white family settled in the town. Two weeks later Moses Whipple and David Warren also arrived with their families. Mr. Chase's cabin is said to have been located about half a mile southwest from Spectacle Pond; while Whipple and Warren located near the center of the town, about half a mile apart. Some corn was planted, a nursery started and a sawmill built the first

year. Moses Leland and Ezekiel Powers, with their families, joined the settlement the next year, and several young men are said to have come and worked through the season, some of them remaining through the winter.

March 8, 1768, they held the first town meeting. This seems to have been an occasion when there were offices enough to "go around," and more. Moses Whipple was chosen moderator, town clerk and selectman.

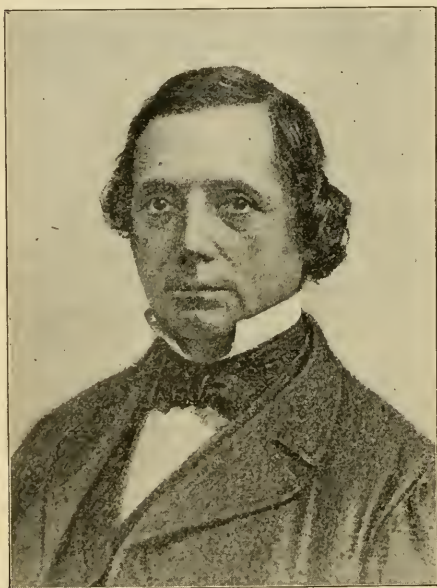
marked degree even in early childhood, and also indulging in various forms of recreation essential to the maintenance of bodily and mental vigor.

He has been counsel for the towns of Hyde Park, Cottage City and Wareham, for the Old Colony and New Haven Railroads, the Golden Cross Society, and Balch Bros. Company; receiver for the Guardian Endowment Society, and executor and trustee of many large estates. He represented the town of Hyde Park in the Massachusetts legislature three successive years—1890–91–92—and during his service had charge of many important measures, and probably drafted more bills for other members than all the rest of the house together. He was the acknowledged leader on the Republican side during the latter part of his service. He was a member of the Republican State Committee in 1893–4, and a presidential elector in 1896, casting his vote for William McKinley. He was a member of the first board of park commissioners for Hyde Park, 1893–1900, and a member of the school committee from 1899 to 1909, when he removed from the town.

Mr. Powers has been an active member of the United Order of the Golden Cross, Masons, Royal Arcanum, Delta Kappa Epsilon, Sons of the American Revolution, Fraternal Congress of America, Boston City Club, Colonial Club of Cambridge, Waverly Club of Hyde Park, Point Independence Yacht Club, Dartmouth Alumni Association, Alumni Association Boston University School of Law, Kimball Union Academy Alumni Association, and the Republican Club of Massachusetts. He has held official positions as chairman of the committee on laws for the Golden Cross from 1885 to 1895, and counsel since 1885; president of the Waverly Club for many years; president Boston University Alumni Association, Kimball Union Academy Alumni Association, and president of the National Fraternal Congress in America in 1913.

May 1, 1880, he married Emily Owen, who died in 1912, leaving two children, Walter Powers, who is now his father's partner in legal practice, and Myra, who died March 4, 1916. May 17, 1916, he married Lottie I. Kochler, née Mills, and now resides in Brookline. His office is now, and has been for many years, in the Rogers Building, 209 Washington St., Boston.

Moses Leland was made first selectman, and David Warren third, Seth Chase and Ezekiel Powers seem to have been obsessed with modesty, and took no office at all; Moses Whipple had no hesitation of the sort, and, in addition to the three offices which he had already taken, when it came to the choice of a tithing-man was given and accepted that position also. Moses Whipple, in fact, was at the start, and for a long series of years, the leading man in the town. It is said of him that he was elected



Hon. William P. Wheeler

to more offices of trust and profit than any other man who ever belonged in Croydon. He served as selectman fourteen years—the first ten years consecutively—was for ten years town clerk, represented the town in the Provincial Congress and in the legislature, was chairman of the town Committee of Safety through the Revolutionary period, was made a justice of the peace and captain of the town militia before the Revolution, holding the office for many years. Better than his record of honorable office-holding, is the fact recorded by his

biographer, that "His door was ever open to receive the needy immigrant, and he parted with a large estate, in acts of disinterested kindness and generosity to those around him."

Several more families arrived in town in 1768, and in that year the town was re-chartered, on account of the inability of the proprietors and settlers to fulfill the conditions of the first charter, under the unfavorable conditions with which they had met. Although there were great hardships to be encountered, and many privations endured, provisions having to be brought at times over the mountain from Cornish, many miles through deep snows, with marked trees only to trace the way, the settlement continued to grow, till, in 1775, at the outbreak of the Revolution, there were 143 inhabitants in town. Not a few of these were children born in the settlement, of whom the first was Catharine, daughter of Moses Whipple, born May 13, 1767, and the second, Joshua, son of Seth Chase, born October 29 the same year. Here may be noted the most distressing incident in the early history of the town—the loss of Caleb, the six-year-old son of Mr. Chase, who had been brought to town as an infant, and who strayed off in the forest, one day in the spring of 1771, while attempting to make his way to the house from the place where maple sugar was being made, and was never found, though the most diligent and protracted search was made.

The men of Croydon were prompt to respond to the country's call at the outbreak of the Revolution, the news of the battle of Lexington spurring them to action. Two men, Ebenezer Leland and Abner Brigham, went from the town at once, to join the patriot forces near Boston, and a dozen or more were immediately enrolled as "minute men" ready for service at any call. Nine Croydon men were in the company of Capt. Solomon Chase of Cornish which marched to Ticonderoga in 1777, and

eight were with General Stark in the expedition which terminated in the victory at Bennington. Shortly after, Captain Whipple, with a company composed of Croydon and Cornish soldiers, responded to the call for men to aid in checking Burgoyne's progress, and were in the service until after the surrender of the British commander and his forces. By liberal bounties and otherwise, the town met all calls for service, and had its full quota of men in the army throughout the war.

Mr. John Cooper, in his historical

Eleazer Leland, Rufus King, Rufus Kempton, Phineas Newton, Stephen Powers, Urias Powers, David Powers, Samuel Powers, Caleb Putnam, David Putnam, Benjamin Sherman, Ezekiel Rooks, Daniel Rooks, Phineas Sanger, John Sanger, Isaac Sanger, Robert Spencer, David Stockwell, Benjamin Swinnerton, Benjamin Thompson, Gershom Ward, Aaron Warren, Moses Warren, Aaron Whipple, Isaac Whipple, Moses Whipple, Thomas Whipple, Samuel Whipple, Nathaniel Wheeler, Seth Wheeler, Isaac Woolson.



School House, Croydon, N. H.

sketch, published in 1852, from which all subsequent writers have gleaned most of their material, gives the names of fifty-five Croydon men who were enrolled in the service, at one time and another during the Revolution. They were: Bazaleel Barton, Benjamin Barton, Abner Brigham, Cornel Chase, John Cooper, John Cooper, Jr., Sherman Cooper, Ezra Cooper, Benjamin Cutting, Jonas Cutting, John Druce, Amos Dwinnell, Enoch Emerson, Daniel Emerson, Timothy Fisher, Edward Hall, Edward Hall, Jr., Amos Hager, Bazaleel Gleason, James Howe, Abijah Hall, Jacob Hall, James Hall, Joseph Hall, Samuel R. Hall,

As stated in Mr. Cooper's sketch, quite a number of other men who served in the Revolution, settled in Croydon after the war, but at the time of his writing, all these had passed away, along with those enlisting from the town, and not a Revolutionary survivor remained. The patriotic spirit of the people of Croydon has ever been maintained. A dozen men of the town were in the service in the War of 1812, and nearly one hundred natives and residents responded to the Country's call in the Civil War.

The population of the town increased rapidly after the Revolution, so that when the first federal census

was taken, in 1790, there were 536 inhabitants, in ninety-four families, the heads of which families were given as follows:

Moses Bardeen, William Bowen, Simon Burdon, Bazaleel Barton, Benjamin Barton, Timothy Claffin, Nathaniel Clark, Richard Coit, Barnabas Cooper, Ezra Cooper, Joel Cooper, John Cooper, John Cooper, Jr., Samuel Cooper, Sherman Cooper, Moses Cummings, Benjamin Cutting, Francis Cutting, John Cutting, Mary Cutting, Hercules Darling, Solomon



Rev. Baron Stow, D.D.

Davis, Amos Dwinell, Archelus Dwinell, Timothy Eggleston, James Elliot, John Elliot, Thaddeus Elliot, William Glidden, Thomas Gordon, Jesse Green, Amos Hagar, Abijah Hall, Edward Hall, Edward Hall, Jr., Emerson Hall, Ezekiel Hall, Ezra Hall, John Hall, Samuel R. Hall, James Hill, Mary Howe, John Hudson, John Humphrey, Ephraim Kempton, Jeremiah Kempton, Rufus Kempton, Jacob Leland, Samuel Marsh, Ebenezer Melendy, John Melendy, Abel Metcalf, Obed Metcalf, Samuel Metcalf, Moses Nel-

son, Phineas Newton, John Noyes, Henshaw Parker, Simeon Partridge, Matthew Porter, Benjamin Powers, David Powers, Ezekiel Powers, John Powers, Lemuel Powers, Samuel Powers, Stephen Powers, Uriah Powers, Caleb Putnam, David Putnam, Abner Record, John Reed, Moses Reed, Ezekiel Rokes, Phineas Sanger, William Shurtleff, Caleb Smart, Lucy Sparhawk, David Stockwell, Uriah Stone, Jonah Stow, Moses Walker, Gershom Ward, Nathaniel Wheeler, Seth Wheeler, Aaron Whipple, Moses Whipple, Moses Whipple, Jr., Thomas Whipple, Constant White, William Williams, Ebenezer Winter, Jeremiah Woodcock.

It will be noted that two women's names are given in this list of heads of families. The first of these, Mary Howe, was the widow of James Howe, who had served in the army, and who died in September, 1777, leaving a widow and three young children. As showing the difficulties in the way of settling estates in the early days, before the development of the present probate system, reference may be had to a petition, in the state archives at Concord, from this widow, addressed to the "Honorable Council and House of Representatives of the State of New Hampshire, in General Court assembled," setting forth that her husband died seized of a homestead farm of 150 acres, with a small dwelling, and about thirty acres of improved land, and asking permission to sell the same for the benefit of the heirs.

It was not until the year 1800 that Croydon enjoyed the privilege of electing, for itself, a representative in the General Court. Previous to that time it had been classed with other towns for the choice of a representative. In 1776, classed with Newport, Unity, Acworth, Lempster and Saville (now Sunapee), it was represented by Benjamin Giles of Newport, long a leading man in provincial and state affairs, who also represented the same towns in 1777, 1778, and 1779, Charles Huntoon of Unity

being associated with him in the latter year. Subsequently the district was divided, and Croydon and Saville together elected a representative, a Croydon man—Benjamin Barton—having been elected in 1795 and another, Edward Hall, Jr., in 1797. From 1800 on Croydon enjoyed the privilege of separate representation. The succession of representatives from that time to the present being as follows:

Samuel Powers	1801
Samuel Powers	1802
Benjamin Barton	1803

Amasa Hale	1825
Carlton Barton	1826
Briant Brown	1827
Briant Brown	1828
Zina Goldthwaite	1829
Carlton Barton	1830
Paul Jacobs	1831
Hiram Smart	1832
Zina Goldthwaite	1833
Samuel Morse	1834
Paul Jacobs	1835
Alexander Barton	1836
Alexander Barton	1837
Joseph Eastman	1838
Joseph Eastman	1839
John Putnam	1840
Calvin Hall	1841
None	1842
Alexander Barton	1843



Old Ruel Durkee House, Home of "Jethro Bass"

Samuel Powers	1804
Samuel Powers	1805
Samuel Powers	1806
Samuel Powers	1807
Samuel Powers	1808
Peter Stow	1809
James Breck	1810
James Breck	1811
Samuel Goldthwaite	1812
James Breck	1813
James Breck	1814
Obed Metcalf	1815
Nathaniel Wheeler, Jr.	1816
Stephen Eastman	1817
Stephen Eastman	1818
Stephen Eastman	1819
Abijah Powers	1820
Abijah Powers	1821
Obed Metcalf	1822
Abijah Powers	1823
Amasa Hale	1824

Lemuel P. Cooper	1844
Lemuel P. Cooper	1845
Ruel Durkee	1846
Ruel Durkee	1847
Lester Blanchard	1848
Lester Blanchard	1849
None	1850
Pliny Hall	1851
Pliny Hall	1852
Alfred Ward	1853
Alfred Ward	1854
Freeman Crosby	1855
William M. Whipple	1856
Martin A. Barton	1857
Freeman Crosby	1858
None	1859
None	1860
Paine Durkee	1861
Daniel R. Hall	1862
Daniel R. Hall	1863
Dennison Humphrey	1864

Dennison Humphrey	1865
Worthen Hall	1866
Worthen Hall	1867
Albina Hall	1868
Albina Hall	1869
Erasmus D. Comings	1870
Erasmus D. Comings	1871
Otis Cooper	1872
Otis Cooper	1873
Nathaniel P. Stevens	1874
Nathaniel P. Stevens	1875
John Blanchard	1876
John Blanchard	1877
George W. Dunbar	1878
George W. Dunbar	1879

After 1879 the legislature met biennially and biennial elections were held. Since then Croydon has had the following representatives:

Hubbard Cooper	1881
Daniel Ide	1883
Sylvester G. Walker	1885
Charles H. Forehand	1887
George W. Stockwell	1889
DeWalt C. Barton	1891
Ruel D. Loverin	1893
James W. Davis	1895
Alonzo Allen	1897
None	1899
Steven W. Gilman	1901
None	1903
Hilliard R. Sanborn	1905
None	1907
Ernest L. Cutting	1909
Waldo R. Howard	1911
William H. Kemp	1913

One Croydon man, only, so far as can be ascertained, was ever chosen to the state senate—Lemuel P. Cooper in 1862 and 1863. None ever held a seat in the executive council or occupied the governor's chair—though one Croydon man (Ruel Durkee) has been credited with having as much to do in making governors, councilors, and congressmen, even, as well as in shaping legislation and manipulating party machinery generally, as any other in the state, in any period of its history. One native of the town—Gershom Powers—whose father, John Powers, had removed to Vermont, became a lawyer and judge at Cayuga, N. Y., was later superintendent of the Auburn penitentiary and in 1829 was chosen a member of Congress, serving four years. One other native of the town, Levi W. Barton, might have been a congressman, but for the

plethora of candidates for the office, in his party, in Sullivan County; and another, William P. Wheeler, was the Democratic nominee for the office in 1855 and 1857.

The interests of education received early attention in Croydon, and were never neglected, so far as instruction in the elementary principles is concerned, though no academy or high school was every maintained in town. In the early days of the settlement the children were called together at the home of Moses Whipple, where his wife, formerly Catharine Forbush, a most intelligent woman, gave them instruction in the rudiments, and continued to do so without compensation. In 1770, the town voted to establish a school, and voted eighteen dollars to pay an instructor. In 1772 eight pounds were raised, and a schoolhouse twenty feet square was erected. In 1778 it was voted to hire a mistress two months in the summer, and, two years later, to hire a male teacher three months in the winter, and a female the balance of the year. There was but a single district at first, but new districts were formed from time to time, till in 1834, there were ten school districts established. In these ten districts were laid the foundations of that education which, supplemented, in many cases, by further instruction in other schools, gave to the world in more than average proportion, from the town of Croydon, men and women who, in the various walks of life, have left their impress for good upon the character of state and nation. In these districts sons and daughters of Croydon taught school to a large extent, and many efficient teachers went out from the town, for many years, to teach in other places. A goodly number of the sons of Croydon secured college education, and had such institutions been open to women in those days, undoubtedly a proportionate number of the daughters would have done the same.

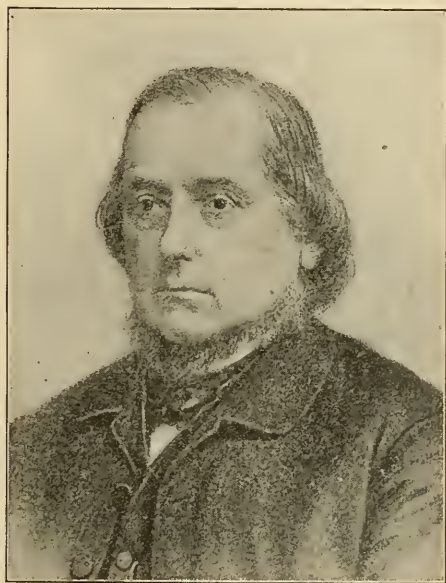
As in most of our New England

towns, the church was early established, though there seems not to have been that thorough unity of sentiment among the settlers, which prevailed in many towns. Coming from different communities, there was a diversity in their denominational leanings, but there were more Presbyterians than anything else, and the first church organized, though it subsequently became Congregational, was organized as a Presbyterian church. This was on September 9, 1778, Rev. James Wellman of Cornish and Rev. Lyman Potter of Lebanon aiding in the work of organization. Fourteen persons constituted the membership at the start. These were Moses Whipple, Stephen Powers, Isaac Sanger, John Cooper, Joseph Hall, Jacob Leland, John Sanger, Catherine Whipple, Rachel Powers, Mary Cooper, Anna Leland, Lydia Hall, Hannah Giles and Lucy Whipple.

This first church held its meetings in a house which had been built by the town, some four years previously, for a townhouse and meetinghouse combined. It had no settled pastor for a number of years, and, except when there occasionally happened to be a minister present from some other town, conducted the service by singing, prayer, and the reading of published sermons by some one of the members. Yet without a settled pastor it indulged in an extensive "revival" in 1780, which is said to have brought more people into the fold, in proportion to the population of the town than any other, though there were powerful demonstrations in the same line in 1810 and again in 1835.

Late in the year 1787, Mr. Jacob Haven, a native of Framingham, Mass., born April 25, 1763, and a graduate of Harvard College of the class of 1785, came to town as a candidate for the pastorate, and, on the 11th of March following, the voters in town meeting assembled voted to call him as their minister. Two

days later the church joined in the call, which was accepted, and June 18, following, he was ordained and installed, the sermon on the occasion having been preached by the Rev. David Kellogg of Framingham. By the conditions of his settlement he was to receive as salary, in addition to the share of land set apart for the first settled minister—for the first year forty pounds, the same "to rise annually as the valuation of those that support him shall rise, until it



Rev. Luther J. Fletcher, D.D.

shall amount to sixty pounds." "Said sum," it was stipulated, "shall be paid in neat stock, equal to good grass fed beef, at twenty shillings per hundred weight, or good rye, at four shillings per bushel."

In 1794 a new church was erected by a committee of the town, which was a comparatively imposing structure, sixty feet by forty feet wide, with a porch at each end. The building, however, was never completed, the proposed sale of pews with which the necessary funds were to be raised not yielding the requisite return. In its unfinished state it could be used

only in warm weather, and, finally, in 1828, it was taken down and the materials utilized in the construction of a townhouse. Meanwhile, in 1826, a number of individuals banded together and erected a church, of even more pretentious proportions, it being sixty-eight feet in length, sixty feet wide and containing over one hundred pews. It was crowned with a stately belfry in which was placed a fine toned bell, weighing 1000 pounds. Subsequently the house was deeded to the church society.

The pastorate of the Rev. Jacob Haven was a long and notable one, extending actively from 1788 till 1834, a period of forty-six years, while he continued to aid in the work of the parish well up to his death, March 17, 1845. "Priest" Haven, as he was generally known, was a good man, and a sound and able preacher according to the standards of his time, and exercised a powerful influence upon the character of the community. His theology was of the extreme Calvinistic order, and he believed and taught the now horrible doctrines of fore-ordination, infant damnation and endless punishment.

Not all the people of the town, by any means, sustained the "standing order." There were quite a number of Baptists, from the first, some Universalists, and, later, Methodism commanded adherents. The Baptists having been excluded from use of the meetinghouse on the Sabbath allied themselves with the church at Newport; while the Methodists worshipped with their brethren in Grantham, for a time, till finally, about the middle of the last century, they built a church at the east village. The Universalists had occasional preaching in town, but no organized society was formed till 1832. They worshipped in the town-hall till 1854, when Luther Jacobs, an enterprising citizen and member of their faith, built them a church at the "Flat." A Free Will Baptist church was organized here and maintained for a time, but ultimately became extinct.

Quite a number of Croydon natives became preachers of the gospel, at one time and another, the most distinguished of whom was the Rev. Baron Stow, D.D., an eminent Baptist clergyman of Boston, who was the orator of the day on the occasion of the town's centennial celebration, June 13, 1866. Urias, Dennis and Josiah W. Powers, Samuel R. Hall and Austin Putnam, were Congregational preachers of more or less distinction. Luther J. Fletcher and James W. Putnam were able exponents of the Universalist faith. The former offered the prayer and was one of the speakers at the centennial.

Not a few lawyers of eminence have been natives of Croydon, and others of no less prominence descended from Croydon stock. Among the former may be named Gershorn Powers of New York, judge and congressman; Jonas Cutting, long a judge of the Supreme Court of Maine; William P. Wheeler of Keene, twice Democratic candidate for Congress, and who might have been a judge had he accepted, president of the day at the Croydon centennial; Levi W. Barton of Newport; George F. Putnam of Haverhill and Kansas City, and last, by no means least, the orator of the day—Wilbur H. Powers of Boston. As a few among the latter, Horace H. Powers, son of Dr. Hiram Powers, speaker of the Vermont House of Representatives, judge of the Supreme Court, and for ten years representative in Congress; Orlando W. Powers, son of Rev. Josiah W., judge of the Supreme Court of Utah, and Democratic candidate for United States Senator; Samuel L. Powers, son of Larnard Powers who settled in Cornish, distinguished member of the Boston bar and ex-congressman; Sherman L. Whipple, son of Dr. Solomon L. Whipple of New London, also an eminent and successful Boston lawyer, twice Democratic candidate for United States senator; and Jesse M. Barton of Newport, son of Levi W., judge of probate for the County of Sullivan.

While sending abroad many lawyers, Croydon has had but one resident practicing attorney in its entire history—Samuel Morse, a native of Dublin, who located here in 1815 and continued until his death, fifty years later.

Croydon first physician was Dr. Reuben Carroll, who was here from 1793 till his death by accident in 1840. Delavan D. Marsh, a native of the town, commenced practice in Croydon in 1837, and continued through life, as did William Barton, another native, commencing in 1845. A remarkable number of Croydon born

ton, however, a native of the town, had a brilliant career as an editor in Newport and Concord and was prominent in politics. In more recent days Hubbard W. Barton was for some years associate editor of the *Argus and Spectator* at Newport. Charles Eugene Hurd, also Croydon born, was a gifted writer of both poetry and prose, and was for many years literary editor of the *Boston Transcript*. In this connection may be mentioned Augusta Cooper Bristol, daughter of Col. Otis Cooper, a woman of strong literary taste and ability, a prolific



Rocky Bound Pond, Croydon, N. H.

men have followed the medical profession elsewhere, including William F. and Alanson Cooper of New York, Willard P. and Otis Gibson, of Newport and Pennsylvania, David C. Powers of New York, Horace Powers of Vermont, Daniel Ward and Griswold W. Wheeler of Illinois, Solomon L. Whipple of New London, Marshall Perkins of Marlow, William H. and Willard O. Hurd of Canada and Grantham and J. L. Cain of Newport, president of the day at this one hundred and fiftieth anniversary celebration.

Few Croydon natives have been prominent in journalism. Cyrus Bar-

magazine writer, as well as lecturer of note, who wrote the poem for the centennial anniversary celebration.

While manufacturing, in a small way, in some lines, was carried on in Croydon, in times past, about \$40,000 worth of products having been turned out, from eleven different establishments, in 1850, agriculture has always been the employment of the great majority of the people. Yet, from the character of its soil, rocky and rugged as it is, it was only through persistent and industrious effort that the farmers of the town, for two or three generations, as they did, made their occupation fairly

remunerative, and gained a reputation for success and thrift. Statistics show that in 1850 there were 13,400 acres of improved land in the town, and \$49,125 worth of live stock; that over 50,000 pounds of butter, 10,000 pounds of cheese, 14,000 bushels of potatoes, 5,000 bushels of corn, 1,500 bushels of wheat, 15,000 pounds of wool, and 17,000 pounds of maple sugar were produced during the previous year. And in that year, as I distinctly remember, there were eighty yokes of oxen, from the town of Croydon, exhibited at the Sullivan County Fair in Claremont, driven in through the enterprising management of Hon. Moses Humphrey, then a resident of the town, but afterward mayor of Concord and long president of the State Board of Agriculture.

Of the merchants and mechanics of the town, and men of other callings, whose intelligent devotion to their occupation contributed to the general welfare and prosperity of the community, time and space permit no mention here, even were the necessary information at command. All performed well their part and found their reward, with others, in the satisfaction which comes from the consciousness of duty done.

Croydon enjoyed the high tide of its prosperity, so far as population is an index, from 1820 to 1830, having 1060 inhabitants in the former year and 1057 the latter, the greatest increase of any decade being from 1790 to 1800, when the figures rose from 536 to 984. After 1830 there was a marked decline in every decade, resulting, primarily, from the universal trend toward the cities and the great west, and, incidentally, in the closing decades of the last century, from the establishment of the Corbin or Blue Mountain pork, which embraces half the territory and nearly half the farms of the town.

The decadence of this town, in point of population and material prosperity, striking as it is, is not

greater than that of many other of our rural towns, throughout the state and New England. The fact seems most deplorable, but from the tendencies of the times, and conditions practically unavoidable, was necessarily inevitable. Whether, or not, rehabilitation shall come, through tendencies yet to be developed, is a question for speculation upon which we may not dwell at this time. We may now merely indulge the hope, that the "Coniston" of Winston Churchill's romantic pen, the Croydon of the olden days, may realize in the not distant future, the fondest dreams of those loyal sons and daughters, who cherish in their hearts an unquenchable love for the good old town and a deathless pride in its record of achievement; and who trust in Providence for a restoration of its prestige and prosperity.

Fifty years ago in June, the one hundredth anniversary of the settlement of Croydon was celebrated with great display and circumstance—the booming of cannon, the ringing of bells, the music of a band, and the gathering of a great crowd, estimated at 3000 people. Col. Otis Cooper was chairman of the committee of arrangements; Nathan Hall was chief marshal, William P. Wheeler president of the day; Rev. Luther J. Fletcher, chaplain; Rev. Baron Stow, D.D., orator, followed by a dozen other speakers in brief remarks. All the active participants in that celebration, and most of those in attendance have passed away.

During the past year the subject of a one hundred and fiftieth anniversary observance began to be agitated, and at the annual town meeting in March it was voted that one be held, and the sum of \$150 appropriated toward the necessary expenses.

A committee consisting of George A. Wright, chairman, George T. Blanchard, Ray H. Dodge, David S. Rowell and Ernest T. Cutting was appointed, to act conjointly with the

officers of the town's "Old Home Week" Association: Albert I. Barton, president; Edgar W. Davis, vice-president; Mrs. Alice P. Putnam, secretary, and Dana S. Gross, treasurer—in making all necessary arrangements.

"It was decided to hold the celebration on Thursday of "Old Home Week," and the various necessary sub-committees were appointed, as follows:

COMMITTEES

SOLICITING—Mr. and Mrs. Ellsworth D. Comings, Mr. and Mrs. Ray H. Dodge, Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. Hurley, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar W. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Hilliard R. Sanborn, Mrs. Helen L. Barton, Mrs. Sybil Howard.

TABLE—Mrs. Helen L. Barton, Mr. and Mrs. John H. Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. Ellsworth D. Comings, Mr. and Mrs. Dana S. Gross, Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Putnam, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar W. Davis, Mr. Herbert D. Barton, Miss Beatrice A. Barton, Miss Irene B. Sargent.

DECORATING—George L. Dukeshare, Miss Katharine M. Ide, A. Lloyd Alexander.

RECEPTION—Mr. and Mrs. Melvin S. Fletcher, Mr. and Mrs. Frank P. Winter, Mr. and Mrs. William W. Partridge, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene W. Dodge, Mrs. Addie A. Cooper, Mrs. Ellen Miner.

PROGRAMME—Dana S. Gross, John H. Alexander, Mrs. Edgar W. Davis, Mrs. Helen L. Barton, Mrs. Nelson Cote.

MUSIC—Mr. and Mrs. Edwin H. Ide, Mrs. Lizzie Cutting, Ellsworth D. Comings, Charles C. Barton, Braine C. Hall.

INVITATION—Edgar W. Davis, Dana S. Gross.

SPORTS—Thomas R. Hall, Leonard G. Holbritter, William Angier, Donald Barton, A. Lloyd Alexander.

VILLAGE IMPROVEMENT—William Angier, A. Lloyd Alexander, Leonard G. Holbritter, Thomas R. Hall.

USHERS—Charles C. Barton, A. Lloyd Alexander.

DOORKEEPER—Nelson Cote.

The programme committee has announced the exercises of the day, as follows:

PROGRAM

10:30 A. M., EXERCISES AT THE CHURCH

MUSIC

PRAYER Rev. W. F. Whitcomb

ADDRESS OF WELCOME,

George A. Wright, Chairman of Committee

ADDRESS

Dr. J. Leavitt Cain, President of the Day

MUSIC

HISTORICAL ADDRESS

H. H. Metcalf, Concord, State Historian

MUSIC

12:00 O'CLOCK DINNER AT THE HALL



Dr. J. Leavitt Cain

President of the Day at Croydon's One Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary

2:00 P. M.

MUSIC

ORATION Hon. Wilbur H. Powers, of Boston

SOLO

Mr. Henry Brown

FIVE MINUTE IMPROMPTU SPEECHES

MUSIC

BENEDICTION

On Sunday, August 20,—“Old Home Sunday”—a sermon appropriate to the occasion will be given at the church by the pastor, Rev. W. F. Whitcomb.

CROYDON, AUGUST 14, 1900

By Elizabeth Barton Richards

Oh, little town of Croydon,
How peacefully you lie
Between your hills and mountains,
Beneath the bright blue sky;
Your sparkling ponds and rivers,
With glare of silver sheen,
Your far-off wooded hilltops,
And farms, that lie between.

Your mountain in the background—
Protector, guardian, friend,
That has watched you from the starting,
Will watch you to the end—
All form the matchless picture
That we have in mind today,
'Tho mountain, hill and river
Are far and farther away.

Oh, dear old Croydon mountain!
Oh, Counsellor most mild!
We come to you broken-hearted
With our pulses mad and wild,
And we find the balm of healing
In your kindly care and skill;
And the broken heart is quiet,
And the throbbing pulse is still.

For, outside your rocky portals,
The world of care and song,
Of smiles and tears, of cares and fears,
Rolls evermore along,
With its burden of sin and sorrow,
Its wars of crime and pain,
The strife of man with his brother man
In the awful greed for gain;

Till we almost forget to listen
For a voice that long ago
By the wave washed shore of Galilee
In tones that were sweet and low,
Taught the lesson of love and kindness,
Of charity, more and more,
Of forgiveness seven and seventy times,
Of unselfishness o'er and o'er.

But once in awhile there comes a note
Clear and sweet and strong;
And we start with sudden uplifted heads
Forgetting all the wrong

That we have received—that we have done,
Hearing only that clarion tone,
Flung out from New Hampshire's rocky hills
Bidding her children come home.

And so we come back to you, Croydon,
Bringing our tribute of song,
To thank you for all you have given us—
Your lessons in right and wrong,
For your clear-eyed sense of duty,
Your steadfast adherence to right,
For the faith that looks through the darkness
And sees the coming light;

For the noble men and women
You have sent out year by year,
For the hearts so warm and kindly
That wait to welcome us here;
For the love that always meets us
When back to your arms we come—
For all this we thank you, Croydon,
On the day that you call "Old Home."

LITTLE JIM

By Francis A. Corey

Sometimes I am sick with longin',
An' my eyes git blurry an' dim,
Because out where the well boys frolic,
There's no room for poor crippled Jim.
But no chum could be nicer than mammy,
So patient, so lovin', so sweet!
When she cuddles me up I don't envy
The little boys out in the street.

I hear the soft call o' the meadows,
The singin' o' birds in the trees,
An' a sound that soothes an' lures me—
The low lullaby hum of bees;
An' I long to lie in the grasses,
My face upturned to the blue,
For the wind to kiss as it passes—
But mammy must be there, too!

The lump in my throat gits bigger
When I think o' the fun I miss.
'Most any boy would git lonesome
Shut in from his playmates like this.
But mammy is here—dear mammy!
To smile on me all the day long,
So I guess I'm 'most as happy
As the boys who are well an' strong.

THE ALASKA SCHOOL SERVICE

By Isabel Ambler Gilman

"In what language do you do your thinking?" asked a visitor at the public school at Petersburg, Alaska, as a class in history and civics closed their books for recitation.

The fair-haired, blue-eyed children of the northern cannery town smiled, and the class leader answered: "Why, sir, we all speak Norwegian at home, —our mothers don't understand English,—and we translate our work into our own language when we think it out by ourselves."

Reader, did you ever purchase a trifle at a foreign store, and compute its relative value in United States legal tender before handing over your foreign cash? When you ponder problems relating to France, Germany, Mexico, or other countries, whose language you have mastered, do you ponder in the foreign tongue, or do your thoughts unconsciously flow through the natural channels of your birth-language?

The fisher-folk of Scandinavian Europe, whose children are being

Americanized at the coast settlements in Alaska, besides being possessed of a birth-language rich in expansion and expression, had crossed the ocean and seen something of America before reaching their new northern home. They brought with them inherited memories of civilizations much older than our own, and, in many cases, they had some scholastic education upon which to build the structure of their Americanism.

Not so with the aboriginal tribes of Alaska.

Forty-nine years ago, when we took the inhabitants of "Seward's Ice-box" into our care, and promised the rights and immunities of citizenship to all of Russian blood, the natives of Alaska were savages. Not the savages of history, who welcomed white settlers with tomahawk and scalping knife. The food and climate of the far northwestern peninsula are not conducive to bloody warfare. The aborigines of Alaska were a quiet, gentle, non-resistive people, glad of

ISABEL AMBLER GILMAN, the writer of this deeply interesting and most fascinating article is a woman of wide and varied experience. Born and educated in England, and teaching eight years in that country and Wales before coming to America, her restless and energetic spirit impelled her to action in that and other lines, following marriage and transcontinental travel. During her residence in the town of Meredith she taught for five years in the town and village schools, organized the Meredith Woman's Progress Club and the Center Harbor Woman's Club, served as Lecturer of Winnepesaukee Grange and as clerk of the Meredith Town School Board. Meanwhile she lectured, wrote poetry and published a charming volume of the latter, entitled "Echoes from the Grange." Going to the great North West some ten years ago, she taught school, pursued journalism, studied law, graduated LL.B., was admitted to practice in the State of Washington, and soon after, seeking new fields of action, moved on to the "farthest North," Alaska, the land of the "midnight sun," eternal snow, ice-bound rivers, majestic mountains, gigantic forests, mines of wealth, and silent, limitless spaces, where the daring traveler may be "alone with God."

Over this vast and scarcely peopled Empire of the North, she has been led by her tireless and adventurous spirit, yet rendering valiant service all the while. Entering the government school service, she was for two years principal of the white graded school at Petersburg; since when she has been stationed at Kanokouak, on the Bering Sea Coast; at Seldovia, in Cook Inlet, and at Rampart, in the interior, just under the Arctic Circle, in the Alaska school service. This latter is the northernmost point on the continent where a school is maintained. Here she passed the last winter, but comes down to Seattle and civilization for her vacation period, where she may be addressed for the next few weeks. Her book "Alaska-land"—one of the products of her versatile pen, heretofore alluded to in the *GRANITE MONTHLY*, published two years ago, and for sale by Baker and Taylor Co., New York, gives most interesting glimpses of that far away wonderland, and not a little insight into the character of this remarkable woman.

brotherhood with every passing stranger, for strangers were few and far between and came not to rob them of their homes and haunts.

When the Russian priests taught them the Greek religion, they accepted it because it added interest to the otherwise nothingness of their dull cold lives. When the white trappers wanted furs, there were plenty of wild animals whose natural increase should suffice for all purposes. And when other white men went crazy after the yellow mineral, hidden among the sands of their frozen creeks and rivers, it was nothing to the Indian and Eskimo. But, when the white conquerors took their young women for mates, settled down among them, and a new race of beings—the Alaskan half-breeds—began to take the place of their own offspring, the aborigines of Alaska waked. Their scanty language expanded to include the belongings of the whites, their rude colloquialisms, and a few glimmers of the great somewhere whence they had come.

Then "Uncle Samuel" remembered his treaty-promises to do something for the aboriginal inhabitants of his new territory, and the Alaska School Service, hitherto regarded in the light of missionary enterprise, stretched its paternal arms over five hundred and ninety thousand square miles of territory, and undertook to fit the descendants of aboriginal tribes, adults as well as minors, for Alaskan citizenship.

Now please don't get this service confused with the Indian Service of the United States, or with the territorial schools for white children and half-breeds in Alaska. It is separate and distinct from both, though under control of the United States Bureau of Education, Department of the Interior.

Had the twenty-five thousand odd natives of Alaska been grouped in large centers, as are the majority of white residents, the task of fitting them for citizenship might not have

offered so many difficulties to the United States Commissioner of Education and his staff—especially the chief of the school service. But when we realize that Atka and Metlakatla, the two southernmost schools in the service, are four thousand miles apart; that Barrow, Wainwright and Icy Cape, the three northernmost schools, are north of the seventieth parallel and separated



Isabel Ambler Gilman

from their six other Arctic neighbors by many hundreds of miles of white silence; and that at least a dozen others to the westward are far beyond the limits of transportation and mail service, we may obtain some idea of the scope and variety of those difficulties so little understood by the people of the United States.

And the benefits of the school service are not all to the native by any means. The few hundred thousands

of dollars already appropriated by Congress and spent on the education of the natives of Alaska have brought their returns, and have aided very materially in opening up the treasures of that immense territory, destined to form the forty-ninth star in our banner of peace.

People of Rampart! In the name of the United States Native school, I welcome you here tonight, and hope you will have patience to listen to us while we speak to you in English. Of the twenty-one children taking part in this entertainment, seven had never been to school before this winter; six of us had attended school but a few weeks, and the other eight of us had been nineteen months without school in Rampart and had forgotten much of what we had learned before. Speaking big hard words in the English language does not come easy to Indian children, and to half-breeds who have lost their white fathers. To understand the meaning of what we read and say, we have to translate it into our Indian language, and in many cases our own language does not contain words to represent those things and ideas we would translate. We have never been away from our native river, the Yukon; we have never seen many of the things our books tell us of; but we have done the best we could and done it gladly. Perhaps we have done it better than the white men of Rampart could have done if they had to give this program in the Indian language.

So spoke Rachel George, a fifteen-year-old Indian girl, from the rostrum of the Rampart courthouse, to the white miners and prospectors who had gathered from distant creeks to hear the school children celebrate the birthday of Abraham Lincoln. Rachel's complexion was swarthy, and her figure typical of the Yukon race, but in dress, manners and enunciation, she was as perfect as the average rural schoolgirl in the United States.

One generation removed from barbarism, the dusky daughter of the frigid North faced the white conquerors of her birthland—hardy men from almost every European country—and spoke to them in the adopted tongue in which not all of them had yet learned to do their thinking.

"A. stands for Alaska," said a six-year-old Koyukuk maiden, the daughter of a Yukon princess. She wore a little white embroidered dress, and her shining raven locks were tied with a blue ribbon, fashion-book style, as she stood alone on the front of the stage, beautiful, and unafraid.

"That's the best country in the world, *we think!*" chorused the geography class who occupied the second row on the stage, and a score of old Yukon pioneers—white men from God's country—nodded approval.

"B. stands for Barrow; that's the farthest northern schoolhouse in the world," declared a tiny Indian boy, in corduroy knickerbockers and white frilled shirtwaist.

"K. stands for Kinak, Koyukuk, Kobuk and Kotzebue; Kenai, Knik, and Kodiak; Kake and Kasaan; Kluwak, Klukwan, and Killisnoo; Kogiung, Kilukak, Konuluk, Kanakanak," chorused the class, mouth-ing the Alaskan names as easily as a white child pronounces "America," and fearlessly meeting the gaze of a hundred white men from the gold diggings. Then another little tot stepped forward and added, with an air of appreciative superiority, "They're all schools, and there's lots and lots more."

The audience grinned and applauded.

"I'm glad I don't have to name 'em," chuckled a miner on the front seat. "I never could twist my tongue round them K's."

But the little school children never hesitated. Down through the entire alphabetical list they went, with a word of explanation here, and a song there to break the monotony of the recitation, for this was a memory test as well as a lesson in articulation and geography.

But the Yukon Indians, through long association with white pioneers, have assimilated much of the language, manners and customs of frontier civilization. Many of their daughters are the wives of mine owners and other well-to-do white

men, and a new race, the Yukon half-breeds, a stronger, more dominantly virile race, is peopling the shores of the mighty river.

Located about midway between Dawson and the north Bering Sea, and sixty miles below the Arctic Circle, Rampart, a dead mining camp now, headquarters for many trappers and hunters, has a climate ranging from ninety in the summer to sixty-five below zero in the winter. One morning last January, while the school children were quietly studying their reading lessons, a three-year old boy appeared at the school door, a stick of stove wood tightly clasped in his beaver-mittened hands.

"You let me stay, teacher, I pack wood for you," he announced good-naturedly.

The school thermometer outside the door registered fifty-eight below zero at that moment and the teacher lost no time in closing the door—with the boy on the inside.

"He won't stay home, teacher," explained an older sister from her corner behind a red-hot stove, "and papa says it'll be sixty below to-night."

Sixty below! The teacher had never experienced that. She shuddered as she hung a small beaver "Yukon" cap and mittens beside a small ermine-lined coat on the wall; but the child serenely tucked himself into a primary seat alongside other babies who "wouldn't stay at home." He was the three-quarter breed grandson of the white founder of Rampart, —a man well known as hunter and trapper all over northern Alaska.

"Baby wake, teacher," piped the last comer, suddenly remembering something. He wriggled in his seat and peered through a frosted double window.

"Baby where?" demanded the teacher quickly.

But a tall curly-haired half-breed girl had already risen from her seat and glided to the door, her pale cheeks tinged with shame at the deception practised on the teacher.

"Mother told me to stay home with baby, teacher, and I didn't want to," she pleaded, drawing the baby sled into the schoolroom. She rescued a squirming youngster from under a bundle of furs and "mothered" it on the little bench behind the stove, glancing meaningly through the open door of the girl's cloakroom, where two other baby sleds, each containing a sleeping child, had been pushed out of the way, as though sure that their presence mitigated her own offense.



Hunting Ptarmigan on the Bering Coast, 1913

There being no age limit in the Alaska School Service, the register enrollment of pupils seldom contains the names of all. The schoolhouse is the regular calling place for all Indian wayfarers who have a few hours to spare. If the corner behind the stove is not filled with girl-mothers and babies, it may be pre-empted by grandfathers and uncles.

That night proved to be the climax of the lone teacher's polar experience. Awakened by the continued cracking of her cabin walls, occasioned by

intense cold, she arose to cram the heater with more stove wood, and happening to glance through the uncurtained north window, saw the night ablaze with color. Like a huge volcano pouring ethereal lava over the face of heaven, flamed a wild aurora from its Arctic storehouse where, she thought, all the search-lights of heaven and hades must be hidden. Scintillant, florescent waves of delicate opaline, through which the stars mocked and danced, flooded the sky-dome, tinting the white expanse of earth and river with delicate reflection. Like ribbons about an old fashioned May-pole woven by unseen hands, Aurora's brilliant streamers shaped themselves into a long funnel, from which burst immense sheets of living flame that stained both sky and earth blood-red,—a spectacular display never to be forgotten, never surpassed, and well worth all the discomforts of the polar night to witness.

In the morning, when the teacher rang the ten o'clock bell for school, and the babies who "wouldn't stay at home" trooped up the school hill, the mercury, by the light of a match, stood at *sixty-five below zero*. The kerosene was frozen in the school lamps. But the Yukon half-breeds laughed at the cold.

"Look, teacher! The sun! the sun!"

It was the first day of February, exactly twelve o'clock. Through the southwest window of the schoolroom glinted obliquely a yellow radiance that outlined the reflection of the windowframe on the opposite wall and lighted up the room.

With one impulse teacher and pupils moved toward the window, blinking their eyes, shading them with their hands, laughing helplessly as they attempted to look at the upper rim of a pale yellow ball just showing above the edge of the horizon. After seventy-two days of darkness and dull gray daylight, the human eye refused to adjust itself so quickly to the sudden brightness.

"Put on your things, children," said the teacher.

Swiftly they obeyed, but before the foremost could reach the door the light faded.

"Look, teacher! It's gone!" they cried regretfully, staring at the spot where the yellow rim had appeared to rest; but only a lightening of the gray clouds remained in evidence of the glad fact that the polar night was over.

It was thirty-eight below zero. Three months of winter yet remained, but what mattered that? Their souls had thrilled once again to "God's smile," and hope, joy, and expectation mingled with the lines of regret painted on every youthful face.

So it appeared to the teacher when Rachel George stood on the courthouse rostrum and uttered her words of welcome to the white men of Rampart precinct, on Lincoln's birthday. Rachel was still a Yukon Indian, but the God-soul of her had waked from its long sleep,—her spirit had burst the bonds of savage heredity and barbarous environment, and the coming citizenship of her race spoke from her lips. She knew nothing of street cars, airships, automobiles, sky scrapers and modern bath-tubs, but she knew how to snare rabbits for food, lynx for furs, how to manage a fish-wheel, row a boat, chop down a tree, saw ice for drinking water, saw wood for fires. She knew how to tan moose skins for Yukon footwear and mittens, how to make snowshoes and sleds. She knew, too, how to make raised bread and baking-powder biscuit, how to wash and iron clothes, mend them, and keep her mother's cabin clean and neat. No girl in all Alaska made prettier beadwork. She had learned to make tatted and crocheted lace at school, to run a sewing machiné, knit mittens for spring wear, and, perhaps the most useful of all, how to grow vegetables.

Vegetables sixty miles from the Arctic line? Yes indeed! Nearly every white father in Rampart has

his vegetable garden, and no better potatoes, peas, carrots, turnips, cabbages, lettuce, radishes, and the like, are raised elsewhere.

When the sun comes back in the spring, and the days grow twenty-four hours long; when two thousand miles of ice, approximately five feet thick and half a mile wide, has drifted down to Bering Sea, and little gasoline launches chug-chug along the Yukon, Nature puts on her summer robe of green and garden truck grows almost twice as fast as it does in places where days are shorter. There's no lovelier, more fertile spot in all the Granite State than Rampart in the nightless days of summer glory.

"Do you teach religion in your native schools?" inquired a lady tourist from Boston.

"No, we live it in our daily duties," replied the teacher.

To put brightness into dull cold lives, enlarge the native's scope of comprehension and his means of livelihood, encourage him to greater effort, fit him to cope with the conditions of border civilization, and make him a useful stepping-stone between the unwritten past and the rosy future of "Seward's *treasure-box*," these are the tenets of the teacher's religion,—honesty, truthfulness, love, helpfulness, health, endurance and uplift.

But that is not all.

"Teacher! There's a man hurt in the sawmill! They want you quick!" panted a youth, one Sabbath day, as he reached the lone teacher's cabin,—high above and back of the camp.

The teacher stuffed her pockets with bandages and antiseptics and ran down the hill to the spot where a soldier lay, the cords and arteries of one arm severed at the wrist, the biceps muscle gouged out, and a piece of dirty rope and a rusty file holding back the life-torrent with which everything about was stained.

Twenty minutes later, a long Yukon sled drawn by seven powerful huskies, and guided by a young half-

breed who knew the river and its dangerous condition, carried the wounded man toward the nearest hospital—seventy-five miles away. A white miner accompanied them. The going was rough, surface water in some places two feet deep, the ice cracking, but they never stopped until sixty miles was covered and a relief sled from the army hospital, summoned by another soldier youth who ran ten miles to tap a telegraph wire, was met. After twenty hours of excruciating agony the hospital was reached.

That was on the last day of April. Had the accident happened a few days later, nothing could have saved the life of the injured man, for the frozen river was the only available trail at that time of the year. The half-breed was the best man who dared to make the trip. His Indian mother's powers of endurance and knowledge of local conditions, coupled with his white father's intelligence and dominant spirit, gave him a higher percentage of efficiency for such an ordeal.

Medical aid is a part of every teacher's sworn duty in the Alaska School Service. Government supplies are often the only medicines obtainable in cases of grave emergency, for whites as well as natives. Eleven physicians and a dozen trained nurses are numbered among the field force of the service.

A knowledge of law doesn't come amiss at times. In places remote from the jurisdiction of courts, the teacher is frequently the only law-giver of the community, as well as the only doctor. She is census taker, keeper of vital statistics, arbitrator of quarrels, health officer, peace officer, friend and confidant of everyone in distress. Sanitation, hygiene of a practical nature, economy, thrift, domestic science suitable to environment, manual training calculated to utilize the products of each particular locality, and a general knowledge of civics, to fit the natives for future

citizenship, are all included in the industrial work of the service which forms two-fifths of the instruction given.

Each section of the vast territory presents a different problem; each is rich in a different way; each must be settled and self-sustaining in the future. Rachel George, of Rampart, is a type of Yukon Indian who has benefited by five years training under the Alaska School Service. There are thousands more like her scattered over the territory, thousands of bright boys and girls who instruct their old parents in modern methods of sanitary living and pass the knowledge obtained in the service schools on to other members of their race.

But all the natives of the great Northland are not so well off as the Yukon Indians, and the teacher who braves the life of the isolated and undesirable corners of Alaska, remote from the scant comfort of border civilization, must be a good deal of a missionary in spirit.

The tourist who views Alaska from the deck of a passing steamer, in the summer time, knows little of the real life of the land. The person who visits Alaska for the sole purpose of getting rich quick, is apt to be disappointed. The teacher looking for a graded school and all the comforts of home, had better stay with the cities and larger settlements of white people, for the service schools, like oases in a desert hundreds, sometimes thousands of miles apart, are only adapted to those who can forget themselves in their ministrations to mankind.

"What's the use of educating Alaskan Indians and Eskimos?" asks the white trader, profiting by the ignorance of the native trapper.

"What's the use of wasting the taxpayers' money on a race of varmints?" demands the whiskey peddler, who forgets to marry the "varmint" he has debauched.

Shall the "no-account" fatherless half-breeds be held responsible for the

sins of their parents? Are the children of heathen nations beyond the seas, or those of Christianized Europe, whose fathers are now butchering each other in unholy war, of more consequence to us than the little half-breeds of our own Alaska?

Our federal lawmakers, in disposing of these half-breed children, made them eligible to attend schools for white children after such schools had been lawfully established in the territory, but not eligible to be counted as white children in the establishment of the schools.

This distinction results in denying schools and colleges to both whites and half-breeds in thinly settled sections where the half-breeds predominate, or in burdening the Alaska School Service with the education of white men's children on lands appropriated for the education of Indians and Eskimos.

The half-breed of Alaska, son of a white pioneer,—a citizen of the United States lawfully married to a native-born Indian or Eskimo woman of Alaska,—raised according to white standards, and himself a citizen upon attaining his majority, *has no educational rights of his own.*

Isn't it about time, Mr. Senator, Mr. Congressman, that you take the stigma from this so-called misalliance of the old pioneer,—the man who gave his life in reclaiming the Alaskan wild that you may have the glory of adding another star to our proud flag? Isn't it about time that you recognize the educational rights of these little children of ours by striking out that word *white* from line seven, section 324, of chapter two of the compiled laws of the territory of Alaska for the year 1913 (page 231)?

Instead of despising the half-breed who reverts to the ways of his maternal relatives, let us extend to him the right of self-respect, and the privileges we freely give to the children of foreign born residents in the States. The white man very often labors in Alaska with the hope of some day returning to his native state. The

half-breed is a permanent resident,—Alaska is his home.

Besides the one hundred and six teachers, now in the active field force of the Alaska School Service, there are as many more employed in the graded schools of her cities and towns, and in the ungraded schools of camps and exclusive white settlements, training Alaska's white sons and daughters for future citizenship.

Let those who still imagine Alaska

to be an ice-bound wilderness realize this fact:

The Alaska School Service is now educating three thousand six hundred and sixty-six natives of school age, and the Territorial school system for white children, of which the governor is the head, maintains about fifty schools, providing accommodations for twenty-six hundred white children. Some of Alaska's high schools are accredited in the States.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

1891

HON. GEORGE D. MARCY

George D. Marcy, ex-Mayor of Portsmouth, died suddenly at the hospital in that city June 17, from cerebral hemorrhage, having been suddenly attacked when on the way home, with his wife, from an evening entertainment.

He was the son of the late Hon. Daniel and Catherine (Lord) Marcy, born October 1, 1866, and was educated in the public schools, at St. Paul's School, Concord, and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Going west, he was for some time engaged in a Kansas City bank; but returned home and engaged in the real estate and insurance business, as a member of the firm of W. E. Pierce & Co. Politically he was a staunch Democrat, and had served in both branches of the Portsmouth City government, as Mayor in 1903-4, and as a member of the State legislature in 1911-12. In November, 1914, he was made a field deputy in the internal revenue service, attached to the Portsmouth office, and his duties carried him through Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont.

He was one of the founders and a Past President of the Portsmouth Athletic club; Past Exalted Ruler of Portsmouth Lodge of Elks; Past Eminent Commander of De Witt Clinton Commandery, Knights Templar, and a member of St. Andrew lodge, A. F. & A. M.; Damon Lodge, K of P., Washington Chapter, Royal Arch Masons, and the Mechanics Fire Society.

He leaves a wife, who was Miss Bessie Scott Smith, a daughter of W. Scott Smith of Washington and Rye North Beach.

HON LEMUEL F. LISCOM

Hon. Lemuel F. Liscom, of Hinsdale, died at his home in that town, Thursday, July 20, at the age of 75 years.

Mr. Liscom was born on the farm where he always resided, February 17, 1841, the son of Lemuel and Emerancy (Horton)

Liscom, and was educated in the town schools and Kimball Union Academy, Meriden. He enlisted in the Fourteenth New Hampshire Regiment, August 11, 1862, and saw much service in the Civil War. He was present at the capture of Jefferson Davis, and assisted in transferring him through Augusta to the gunboats. He was discharged at Savannah, July 8, 1865, as orderly sergeant.

After the war he engaged in the service of the National Bridge and Iron Company of Boston, in which he became superintendent of construction, having charge of large building operations. He put in the first iron bridge on the Vermont Central road, and erected the first three iron cantilever bridges constructed in this country. He had charge of the construction of many fine bridges and buildings, including the iron work of the Boston postoffice and of the art museum in Boston. He followed this line of work for twenty-five years.

Returning home in 1880, he was extensively engaged in farming and lumbering. He was active in Republican politics, and served in both branches of the legislature. He married in Truthville, N. Y., February 21, 1872, Dollie Amelia Mason. She died March 2, 1896. Two daughters were born of this union, Flora Dollie, who is Mrs. Charles Victor Stearns of Somerville, Mass., and Mary E., now the wife of Burton P. Holman of West Nutley, N. J. About three years ago Mr. Liscom married Miss Bertha Lewis, daughter of George W. Lewis of Hinsdale, who survives.

HON. JAMES G. FELLOWS

Hon. James G. Fellows, a prominent citizen of Pembroke, died at his summer home in Newcastle, July 31.

He was a native of Deerfield, born August 8, 1838, and he had been a resident of Pembroke for nearly forty-five years. He early engaged in business, being for a time in the grocery

business with a partner in the firm of Baker & Fellows. Later he engaged in the lumber business and in this occupation achieved great success, and accumulated a handsome property. He was at the head of the firm of Fellows & Son of Manchester, box makers and lumber dealers, which firm has recently entered upon the manufacture of caskets upon a large scale.

As a citizen Mr. Fellows was highly respected for his keen business foresight and judgment and sterling integrity, and had held many public offices, being a deputy

sheriff for six years, member of the house of representatives in 1885-6, state senator in 1893, and a member of the executive council during the administration of Gov. Henry B. Quimby. In politics he was a stalwart Republican. He was a Mason, holding membership in Jewell lodge, A. F. & A. M., of Suncook.

He is survived by a widow, one son, Burt J. Fellows of Manchester, a daughter, Mrs. Howard Stanley of Duluth, Minn., and several grandchildren and great grandchildren.

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER'S NOTES

Hon. John W. Jewell of Dover, general agent for the Massachusetts Mutual Insurance Company, in that city, is a remarkable specimen of vigorous and well preserved business activity. He was 85 years of age, July 26, and on the 4th of May completed twenty-five years of service for the company which he represents, on which occasion he received a complimentary letter from the vice-president. Mr. Jewell was born in Strafford, July 26, 1831, was educated in the town schools, and Strafford and Gilmanton academies. He was in trade as a general merchant in Strafford for thirty years, during which time he served as superintendent of schools, moderator, selectmen and representative and also ten years as postmaster. He was sheriff of Strafford County from 1874 to 1876 and a member of the executive council in 1885-6. He removed to Dover in 1891, to engage in the insurance business which he has since continued. Meanwhile he has served two years in the House of Representatives, and as a member of the State Senate of 1911. He is president of the Merchants Savings Bank and a director and vice-president of the Merchants National Bank.

The state primary election occurs on Tuesday, September 5, but there seems to be no great popular excitement as yet, in reference to the outcome; though some of the aspirants are making an active canvas. The contest for the gubernatorial nominations is between Rosecrans W. Pillsbury of Londonderry and Henry W. Keyes of Haverhill on the Republican side, and John D. Hutchins of Strafford, and Albert W. Noone of Peterborough on the Democratic, the former promising to be an exciting one. The only Congressional nomination contest of any special account is likely to be that on the Republican side in the first district, between Congressman Sulloway the present incumbent, and Rev. Thomas Chalmers, also of Manchester. The entrance of Gordon Woodbury into the field as a candidate for the Democratic nomination in that district, practically determines the nomination for that party.

The town of Stratham has been celebrating its two hundredth anniversary the present week—August 13-19. On Sunday, the 13th, following the regular service in the Christian church, a special service was held at Stratham Hill, with speaking by former pastors of the different churches, and appropriate music. On Wednesday, the 16th, there was a parade over Portsmouth Avenue to the park, in the morning, followed by a concert by the Newmarket Band. A picnic dinner was followed by literary exercises at 1.30 p. m., including an Address of Welcome by Frank H. Pearson, president of the day; Historical Sketch by Mrs. Annie W. Scammon, and Address by Rev. Dr. Thomas Chalmers of Manchester. In the evening there was a concert in the town hall by the Aeolian Quartette of Portsmouth, assisted by Mrs. Blanche Varnum Coulter, reader, of Manchester; and on Thursday evening there was a dance.

"Old Home Week" is now at hand, and the indications are that popular interest in New Hampshire's great midsummer festival will be fully sustained. The observance of "Old Home Sunday," by the churches, in particular, is becoming more general from year to year. This year the State Association coöperates in a central Old Home Sunday observance, in Rollins Park, Concord, on the afternoon of August 20, with Rev. Dr. Willis P. Odell, of Brookline, Mass., a native of Lakeport, as the principal speaker.

The New Hampshire Board of Trade held its mid-summer meeting, and annual outing at Canobie Lake Park, July 25, when a new constitution was adopted and an organization under articles of incorporation effected. Short addresses were made by Hon. John C. Hutchins, Rosecrans W. Pillsbury, Gordon Woodbury and Rev. Thomas Chalmers, D.D., and brief remarks by Olin W. Chase, W. D. Pulver and W. J. Ahern. The first annual election under the new constitution will occur in October.



HON. JAMES B. WALLACE
Historian at Canaan's One Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary

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CANAAN'S ANNIVERSARY

Historical Address by Hon. James Burns Wallace

The town of Canaan celebrated the 150th anniversary of its settlement, and observed "Old Home Week," the week following that regularly set apart by the State Association for the latter purpose, the programme commencing on Saturday evening, August 26, with a street illumination and torchlight parade, headed by the Canaan Drum Corps, which was witnessed by a large crowd of spectators, including many natives and former residents from abroad returning for the occasion.

On Sunday afternoon impressive services were held in the old North Church on Canaan Street, with a very large attendance, the devotional exercises being led by Rev. C. W. Taylor, with prayer by Rev. C. S. Wycoff; the anniversary sermon was given by Rev. George H. Reed, D.D., pastor of the First Congregational Church of Concord. The Music was of high order, a large chorus of local and visiting musicians occupying the old time "singers' seats," supplemented by an extensive orchestra. In the evening Hough's Band of Lebanon, which furnished music throughout the celebration, gave a sacred concert on the lawn, in front of the old Union Academy building.

On Monday, the main day of the celebration, there was a grand parade in the forenoon, with Maj. A. H. Chase of Concord as chief marshal, which included a long line of decorated carriages and floats, some containing descendants of the early settlers. The various orders and organizations

of the town were represented, together with the Mascoma Manufacturing Company, the schools, and the town's highway department, with a company of "horribles" bringing up the rear.

The anniversary exercises, proper, were held in the afternoon, in a large tent provided for the occasion, which was well filled, notwithstanding the unfavorable weather. Hon. C. M. Blodgett, mayor of Malden, Mass., presided; the invocation was by Rev. C. W. Taylor, and the historical address was given by Hon. James B. Wallace, of the present Executive Council, a Canaan native and resident and historian of the town. Prof. George W. Parker, a former resident; read an original poem, and reminiscences of the early days were given by C. O. Barney, editor of the *Canaan Reporter*. A variety of excellent music enlivened the exercises.

An "Old Settlers' Ball" was held in the evening, in the tent, which had been provided with a floor for dancing, the grand march, participated in by one hundred couples, being led by E. M. Allen, chairman of the Committee of arrangement, and Mrs. Allen, costumed as George and Martha Washington.

The programme extended over Tuesday, the 28th, with a handsome parade of decorated automobiles in the forenoon, and a variety of sports; more speaking in the tent in the afternoon, with E. M. Allen presiding, and several short addresses, and a minstrel show in the evening, at-



Canaan Street, from the Pinnacle

tended by more than one thousand persons, and highly enjoyed by all.

Altogether the celebration was a grand success, reflecting credit upon the town, and giving great satisfaction to the mass of its people, native and resident, as well as to the many visitors from other places. Special credit for the success attained is generally accorded to Edwin M. Allen chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, and Walter C. Story, through whose personal solicitation the necessary funds were mainly secured.

The historical address by Hon. James B. Wallace is as follows:

HISTORICAL ADDRESS

I am to tell you of the trials and labors of the men and women who settled this town. The paths they trod between each other's doors are for the most part grown up and have disappeared. The brush houses and log huts that sheltered them in their early struggles have rotted down, and nothing remains to mark their location except that one, more fortunate than his neighbor, dug a cellar, traces of which still exist. The tools and implements used to subdue the wilderness have long since disappeared. The household articles are worn out, but here and there can be found some of the old tables, chairs, chests and high-boys used by our ancestors when they became more prosperous.

We are all of us more or less historians. We like to tell of what we have done, whether it is interesting to others or not; and, if we can tell the same story twice alike, our reputation is safe. We are making history every minute; it is the record of things past. This record may be preserved in various ways, by word of mouth from generation to generation, by monuments and mounds; no tribe is so rude but what it has attempted to preserve its former existence. As we do nothing but enact history, so do we say nothing but recite it. The motives which move us in our actions are not always apparent to even ourselves, much less to our fellowmen.

Why did I do that? has been asked by many a man of himself. The diversity of our actions, it would seem, could not be controlled by our reason. Was it reasonable

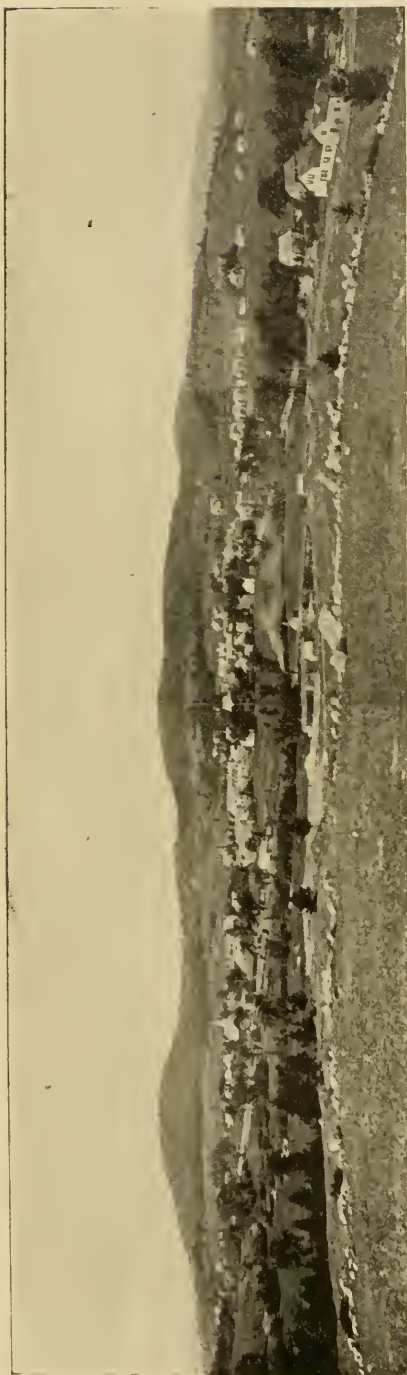
that John Scofield should leave his relatives and friends, pack up his household goods and gods on a handsled and, with his wife and four children, walk through the forests and ford streams in the late fall and winter of 1766, from Norwich, Conn., a distance of over two hundred miles, to settle in this wilderness? What were his motives?

If he sought loneliness and solitude, he found it, but not for long. A path once made soon becomes hardened by continuous feet. And so it was in the settlement of this town.

The history of our town did not begin here. It was incorporated by a charter granted by Gov. Benning Wentworth, July 9, 1761, and upon the following conditions: that every grantee shall plant and cultivate five acres of land within the term of five years for every fifty acres contained in his share. That all pine trees fit for masting our royal navy should be preserved. That one acre of land should be lotted to each grantee, as near the center of the town as possible, before any other division of land should be made. The condition that was not complied with was the planting and cultivating of five acres of land within five years. The charter lapsed; application was made for its renewal which was granted by Gov. John Wentworth, February 23, 1769, for a period of four years. Attached to the charter are the names of sixty-two men, and not more than ten or twelve of them ever saw their grants: Amos Walworth, Ebenezer Eames, George and Daniel Harris, Samuel Meacham, Thos. Gates, Thos. Miner, James Jones, Samuel Dodge, Ephraim Wells, Jr., Josiah Gates; possibly Thos. Gustin, who was appointed the moderator of the first town meeting in the charter.

The settlers had little to do with the Indians and no mention of them is found in the records of the town. Nevertheless, they were around here and evidence of two camps has been found—one upon the shores of Hart Pond, on land of George E. Cobb, and the other near the outlet of Goose Pond. They probably belonged to the great family of Abnakis.

Before the arrival of any settlers, it is not known how many years before, trappers and hunters explored these regions, and, it is reported, met with good success. The names



Birdseye View of Canaan Village, 1886

of these men have come down to us. Colby and his partner, Tribble. Colby was an ancestor of Ensign Colby, who settled on the land now occupied by Thos. Robitaille. Daniel Colby, a son of the trapper, came with them and afterwards settled here. He was 99 years, and 7 months old when he died, and had fifteen children.

Hart was another trapper who came with them, after whom Hart Pond was named. As far back as the memory and records of the old settlers go, it was known by the name of H-A-R-T Pond. These men came from Haverhill, Mass.

The story of the first settlement is legendary. There are no records or proofs of its truth. It has been handed down from generation to generation.

At the age of 51 years, John Scofield started from Norwich, Conn., with his family. He reached Lebanon, where he knocked around trying to find some place to settle. He had heard from trappers and hunters of the abundance of game, the rich intervals and huge pine, where no man had stayed longer than was needed to set and visit his traps. He started in the wintry December of 1766, on snow shoes, hauling his effects on a handsled followed by his wife and four children, two sons and two daughters. He built his brush house in the valley, about twenty five rods north of where the old District no. 10 schoolhouse stood, and afterwards replaced it with logs and dug a cellar and built a stone oven. He had been accustomed to the comforts of social life, but he was not a social man. He was not fond of neighbors. He wanted to be far enough away from them so that when he visited them, they would be glad to see him. Scofield was not a grantee, but he and his sons purchased lands of the proprietors. That his labors and virtues were appreciated is evident from the vote passed at the first proprietors' meeting, when he was awarded \$26, as having contributed most to effect the settlement of the town. He was the moderator at the first town meeting and, during his life here, occupied positions of trust and confidence. His sons, Elcazer and John, and daughter, Miriam, married and settled here. His daughter, Delight, married and settled in Hanover. He died in 1784, and his widow died ten years later.

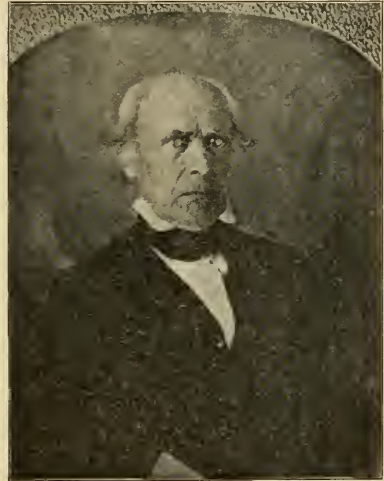
A few years after the death of their parents, Eleazer and John sold out and moved to Canada. Eleazer lived on South Road, where John Moore afterwards lived, and his brother, John, lived on the farm adjoining, afterwards occupied by Maj. Levi George, opposite the farm of the late George Ginn.

Thomas Miner, the second settler, also came from Norwich and was 23 years old when he came here. He was one of the grantees, and at the date of the charter was 18 years old. He had been a sailor and had laid up some property. He had been of a roving, free and easy-going disposition and not in love with restraint of any kind. He was married in 1765, and this did not tame him enough to make him want to settle down. He was uneasy to be on the go. In the fall of 1766, after his first child was born, he tried to get the Harrises and other proprietors to start for their new grant. They finally prevailed upon him to wait until the next spring, by promising to go with him. Spring came; the others were not ready, but Miner started, with his wife and child and such implements as he could pack on a horse, and driving a cow. The next morning after his arrival, his horse was missing. He retraced his path about thirty miles and found him. When he reached his wife and child again, Mrs. Miner assured her husband that she had heard sounds like chopping with an axe. The following morning he heard the same sounds. He discharged his gun which was answered by the report from another gun. It was not long before John Scofield and Thos. Miner met. The friendship thus formed continued throughout their lives.

Fifty-one of the sixty-two grantees were residents of Norwich, Colchester, and the surrounding towns in Connecticut. The other eleven grantees were friends of the Governor.

It was not until the summer of 1767, that George and Daniel Harris, Amos Walworth, Samuel Benedict, Samuel Jones (with him was Reynold Gates), Lewis Joslyn, Asa Williams, Joseph Craw and Daniel Crossman started from Connecticut. George Harris was a man of energy and intelligence, and was recognized as the leader. Soon after their arrival here they proceeded to explore the country. They were not sure that they would like the land well enough to bring their families. Goose

Pond received its name, it is reported, from an incident that occurred on one of their expeditions. They came upon a sheet of water near Hanover whose surface was alive with ducks and geese. They killed a goose—an old one—cooked it all day and it was still tough. It never got tender and to commemorate the goose they named the pond after it. George Harris, Amos Walworth, Samuel Jones, Joseph Craw and Daniel Crossman selected lands on South Road. Crossman, Craw and Benedict who had brought their families went into the business of brush housekeeping, like Miner and Scofield. Samuel Jones, who was unmarried,

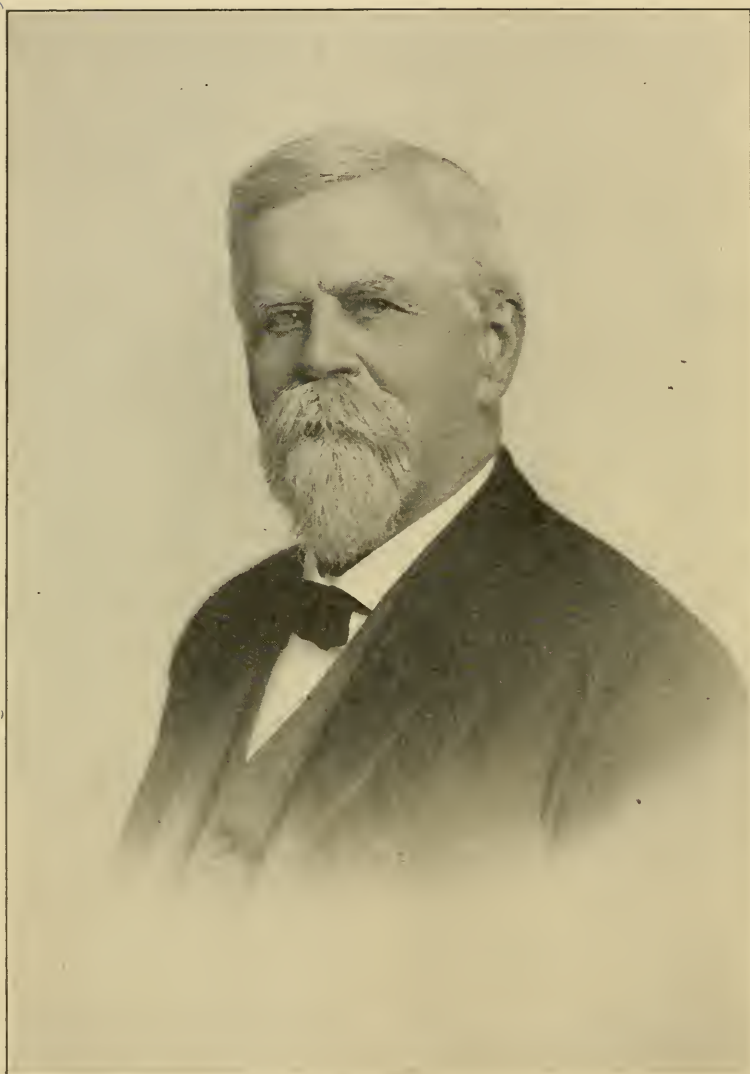


Hon. Elijah Blaisdell
An Old Time Leader

attached himself to Mr. Scofield's family, and afterwards married Miriam Scofield.

The Harrises and Walworth returned to Connecticut and reported what they had found. George Harris returned the same season with his family, accompanied by Samuel Dodge and Capt. Josiah Gates. They all built log houses before winter set in. The first death occurred the winter of 1768—Joseph Craw's child.

The first winter was very severe. There were no crops and the nearest corn mill was in Lebanon, twelve miles away, with only a foot trail through the forest, obstructed by swamps and fallen trees, and only logs for bridges.



HON. WILLIAM M. CHASE
Associate Justice, New Hampshire Supreme Court
Canaan's Most Eminent Living Native

There are two kinds of records made by the settlers of this town: The proprietors' records were made by the men who owned the charter rights. Not all of the settlers owned proprietors' rights. The town records were made by the inhabitants of the town. The duty of the proprietors consisted mostly in dividing up the land and lotting it to the rights named in the charter. Each right had about 325 acres. The first meeting of the proprietors was July 19, 1768, and for two years all the town business was done by them, until the first town meeting, July 3, 1770. The same men held offices in both meetings. There were more offices than men to fill them.

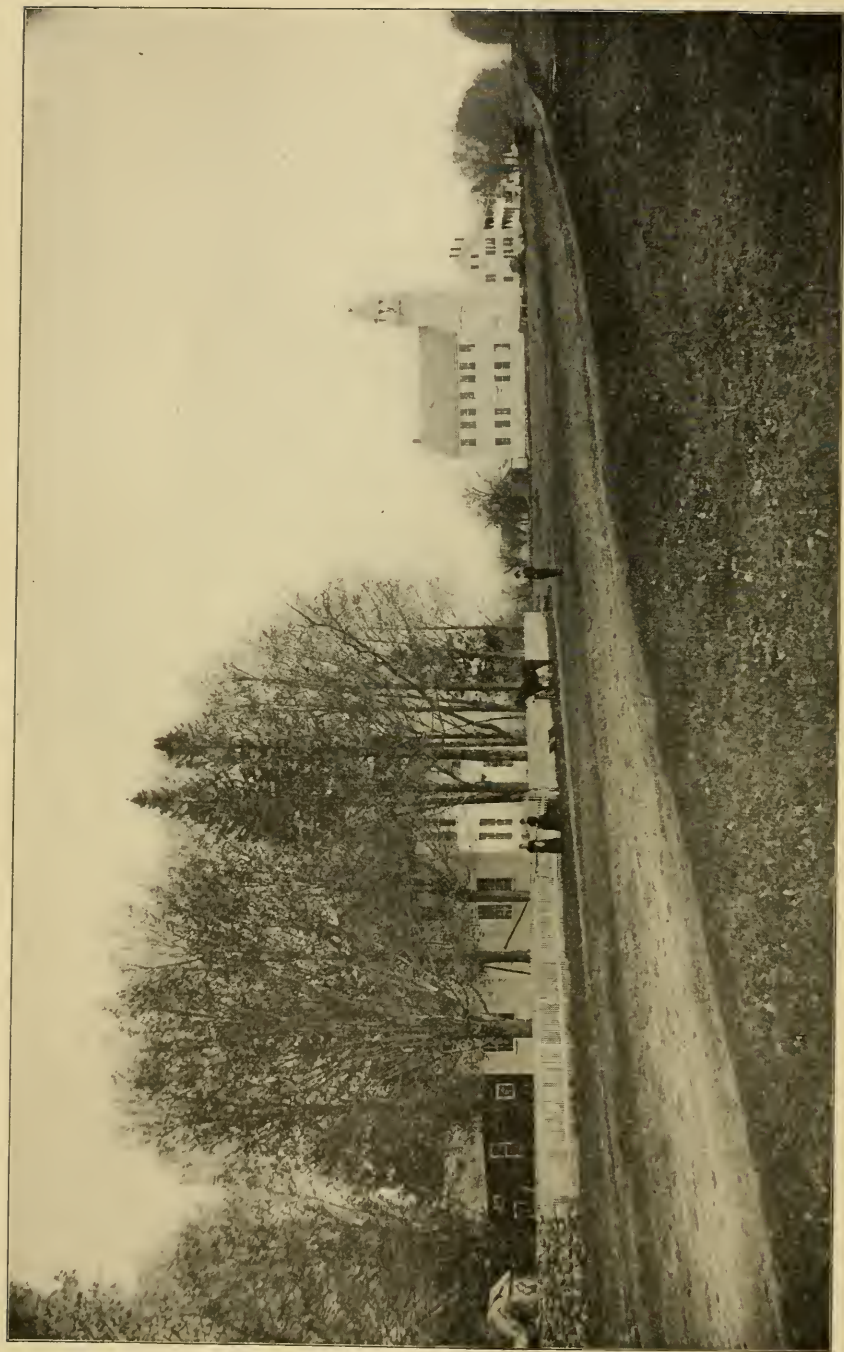
Deacon Caleb Welch was the eighth family to settle here, in 1768. Asa Kilburn and Jedediah Hibbard came that year from Lebanon, and Nathaniel Bartlett. In 1769, Ebenezer Eames, Thos. Baldwin, Joshua and Ezekiel Wells and Samuel Chapman came. Richard and Caleb Clark came in 1773; Robert Barber in 1778 or 9; William Ayer and Nathan Follansbee in 1779; Jonathan Carlton and David Dustin, Daniel Parot and Sargent Blaisdell, about 1780; John and Clark Currier in 1781; the six Richardson brothers, William, John, Enoch, Joshua, Eliphalet and Moses, in 1782; William Bradbury in 1785. Ebenezer Eames built the first corn mill, which was contracted to be finished December 1, 1771. It was built at the corner, with an over shot wheel, a little below the shop of R. F. Haffenreffer. It was clumsy and uncouth, but the people no longer had to go to Lebanon and carry their corn and meal on their backs.

The last meeting of the proprietors was held December 2, 1845. The land having been divided and many of the rights having received their full share were cancelled, and Joseph Dustin and Elijah Blaisdell were appointed a committee to dispose of all the remaining undivided land. Mr. Dustin subsequently gave several deeds of these undivided lands.

Canaan was one of sixteen towns along this side of the Connecticut River that desired to unite with Vermont in 1778, when Vermont had petitioned Congress to be admitted as a state. These towns had become dissatisfied with the measures adopted for framing a constitution in New Hampshire.

Vermont accepted the union of these towns, by a resolution, June 11, 1778. They gave notice to New Hampshire and asked that the boundary line be accurately settled. New Hampshire would not recognize their right of secession. Appeal was made to Congress, Vermont having appointed commissioners, and, after consideration, Congress, by a resolution in August, 1781, made it an indispensable preliminary to the admission of Vermont as a state that she give up all claim to the grants east of the west bank of the Connecticut River. In the end Vermont gave up her claim and was admitted into the Union. It is this resolution which forms an important part of the case for New Hampshire in the action now pending with Vermont to establish the boundary line between the two states. There was also an effort made by certain towns, on both sides of the river, to include this town, to form themselves into a new state. This did not meet with favor.

The building of a meeting house disturbed the people in the early days. The early settlers were very religious and were persistent in their attendance on Divine Worship. Their meetings began early in the morning and lasted all day. It is not so many years ago that we had a service in the forenoon and one in the afternoon, with Sunday School between and prayer meeting in the evening, and everybody went. Now it is difficult to induce attendance at one service. The old settlers met mostly in barns. Stoves were unheard of, except the little iron ones that were used for putting the feet on, and the barns were not even double boarded. There they would gather and listen to a prayer half an hour long and a sermon of two hours, and woe to the small boy who made a noise or the brother or sister whose head began to nod. The tithing-man compelled attendance at church, and enforced order with his white wand, a ball on one end and a fox tail on the other. The ball was used for the men on the top of the head, and the fox tail was drawn gently under the ladies' noses. But there was a humorous side to this annoyance which would sometimes crop out in the characteristics of the man who filled the office. Capt. Joseph Wheat was tithing-man during the earlier portion of his father's ministry. The old elder, when once he settled into his two hours' labor, was obliv-



Old Wallace House, Town House and Hotel, Broad Street, 1886

ious to all outside occurrences. On one occasion Captain Jo, seizing his wand, started out to quell a riotous disposition among several children, whose guardians had ceased from their labors and gone to sleep. As he cast his eyes about the house, he was astonished to perceive the whole congregation nodding, wholly unconscious and careless of the thunders that resounded from the pulpit. He was quick-witted and eccentric, particularly when seized with a profane sentiment. On this occasion he never said a word, but jumped up and jerked his solid feet down square upon the floor. The concussion brought the whole astonished congregation to their feet. The old man stopped preaching also,—lost his balance, in fact—but rallied in a moment and sternly demanded, "Jo, why do you disturb this meeting? Is that the way you keep order?" "Sir," says Captain Jo, "it lies between you and me to entertain and instruct this congregation. You've been telling them awful truths for more than an hour and they all went to sleep. I gave one solid jump, and they roused up as if Satan were already shaking his spread wings to carry them off. Your arguments are very persuasive, but you see mine are powerful."

Thos. Baldwin, who had had charge of the church for several years, urged the necessity of a meeting house, a stated place for worship and dedicated to God. Poverty and hard times were pleaded, but at length, on March 11, 1788, the town voted to build a meeting house. Several meetings were held, and finally Dea. Caleb Welch, Lieut. Ez Wells, John Scofield, Wm. Richardson and Daniel Blaisdell were appointed to "prefix" the spot and propose a convenient method to build said house. The committee began to clear the ground on the old Barber farm. Dissensions arose that were so serious and bitter that further action was postponed. After four years of discussion, on August 27, 1792, they voted again to build a meeting house. The committee was appointed, and on October 10, having reported, their report was accepted. It was voted to build it by proprietorship. On November 5, 1792, a public vendue was held and the pew ground was bid off to different owners for a total sum of 945 pounds, 13 shillings.

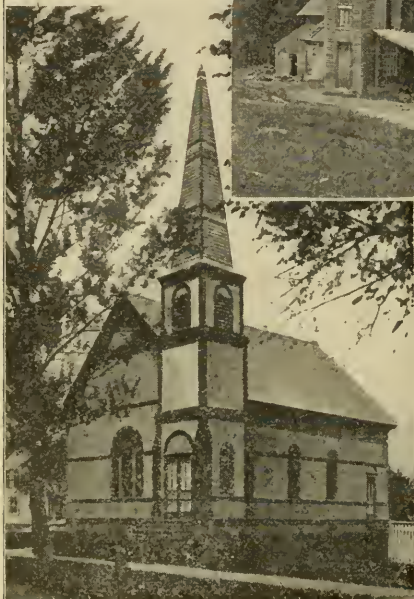
On December 26, 1792, the building and finishing of the house was struck off to

William Parkhurst, son-in-law of Robert Barber, for 561 pounds. It was to be finished by September 1, 1794. Its dimensions were to be 42 by 52 feet, 26-foot posts, with two porches; one at each end, 12 feet square and posts 23 feet. The inside work was to be done in every respect equal to the upper meeting house in Salisbury. The building was not ready to be raised until early in September, 1793. A barrel of rum had been procured from Jesse Johnson at East Enfield to steady the nerves and increase the emulation. It is said that Mr. Parkhurst, who was a handsome young man, cool headed and of firm nerves, while working upon the ridge pole was called to assist in arranging the heavy plate and that he walked down the western rafter upright with his axe upon his shoulder and several times exhibited feats of surprising coolness. At last he proposed riding astride one of the heavy timbers, but, when near the top, the rope tackling broke and he fell to the ground. He was unconscious and seriously injured and never recovered the use of his limbs.

The completion of the house dragged along and in November, 1796, they voted to prosecute Mr. Parkhurst's bondsmen if it was not completed by the next May. Capt. Robert Barber and his son, John M., the bondsmen, completed it, but the committee refused to accept.

There is no record of the dedication of the house to God, either by sermon, prayer or anthem, neither the day nor the reverend men who took part in it; nor the banquet which followed at Caleb Pierce's new tavern.

The house was built without steeple or bell, with three entrances, one on each end, under the porticos, and one on the south. The pews were square boxes; those in the center were placed in squares of four, and a row of pews round the walls, raised one step above the floor. The pulpit was reached by a flight of ten steps, and from this elevation the minister could look into the gallery. A picturesque and large-toned sounding board was suspended over the desk. The original clapboards were split from pine logs and the shingles the same. The timbers were cut, mostly, near the common, and the boards were sawed by Jonathan Carlton at his mill at the village. The nails were of wrought iron, cut out of nail iron of various



Catholic Church
Congregational Church

Old Paper Mill
M. E. Church, Street

thicknesses, by the aid of a machine made for that purpose and set up in Mr. Carlton's mill. There was preaching in the building until 1856. But from the time of its erection it has been used by the town for its town meetings and has been known for many years as the Town House.

The Grafton Turnpike Company caused much discussion and contention for many years. It was incorporated June 21, 1804. Daniel Blaisdell, Ezekiel Wells and Moses Dole were the Canaan men named, with others from adjoining towns, as incorporators. They were given power to build a toll road with gates and establish rates of toll. Daniel Blaisdell was treasurer. There were two toll gates in this town. The first gate was at Worth's Tavern, which stood on the site of Mrs. St. Amand's residence. As this was an easy place to evade payment it was moved down near the Orange line. The second gate was at Gates Tavern near Hanover line. The farm is now owned by Mr. Melvin Washburn. The old Tavern burned about two years ago. The pike was advertised as a bonanza which was to fill the pockets of its proprietors. John Currier and Thaddeus Lathrop contracted to build 130 rods for \$200. It was to be thirty feet wide; causeways, twenty-four feet wide. It was to be two feet higher in the center than the sides. One hundred and seventeen shares were owned in Canaan, of the 300 issued; par value \$100. Ten dollars, was to be paid on receiving stock and the balance as called for. In 1807, the confidence in the pike was unabated and the town voted to sell the school lots and lay out the money in the pike. They afterwards voted to sell the public rights unsold and invest in the pike. The town bought fifteen shares of the turnpike. In 1808, there were assessments, but no dividends, and the pike was unfinished.

In 1811, the town voted to raise money to pay its assessments. Fourteen men who did not live on the pike "Decented" against paying these taxes. Later in November they voted to sell, for \$100, the fifteen shares which had already cost the town \$110 a share and against which were assessments of \$372. Between 1807 and 1811, there were seven assessments. The town paid part of the sixth and none of the seventh. The first dividend was paid in 1813, and the last in

1818, in all \$6.46 on each share. It cost the people of Canaan, \$15,688.19, for their experience with the pike, of which amount they received back \$755.82 in dividends. The total cost to the town was \$2,067.75. Each share cost its owner \$137.85.

The pike dragged along until 1828, when the legislature allowed it to go into liquidation. And the same year the selectmen laid the road over the same land.

From the earliest settlement of this town its people have been strongly sectarian in religious matters. Personal recollections of the old people are that they conceived it to be of vital importance to make a public confession of religion, and to be constant in their attendance upon its ordinances. Without reflecting that (in many cases) it was only an outside garment for Sunday use, the sentiment grows upon one that these solemn faced old gentlemen, whose constant appearance at the meeting house, riding on horseback and bringing their wives upon a pillion behind them, were men of God to whom no evil could come nigh. Each man was his own expounder of the faith and doctrine he held to. They were all more or less given to expressing their views on Sundays, and, having once announced their beliefs, they were not inclined to modify them, however they might differ from received opinions. There were strong voiced persons among them, who gradually monopolized the time, and at length crowded out the feeble. These men and women were never favorable to being taxed to pay for preaching, because they considered themselves qualified to preach for nothing. The records for many years give us only negative votes upon the subject. At length, when young Thomas Baldwin, one of their own boys, sprightly, eloquent and consistent, by hard study and steady application, had been set apart and ordained as an evangelist, and placed over this young church and people they yielded gracefully to him as their leader. The women loved and petted him, and the men honored and respected him for his manly, yet gentle character—and 35 pounds was readily voted for preaching for his support. But in the flush of their pleasure at having a leader, and while they were congratulating themselves upon their unanimity, there was heard one little piping voice and then another, very feeble, sounding much as



Methodist and Baptist Churches, Canaan Village

if ashamed of its own weakness, and then another—until five men came haltingly forward and “descended” to raising the tax. They did not believe it scriptural to support a man for doing nothing but preach—it would be encouraging laziness. They liked for the brethren to have a chance to tell of the Lord’s doings, and not pay for a man’s speech when his hands were idle. “No, they wan’t a going to do no such thing.” Everybody in that hard working community ought to have a chance to free his mind in his own way. It was put to vote, and those dissenting fellows were excused from paying any part of the tax. Each day while clearing away the forests, or working the lands, these strong minded men were rehearsing the thoughts they intended to speak at the next Sunday gathering. Among them were many fluent speakers—men who with education might have shone in the world of letters. With such men for fathers it is no wonder that many of the sons became preachers, and that several of them should attain eminence in the denomination to which they attached themselves.

The first preacher of whom we have any record was James Treadway, who came here as a settler in 1770. We know but little about his doctrine, and what is known of the man is not any evidence of Christian principles, but rather a desire to better himself during the temporary lethargy of the proprietors, who, when they realized that all men are not honest, promptly rebuked him, and in a few years he disappeared.

The first church established in Canaan was Baptist. The record of this event has been laid aside, but it was probably about 1780—that is, that denomination seemed to have the most followers, and in the early days the most control over who should preach. Before the meeting house was built there was no stated place of worship; they met where it was convenient. Late in the summer of 1780 there came to town two Baptist evangelists, illiterate, but very zealous of their intercourse with the people. Their homely talk roused a large interest in religious matters. Their names have passed out of story and we cannot, if we would, give their address. They remained here several weeks. Some old professors were worked up and several young persons converted, among the

others was Thomas Baldwin. He had already, since the death of his boy, Erastus, whose tombstone is in the cemetery on the street, become a studious and serious young man. After these strangers had departed a suggestion was uttered that a church organization would be desirable, which led in a short time to the calling of a conference. Elder Elisha Ransom of Woodstock, Vt., was consulted. Other clergymen, including Rev. Samuel Ambrose of Sutton, were invited to take part, and a church was organized in Caleb Welch’s barn on South Road, that being the most convenient place for that purpose.

It has come down in tradition that William Plummer, afterwards governor, preached his Tory sermon in the deacon’s barn, in 1780. It was also the place where many religious meetings were held in pleasant weather. Caleb Welch and John Worth were elected deacons. Deacon Worth invited himself to take charge of the singing, and it is said that he clung to that office with great tenacity. About thirty persons were admitted to membership. For a while the new church was ministered to by preachers from neighboring towns, and when these failed they relied upon the talent which circumstances had developed among them. No effort was made to settle a preacher for many months. Mr. Baldwin frequently conducted the exercises, and at length decided to prepare himself for the ministry.

In the spring of 1783 the church invited him to receive ordination and become their pastor. A council was called in June and he received ordination as an evangelist, and was put in charge of this church. He remained here seven years, until September 18, 1790, when he went to Boston where he was installed, November 11. He received the degree of A.M. from Brown University in 1794, and of D.D. from Union College in 1803. He edited the *Baptist Magazine* from 1803–17, and was the founder of Waterville College, Maine. After his departure there were numerous pastors, none of whom gained the sympathy or support of the people. In 1797 there was still one church in Canaan; but it was not strong enough to support itself, and the great obstacle to securing “stated preaching” was found in the unwillingness of the members of this church to listen to

preachers of any other belief. It was not strong enough to pay the expense of a Baptist preacher. There were Congregationalists, Universalists, and a few Methodists, and also a few impracticable men, who like some persons in these days though their own teachings good enough for the people, and were not inclined to yield their rights to any new comer. Each belief was jealous of the others, and refused to coöperate lest they might lose individuality. The result was they had no stated preaching for several years. Whenever a religious meeting was held, Deacon Richard Clark, Deacon John Worth or Mrs. Miriam Harris would seize the opportunity to deliver their melancholy rhapsodies to an impatient audience, and this had got to be so severe a trial that they at last resolved to form a society upon the "principles of equality," as they termed it. Elder Tyler said Deacon Richard Clark was a powerful exhorter, and would sometimes lose himself in his zeal. Spittle would fly from both sides of his mouth, one corner at a time, and his nose would run like a river, which he used to blow about him first from one nostril and then the other, stopping one with his thumb. He was long winded and very annoying to Thomas Baldwin. Other preachers followed along in quick succession, but the pulpit was oftener occupied by resident orators, was little attended to and the candidates for the church and people gave no satisfaction. They just appeared above the religious horizon and vanished like a summer cloud.

The singing then was a fruitful theme of irritation. Benjamin Trussell, a musician of more than ordinary ability, a good singer, and performer upon the violoncello, had moved into town and was invited to contribute his part in the devotional exercises of the people. Like a true musician, Mr. Trussell believed that singing is only another form of praising God, and that the more sweet sounds he brought to his aid the greater was God's pleasure. He took his violoncello into the seats, and tuned it before the congregation. Deacon Worth, who was counted as one of the guardians of all the proprieties in the church, and a leader of the singers, was more shocked than he had been on the occasion of the call of Mr. Wilmarth. That was simply a vocal interruption, but this was an invasion of the house of God, with the strains that the devil

used to tempt young people to dance. A few other impulsive enthusiasts joined the deacon in denouncing the "devil music" and threatened to call a meeting of the church and expel the offender. They talked a good deal of nonsense, and some of the old singers, with Deacon Worth at their head, threatened to leave the choir and not sing any more, only that this was just what the other party wanted, and they would not afford them that gratification. The gentle spirit of Christian forbearance had nearly fled from the church, when good old Samuel Meacham, an early and devout Methodist, raised his hands in the midst of the half angry company and quietly remarked: "Brethren, let us pray," and then: "We pray thee, good God, turn the thoughts of these wrangling singers from themselves unto Thee! Fill their hearts with harmony and love, and if there be a single chord of music in Brother Trussell's bass-viol that will tend to increase our devotions to Thee, let us have it in all its fullness and, Lord, forbid that we should ever cast away any good or pleasant thing that falls across our lives, and now give us thy blessing, and send us courage to clear out the angry thoughts that have invaded our hearts, and, when we meet again, may it be in love and affection. Amen." And Caleb Seabury and Moses Dole responded, "So mote it be." And the singing after the mutual jealousies had become self-exhausted settled itself.

Mr. Trussell's viol became a favorite, with everyone except the inharmonious deacon, and he never ceased to talk about it. In 1807, there was no preacher, and no prospect of one unless the people would unite upon some person and stand by him. So they agreed to lay aside their dogmas and personalities and form a "Union Society" which like all union societies in religion, proved to be no union at all. Daniel Blaisdell was appointed to write an agreement, such as all would sign. The Union Society went to pieces in 1812, and there was a relapse into the old order of things, each denomination raising their own money in their own way by assessment, and hiring their own preachers. In 1813 a successful effort was made to unite the church and people, and a committee was sent to Grafton with an invitation to Elder Joseph Wheat to come and settle here, which he

accepted. Elder Wheat was a Baptist, and preached to that church and society for twenty-three years. From the time of his installation, in March, 1814, until during the year 1827, he lived as the pastor and teacher of the people going out and in before them as an example of an honored and revered man.

Elder Wheat was a careful man in his intercourse with the people. He had cheerful words and friendly advice for every one. His labors in the pulpit were arduous; his prayers and sermons were almost of indefinite length, and he delighted in the loud music of his great choir, never omitting any of the stanzas in the longest hymns. He labored everywhere, and was called often to attend funerals. On those sad occasions he was a very effective speaker, being naturally sympathetic, and weeping with the mourners. It was his custom, whenever he heard unfriendly criticisms upon the life and character of a deceased person, to say, "We should tread lightly upon the ashes of the dead." The preaching of Elder Wheat and the high reputation which he enjoyed as a patriot soldier were powerful influences in forming the habits and characters of many of our people. He was generally modest in relating his exploits. As a soldier he had endured great hardships.

Numerous Baptist preachers followed Elder Wheat, no one of them remaining but a short time, until in 1867 the church was reorganized in this village and, after great trials, a church edifice was erected and dedicated in June, 1872.

The Congregational Church was constituted here in 1803; but, up to 1820, Congregational preaching was seldom heard, although each denomination was supposed to have an equal chance to listen to its doctrine. Rev. Charles Calkins came in 1820. He was not a great man and was too much afflicted with nerves. The old Baptists of Canaan were not men of refinement, nor were they apt to choose soft words in reference to rival ministers. As a class they saw no good in anything but Baptism; all other isms were to be talked about and treated with contempt. They never missed an occasion to speak sharp words of Mr. Calkins and his church. He remained four years.

In the spring of 1824, Amos Foster came

over from Hanover. He was about here more than a year, gaining friends by his sincerity, his pleasant ways, his refined manners and Christian graces. Even those rough natures that saw only pride and dandyism inside of a nice fitting suit of clothes withheld their surly remarks when they became acquainted with the sentiments which governed the life of Amos Foster. On the 28th of February, 1825, the committee of the Congregational Church contracted with Mr. Foster. He severed his connection with the church, January 2, 1833. The Congre-



Ex-Congressman Frank D. Currier

A Later Day Leader

gational Church was built in 1828, and dedicated in January, 1829. It was built by the sale of pews, as the Baptists had done.

Rev. Edward C. Fuller came after Mr. Foster, and remained until March 1, 1836. Then Rev. Liber Conant came and remained until the spring of 1845. From then until 1851, the church was without a pastor. Rev. Henry Wood stayed two years, and on July 24, 1853, Rev. Moses Gerould entered on his labors, which he closed in April, 1863, and was the last settled minister in the old North Church.

Methodism came with the early settlers. Samuel Meacham, Ezekiel Wells, and Caleb

Seabury formed the first class. Canaan belonged in the Hanover circuit, and it was only once in four weeks that their minister came around. In 1806, the New England Conference met in Canaan and a camp meeting was held in Robert Barber's woods, near the Wells place, over which Bishop Asbury presided. In 1826 the Methodists built a church at South Road, at the corner of the road from the "Switch." For many summers and winters these old brethren came up to worship God in this house. They grew older and passed away one by one—let us hope to enjoy the Heavenly felicities they believed in store for them. As the years passed the congregation diminished. It grew more and more inconvenient to attend. The members gravitated away from that house. In June, 1842, a camp meeting was held in the woods near the Wells burying ground. The feeling begun that they ought to have a house on the "Street," to the end that the new house was dedicated on the "Street," October 2, 1844, and has continued to be used ever since. The church building now occupied by the Methodists in this village was a union church and was built by the citizens. There was religious worship, but no church organization. Methodist preaching began here with C. U. Dunning in 1863, and, until 1883, they had separate pastors from the Street. Since that time both villages have been served by the same preacher.

In 1834, Samuel Noyes, George Kimball, Nathaniel Currier, George Walworth and John H. Harris bought half an acre of land just south of the Congregational meeting house, and obtained a charter from the Legislature July 4, for the purpose of establishing a school for the education of youth. It was called Noyes Academy and its privileges and blessings were to be open to all pupils without distinction of color. The Nation at this time was at the height of the anti-slavery agitation. Canaan sympathized with both sides and the line was as sharply drawn between the abolitionists, in Canaan, and their opponents, as anywhere in the country. Several abolition orators came to Canaan and served to keep the people stirred on that question, which was not solved for more than twenty-five years after. The friends of the school realized there was going to be a struggle; excitement was in the air;

both sides did not hesitate to show their whole strength, and every effort was made to bring it out and place every man either on one side or the other. This was a question that it took a man of great ability to straddle. But the enemies of the school—perhaps that phrase should not be used; it is not probable that any one was opposed to the Academy, as it was originated—but the plan to introduce negroes into this white community was revolting to the white sense of propriety. Negroes were not recognized as a part of the social system. This negative idea in regard to the negro was not new at this time. The first negro who came to Canaan was a boy, who came over from Hanover about one hundred years ago, to live with Captain Dole. How curiously he was examined—the flat nose, thick lips, kinky hair, and, more wonderful than all, the blackness that enveloped his skin. The boys gathered about him in a circle, and wondered to see him talk and laugh like themselves. But the novelty at length disappeared, and then Dennison Wentworth was only a "colored boy."

But the Christian men and women of those days were never ready to recognize his equality before God. And, when the Congregational Church was built in 1828-29, that there might be no misunderstanding in the sentiment of the builders or projectors, a pew was built in the northwest corner of the gallery, and dedicated to the negro race as the "Negro Pen" and there it remains today, a witness to the prejudice that was to culminate in after years in outrages and mobs all over the land, producing bitterness and wounds in society that a whole generation has scarcely been able to heal. The negro could go into that pen, and listen to the prayers, the hymns and sermons of the preacher, but he must come no nearer the altar of God.

The opponents of the negro part of the plan were not idle. They gathered together in caucus, after the meeting of the proprietors, and decided that a "town meeting" should be called to procure if possible an unfriendly expression from the voting population of the town. There was another reason aside from the social aspect of the affair that led them to a public expression of disapproval of the negro question in the school. The southern politicians were getting excited at the spread

of abolition sentiments, and it was a fondly cherished belief of our good men that they could contribute something towards soothing their southern brethren, by passing resolutions, denouncing the abolitionists, having them published in the *New Hampshire Patriot*, signed by the selectmen and clerk, and then sending carefully marked copies to their senators and representatives in Congress. It was only a murmuring ripple of popular opinion, not very loud as yet but harsh, a murmur that was to develop an untamed wild beast.

different parts of the town with instructions "to use all lawful means to prevent the establishment of said school and if established to counteract its influence."

On the 11th of September, 1834, the trustees met for the first time in the Academy, when they transacted such business as came before them and issued a prospectus of the school. The committee immediately started for Andover Theological Seminary and Mr. William Scales of that Institution was recommended as principal, was accepted and was to begin the next March. In the meantime,



Canaan Village and Cardigan Mountain

A town meeting was warned to be held September 3, "To take the sense of the qualified voters relative to the contemplated Institution about to be established in this town, avowedly for the purpose of educating black and white children and youth promiscuously and without distinction and what measures to adopt in regard to said Institution." The meeting was held on the appointed day, and resolutions were passed. Daniel Pattee, John Shepard and Elijah Blaisdell were chosen to procure the publication of the foregoing preamble and resolutions. And to nominate "seventeen" persons in

May Harris commenced the female department the 1st of October with twenty scholars, and Parson Fuller taught the male department.

On January 22, 1835, it is recorded, the thirteen colored pupils were attending school. Mr. Scales came March 1. Some of them left. On June 10 there were six in attendance. A letter of that date says: "The fact that the whole slave population of the South are coming here shocks the sensibilities of the toothless, eyeless, senseless part of the community. The old, superannuated dotards sigh at the coming events, and wish they had

never been born. Because, forsooth, a black man has come among us."

Rumors of the most absurd character were set afloat against the school and the people. The village was to be overrun with negroes from the South; the slaves were coming here to line the streets with their huts, and to inundate the industrious town with paupers and vagabonds. Other tales, too indecent to be reported, were circulated with wicked industry. As the Fourth of July approached violence began to be threatened, and it was announced that on that day an attack was to be made on the house. The day arrived and hundreds of men assembled, some as actors, others as spectators. The building was approached in a threatening manner by a body of about seventy men, many of whom were from adjacent towns, armed with clubs and other missiles and uttering fierce threats and imprecations. They drew up in front of the house. The leader of this brave band was Jacob Trussell, who announced to his followers that the object of their "virtuous wrath" was before them. Several approached and attempted the door.

There is in every man a sense of right and wrong which makes even the most hardened criminal hesitate to commit an unlawful act, even in the presence of his fellow conspirators. A sudden paralysis seemed to seize them. A window in the second story was suddenly thrown open and Dr. Timothy Tilton, a magistrate, appeared and, after addressing a few words of warning, began to take down the names of the visitors in a loud voice. Thus he called the names of "Jacob Trussell, Daniel Pattee, Wesley P. Burpee, Daniel Pattee, Jr., Salmon P. Cobb, March Barber, Phineas Eastman," and so on. Then the band of rioters hesitated, fell back a little, and soon retreated, with undisguised speed, leaving behind them only their leader who stood his ground valiantly for a while looking defiantly at the offensive building.

The 31st of July, 1835, is memorable in the annals of Canaan for the disorder it evolved as well as for the remarkable resolutions that were permitted to go upon its records, where they remain as a perpetual memento of the slow progress of public opinion. Joseph L. Richardson was moderator. The house was crowded with men filled with rage, rum and riotous intentions. They had worked them-

selves into the belief that a "legal" town meeting could do lawfully what it was unlawful for an individual to do. They were willing to shift the odium of the outrage of what they were about to do upon the "legal" town meeting. A committee was appointed to report a plan for the action of the town. After much labor that committee presented a series of resolutions embracing within their tortuous folds the plan that was to destroy the school, or rather as those who were seeking an excuse for their acts, to "abate the public nuisance," and a committee of fifteen was appointed to carry them out. The 10th of August was the day appointed to abate the nuisance. Extracts from a diary of that date say:

"The day dawned; the sun never rose with more loveliness. Its meridian splendor is not an apt comparison in dog days. In the morn we greet him, at noon we flee from him. The cloud that had so long hung threateningly over us now assumed a most fearful aspect. The people led by villians were mad, and in their madness had become destroyers. I was standing at my desk writing. Saw a man, Mr. B., pass with an iron bar. Soon I saw several more pass with bars and axes. Now a wagon loaded with chains hurried along. I looked out at the door. The street was full of people and cattle in all directions. A 'string' of fifty yoke are just turning the corner by the old Church, all from Enfield—William Currier at their head. Thomas Merrill was also a leader. The destruction of that beautiful edifice has already begun. Trussell was the first man on the ground. He is Captain of the gang. His features show the smile of satisfied revenge. He thus addressed them: 'Gentlemen, your work is before you. This town has decreed this school a nuisance, and it must be abated. If any man obstructs you in these labors, let him be abated also. Now fall to, and remove this fence.' Dr. Tilton read the riot act and it was the only obstruction offered by the friends of the school. They chose to suffer affliction and the destruction of their property, rather than shed the blood of these misguided men. They got the shoes under a little past 12 at noon. Trussell stands upon the front to give orders. The team is attached—ninety-five yoke of cattle. It is straightened. The chains break. They try again and again

the chains break. Almost in vain do they try. Thermometer ranges at 116 in the sun. At half past seven they had succeeded in drawing it into the road, when they adjourned till the next day. The cattle were in the meantime driven down to William Martin's meadow, where they were turned loose for the night. I need not tell you of the band of earnest philanthropists—men and women—who met together in secret that dark night and wept and prayed because of the destruction that had befallen their beautiful hopes. A man from Enfield, Joshua 'Devil' Stevens, as he was called, set fire to the building that night, intending to destroy it, but the attempt failed. The chains were weak; doubled they were still weak. A swift messenger was dispatched to the Shakers at Enfield and to Lyman's Bridge at Lyme for the cables used there. He returned before morning. Tuesday, the 11th, the progress of destruction was more rapid. The chains held firm when the order was given 'to straighten the team.' A little before noon they had reached our store where they halted in front, and at once demanded that a barrel of rum should be rolled out or they would demolish the doors. Mr. C. and myself thought it best to yield to their threats, but William said, 'No, I would sooner die than yield an inch to these fanatical villains.' He backed himself against the door, determined to resist to the last. But he was removed after much struggling, and they had the rum. Do you believe we did not wish it might be hell fire to their bodies? This day was hotter than the preceding, yet with redoubled ardor these men persisted in their crime, until they hauled the house on to the corner of the common, in front and close by the old church. They arrived upon the spot just at dark, so completely fagged out, both oxen and men, that it was utterly impossible to do anything further. There it stands, shattered, mutilated, inwardly beyond repair almost, a monument of the folly and infuriated malice of a basely deceived populace."

They voted to reassemble on September 10th, on which date they would locate the building and give Mr. Scales and the blacks a month to leave town. They met on that date and promptly proceeded to their work by locating the building across the road. Then they dragged the cannon through the

street, discharging it at the house of every abolitionist, breaking glass in abundance. The school was destroyed. The town by vote repaired the building, appropriating the money from the Surplus Revenue Fund, and the spirit that "hauled" it from its first foundation was evoked to make good the pledges it made itself. A teacher was hired and a few pupils attended for a few weeks, six or eight, and the money or the disposition failing the school was discontinued. Several attempts were made to open it, but they ended in failure. An attempt was made by the "town," or those who had abducted the building, to compromise with the proprietors, but those stood aloof, believing and hoping a day of redress would come, but it never came. These unlawful acts, which it was claimed public opinion demanded, have been atoned for, but not in human courts of justice. On the morning of December 31, 1838, it was found that seven windows had been removed the night before. Search was made for them; a pile of fragments of sash and broken glass, pounded almost to powder, were found on the shore of the pond. The building had been standing several years a silent monument of all the bad feelings of the human heart. Its doors were seldom opened to the student. Many persons had expressed a wish that it might burn down, and its ashes be scattered to the four winds, and that the remembrance of it might cease from the recollection of man. On the night of March 7, 1839, a great light illuminated the heavens. All the people leaped from their beds, and saw the building, the cause of so much sorrow and sin, enveloped in flames. No efforts were made to extinguish it. And the ashes were indeed scattered to the four winds.

John Greenleaf Whittier has commemorated this event in these words,

"The schoolhouse out of Canaan hauled,
Seemed turning on its track again,
And like a great swamp turtle crawled
To Canaan village back again,
Shook off the mud and settled flat
Upon its underpinning;
A nigger on its ridge pole sat,
From ear to ear a-grinning."

A few weeks after the burning a number of men assembled in William P. Weeks' office and proposed to erect a new academy upon

the site of the one burned. Thirteen notes of \$100 each, each signed by five men, were presented to the town agent who was asked to loan them the money for the construction of the building from the Surplus Revenue Fund.

Afterwards a charter was procured from the Legislature and approved June 27, 1839, in which Eleazer Martin, Jesse Martin, Caleb Blodgett, James Arvin, Guilford Cobb, Ensign Colby, William P. Weeks, Daniel Pattee, Jr., James Pattee, Joseph Dustin and William Doten were named as incorporators, to establish an institution for the "education of youth" under the name of "Canaan Union Academy." With this money they built the academy, believing it would prove a successful and profitable investment; but this belief was a delusion, if not a snare. No steps were taken by the dominant party to conciliate the large number of citizens who were aggrieved; no kind words were spoken, nor did anyone propose any method to harmonize the antagonisms; and there the two nearly equal hostile factions stood, making faces at each other, the one pointing to that building as a monument of acts of aggression unatoned for, and the other flinging back contemptuous epithets *ad libitum*.

Dr. Thomas Flanders contracted and built the building. On the 1st of September, 1839, the school was organized and J. Everett Sargent, who had taught the last term in the old building, was engaged to teach in the new. It opened with one hundred and twenty pupils. The opposition had a school in Currier's Hall, the second story of C. P. King's store, on the Street. It drew sixty pupils. These efforts were strained. The schools gradually fell off. The academy was reestablished again in 1852. It reached its highest success under Charles C. Webster in 1854, with a total of two hundred and six scholars. He was here three years. Burrill Porter, Jr., continued for another year with one hundred and seventy-one scholars and six teachers. It then ceased to be a corporation and became a private school, with wide intervals of time when the building was closed. It is now twenty-five years, nearly, since there was a school there. The question disputed at that time and at the bottom of all their hard feeling has long since been settled, and their children and grandchildren

have grown up with no remembrance of the spite and abuse thrown broadcast by their parents and grandparents.

The issue is dead and forgotten; the slave question has ceased to be; abolition, too; and we of this day can little realize the depth to which men's feelings were stirred. Such is the history of the attempts to establish a school of learning in Canaan, and when we look back upon its stormy course, at no time having the goodwill and sympathy of all the people of the community, bitterly opposed and as bitterly favored, living along from year to year on the persistence some men have to accomplish their ends, and using the object in dispute only as a means, blind to the good there might be in it itself, if spite and revenge be eliminated, the good in it became secondary to the success of their plans for revenge, resorting to trickery, force and unlawful means to bolster up or oppose. Is it any wonder that such a cause should fail when dependent upon such influences; that people who had not become involved should hesitate to take any part?

Nathaniel Farrar was the first lawyer who came here, about the time of the building of the meeting house. He was starved out and left town. The settlers were averse to quarrels. In 1808, Thomas H. Pettingill came and since then, with two exceptions, George Kimball and John H. Slack, the lawyers, have made a living in this town. Among them have been Elijah Blaisdell, son of Daniel Blaisdell, who was, after leaving here, Judge of Probate; Jonathan Kittredge, Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas in 1856; William P. Weeks, who with his business instincts amassed quite a large fortune; Jonathan Everett Sargent, who taught school, studied law, built a house and married here, and afterwards was Chief Justice of our Supreme Court; George W. Murray, whom many of us remember was a successful lawyer and business man; Joseph D. Weeks and his brother, William B., who, inheriting their share of their father's property, were not given to the practice of law so much as other matters; Isaac N. Blodgett, who was a partner of William P. Weeks at one time, afterwards Chief Justice of our Supreme Court, and his brother, Caleb Blodgett, Judge of the Superior Court in Boston; Mass.; William M. Chase, a retired Judge of our Supreme Court,

and Frank D. Currier, our well known Congressman.

Canaan has always been a loyal and patriotic town. In all her graveyards repose the dust of those who went forth to fight and win liberty in the Revolution. Forty-three of these soldiers lie buried here. After the Revolution the militia of the state was organized. The 37th Regiment held its musters on the side of the Pinnacle and in Currier's field, at the upper end of the Street, and on the Common. In the war of 1812, five men volunteered and nine men were drafted. Four Canaan men were in the Mexican War. Sixteen men volunteered in 1861, and the number of men who were credited to this town during the Rebellion was one hundred and eighty-three.

The first settlement of the town was made on what is known as South Road, which was the first road in town and extended across the south side of the town. When the corn mill was built at the Corner, the settlers soon beat a path to it, coming up the old Barber farm, crossing the Dustin farm and on up by the North Church to the Corner. This road was discontinued after the Turnpike was built. The Richardsons settled on Sawyer Hill, and so a path led to them from South Road. Joshua Wells settled at the foot of Hart Pond, on the east side, and Robert Barber at the end on the west side. Samuel Noyes and Daniel Blaisdell settled in the southeast corner of the town, and William Douglass, in 1786, built a log house near where the old Grand View Hotel stood. Paths were trod and roads were built between them.

A road had been trod for some years from Grafton across the Street to Lyme before the Grafton Turnpike was laid over it. From about 1790, until after the Northern Railroad went through this village, in November, 1847, the "Street" was the business center. The big wagon loads of goods from Boston to the northern towns in the state came this way, and stopped at Pierce's Tavern which was

built in 1794. It became Moore's store, Clark's Inn, J. Harris' Inn, Cobb's Tavern and so on down to Crystal Lake House and Grand View Hotel. It stood north of the town house. The stone house, the only one of its kind, was built in 1842, by Edmund Hazen. The stone came from the old paper mill pasture. It was built for a blacksmith shop and Simon Dodge finished it into a house.

I have endeavored to tell you of some of the most important events that occurred here in the early days. Thriftiness in those days was not confined to mere business pursuits. Marriage was a business as much as other occupations and it meant homes, households, families, and such families! David Pollard lived on the Gore; he was the father of twenty children. Joseph Flint settled on the George W. Davis farm and was the father of nineteen children. Ezekiel Wells had eighteen children; Daniel Colby, fifteen; Jacob Dow, fourteen; John M. Barber, nine; Panott Blaisdell, ten; Nathaniel Currier, eleven; Daniel Blaisdell, eleven; and these eleven had seventy children. Elijah, one of the eleven, had twelve; Daniel, seventeen and Panott, twelve. In 1767, there were nineteen persons in town; in 1773, 67; in 1785, 253. The largest number of inhabitants was in 1870-1877, and since then the population has decreased.

We are here to celebrate the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of this town. With what joy and pride do we look back upon the events which have determined our destiny and made our happiness? That event should be commemorated that the honor due those sturdy men should not fade from our eyes nor the eyes of our posterity. We should renew our reverence and affection for them. The years, as they have rolled on from that momentous wintry December, 1766, have shown growth and strength, increasing wealth and numbers, and may the accomplishments of these one hundred and fifty years be an incentive to us.

THE SHORT-CUT PATHWAY HOME

By Charles Poole Cleaves

There is simple grace in the village street,
 The highway of the town,
 Where the elms in royal arches meet
 And the night and the day look down.
 Grace to dignity grown;
 I hark to the trolley's hail.
 Library, schools and hall—behold!
 Where the brook once crossed the vale.
 Yet, face of an old-time friend,
 O'er which no changes come,
 Whose deepening lines tell tales of yore,
 Is the short-cut pathway home.

A beckoning, cheering, luring path
 Where the brook and the river greet;
 On the lone-plank bridge the footfalls chime
 And the brown soil's touch is sweet.
 Over the pasture stile,
 Where the alder thickets sway,
 With dip and curve, in varying mood,
 The old path swings away.
 Broad by the river's brink;
 Narrow, at last, to come,
 As if it paused on the way to think,
 Then hastened joyfully home.

No need that the old mill's dreamy eyes
 In twinkle and flash should stir;
 Nor of writ or lore of the human lives
 Whose steps in the old path blur.
 The thickets whisper still,
 The brook is murmuring low,
 And the river's grove in echo wakes
 The voices of long ago.
 No need of face or form
 Of the souls that with me roam;
 I know—and the thoughts come thick and fast
 On the royal highway home.

CLOUDS

By Edward H. Richards

In boyhood days, I wondered why
 The clouds so often crossed the sky;
 But, later on, I came to know
 Without the cloudlets, naught could grow.

Now, as a man, when shadows fall
 Across my path, oft I recall
 That simple lesson of the skies,
 And trudge along without surprise.

FRUITLESS FARMING AT FRUITLANDS

By Emma F. Abbot

Transcendentalism, both a philosophy and a religion, consisting of ideas and aspirations transcending or exceeding all existing realities, reaching out toward higher conditions than humanity has yet attained, stands for the cultivation of the highest attributes in man and the obliteration of the lowest. It was prevalent among scholars and writers, both in Europe and America, in the early forties.

Nurtured in homes of culture and education, its chief disciples were clergymen. Emerson began his career as a Unitarian minister, as did Walker, Ripley, Channing, Dwight, Johnson, Longfellow, Wasson, and Higginson.

Its influence was not confined to its little band of adherents alone; but to it our country is indebted for many of its great reforms. It taught the value of the individual and the rights of the weak and helpless. The seed thus sown resulted in the emancipation of the slave, in the righting of the wrongs of women, the humane administration of capital punishment and the sentiment against it.

Various communities of these congenial spirits were established. Most noted were those of Brook Farm at West Roxbury, headed by George Ripley; an association "for industry and education," including such literary lights as Hawthorne, Channing and Margaret Fuller; and, less well known, that at Fruitlands at Harvard, Mass., with Bronson Alcott, Charles Lane and Thoreau as leaders.

Brook Farm laid no restriction on the manner of living, the care and use of cattle and pigs, with all other agricultural resources and duties falling on each member alike. There were schools and other mental opportunities and requirements. It was practically an agricultural, literary and scientific school.

Fruitlands, with its higher spiri-

tual aspiration, enjoined on its members a denial of all but the highest and purest ideals, claiming the eating of flesh to be depraving; beef eating an encouragement to the bovine quality, a pork diet changing men into swine. Objectors claimed that a potato diet would change a man into a potato "and what if the potato be small?" It is said of them that they wrought literally the miracle, their wine being water, flesh bread, and drugs fruit; while eggs, milk and butter were forbidden on the reasoning that the chick had the right to life and the milk belonged to the calf. Even the right of the canker worm to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness was regarded.

Tea, coffee, molasses and rice—foreign luxuries—were forbidden. Fruits, berries, grains and vegetables were the diet. Simple linen tunics, loose trousers, and broad brimmed, linen hats, with canvas shoes, the dress of the men; linen bloomers that of the girls and women, Mrs. Alcott submitting under protest, as her practical common sense was out of sympathy with the experiment, while her loyalty kept her faithful to the duties which fell all too heavily upon her.

A school in England, Alcott House, had been named for Bronson Alcott by his admirers in that country. And from there Mr. Alcott brought Charles Lane and his son William; two other men and a valuable library of one thousand volumes accompanied them to help found the ideal community through which he hoped to elevate the race.

The situation of their hopes was found in Harvard, Mass., fourteen miles from the Concord home of Alcott, Emerson, Thoreau and the other philosophers who were so strongly banded together and whose elevating utterances were given to

the world through the famous magazine called *The Dial*.

The home of their choice was on a hillside, remote from travel, with a wonderful view, including Wachusett, and Monadnock mountains and the Still River; two miles from Harvard village and less than one from the village of Still River.

Charles Lane alone seemed to be able to raise funds to pay for this place, valued by the owner, Mr. Wyman, at \$2,700. The sum available being limited to about \$1,800, the land only was finally purchased for that sum, Mr. Wyman agreeing

Here they were joined by Charles and William Lane and others. None were to be turned away. All were welcome to join the community without expense, as none would wish to remain who were out of sympathy with its plans and purpose.

Here Emerson and other great Concord philosophers, called the Mystics, discussed profound questions and incidentally sowed the seed of thought in the children by such queries as "What is man?" eliciting from the tots replies like "An animal with a mind," "soul and a mind," etc. And again "What is God's



Bronson Alcott's Fruitlands (By Permission of Clara Endicott Sears)

to loan the use of the buildings free for one year.

Here Alcott, by many called the dreamer, by all known to be a man of high spiritual type, brought his family, Mrs. Alcott, the bright and practical "marmec" of Louise Alcott's tale of "Little Women," the four little girls, Anna, Beth, Louise and May; the Meg, Beth, Jo and Amy of Louise Alcott's later pen. Louise was at that time ten years old.

Jolting over the ground in a big wagon, the treasured bust of Socrates saved from destruction by the watchful care of the children, the journey to the New Eden was accomplished.

greatest work?" Anna Alcott said "men," but Louise reasoned it to be "babies," since "men are often bad while babies never are."

Joseph Palmer, a stalwart and determined character from "No Land," a gore near Fitchburg, who had suffered much persecution, including jail, in consequence of wearing a beard (from which beard he was never parted, despite several assaults for that purpose), offered his energetic services to the community free of charge and seems to have been the only practical, diligent farmer of the community, as Mrs. Alcott and her little girls were the backbone of the domestic problem—and a very

overburdened back bone it was,—Miss Anna Page, the only other female member of the con-sociate family at its inception, having been soon expelled for being guilty of tasting fish while away on a visit. To her tearful plea, "I only ate a little bit of the tail," was replied, "But for that bit of tail a whole fish had to be tortured and killed." And she had to go.

All things were to be perfectly clean and free from pollution, the land to be fertilized only by turning in the crops, clover and buckwheat, back to itself. But this course was not immediately productive of available result, and the impractical philosophers came to grief thereby—wrecked in their purpose to live without money while building up their land without fertilizer or credit.

Mulberry trees were planted for use in raising silkworms, but of course the trees must have time to grow.

They planned to build cottages for the colony, as it grew, all along the slope where abundant water gushed out from springs ready for use.

To do all without means or the labor of beasts, which was also proscribed, was a problem which even the undaunted Joseph Palmer was not able to solve.

Necessity finally forced a concession to the extent of empowering Mr. Palmer to bring from No Land a plow to relieve the realistic back-aches caused by the attempt to break up the land by hand. An ox and a cow were also added to work together. There is a suspicion that Joseph Palmer did not always resist the temptation to reinforce his sustaining powers by secret draughts of milk from the aforesaid cow, though the precept of the cult was a rigid abstinence.

It would seem that the unselfish devotion of the founders to the basic principle was not fully shared by all the later arrivals. This, and the shortage of provisions, caused the final tragic end of the community.

Disappointment in his cherished plan to reform humanity was so great that Mr. Alcott in utter despair lay down on his bed, turned his face to the wall and resolved to die by starvation. Near the end he was induced by what his friends call his New England conscience, but what I suspect was the same influence of his remarkable wife, to retract. "And so," as he said, "we took our four little women back to Concord in an ox-cart." (Probably with the ox and cow as motors.)

The name "Fruitlands" seems to have been chosen with a view to the future rather than the primary situation, as there was little fruit except from a few apple trees, some of which are still standing.

And dear loving, faithful but unbelieving "Marmec" is credited as suggesting with quaint humor, as they lumbered away, a change of title from Fruitlands to Apple Slump, as related by our beloved authoress of the experience in her interesting tale of *Transcendental Wild Oats*.

On the breaking up of the colony, Joseph Palmer purchased the place, and he and his descendants lived there for many years dispensing unlimited hospitality to all who came to their doors.

The other Concord philosophers also returned to Concord, while Charles Lane and his son retired among the Harvard Shakers for a time, and afterwards returned to England.

Alcott lived to accomplish much, both as superintendent of the schools of Concord, where he was relieved of the financial part for which he was so ill fitted, and left free to devote himself to advancing a high intellectual standard; also through his famous "Conversations," so called, on account of which he travelled many miles, west and east, never, however, realizing adequate compensation.

It is not with a feeling of ridicule that one can view this enterprise and its results. The spirituality, the sincerity, and the earnestness of

purpose to benefit mankind should make the world very indulgent in its judgment—not criticising the failure so much as sympathizing with the intention, and sorrowing at the destruction of the beautiful dream.

It is in this spirit of affectionate regret that Miss Clare Endicott Sears, herself a woman of rare intellect and culture as well as means, has restored the place at Harvard, "Fruitlands," to its original condition; bringing to it by great effort, expense and patience many of its old furnishings and treasures.

Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays of each week in summer autos and carriages assemble, as to a Mecca, at this beautiful spot on the hillside with its charming view.

In front one sees the mulberry trees planted of old by the community. We enter the room where the philosophers assembled to discuss deep questions. The very paper on the wall is restored. The table where they wrote and communed together, and sometimes dined, occupies the old place. Around the walls hang their portraits, giving one the feeling that their spirits still preside there.

Within the fireplace are the community andirons, formerly owned by Thoreau. The same high-boy and tiptables, snuffers, crane and iron pot, as of old, are in this room.

The ancient books in the small entry maintain something of their former appearance, though, of course not the same. But they are interesting in themselves and include a set of *The Dial*.

In the study is a beautiful old Dutch high-boy, veneered with root of Hungarian walnut, belonging to the community, a bust of Socrates presiding. There, too, is Major Gardner's teaset, which the children daringly used at the mock wedding of Louise Alcott and the little Gardner boy; also a bullet-riddled Bible, picked up from the battle ground the morning after the Battle of Bunker Hill.

In the long kitchen is a fine clock, left by the former owner, and the deeds given by Mr. Wyman to Samuel J. May, Mrs. Alcott's brother; also the Emerson deed written in his own handwriting; another community highboy, a long community dining table made after the original, with its two backless benches. On the floor is the old noon mark. There too, the community plow is honored in old age. The old settle and many exceedingly interesting relics are to be seen in the old colonial kitchen. While the chambers above are filled with articles of absorbing interest.

Not least interesting is the Bronson Alcott room, with its quaint bed, placed as it was when he despairingly sought to end his life there with the ending of his cherished dream. There is "Marmee's" lace cap, as white and ambitious as when it graced her head on state occasions; also a piece of her Paisley shawl. The one lamp also which lighted her industrious nights, despite the prohibition of oil, as the bayberry candles which were alone allowed proved insufficient for her needs—her lamp, which, even in its present idleness, seems to illumine the past with her own favorite motto, "Hope and keep busy."

The low garret, where the children slept and where the child, Louise, tells us "the rain sounded so pretty on the roof," is empty of all but associations.

We find, as we ride lingeringly away, that we have imbibed something of the sentiments of those mystics of old, who reached out to a simpler and more ideal standard of living. And for days we dream of their dreams; and the beautiful panorama of distant fields and mountains, interspersed with silver gleams from the Still River, remains with us.

Wilton, N. H.

Note: To "Bronson Alcott's Fruitlands," by Clara Endicott Sears, the writer is indebted.

NEW HAMPSHIRE HILLS ARE CALLING

By Bernard V. Child

The hills are calling! I can hear
Them saying, "Come to me";
The mountains beckon strong and clear,
"Our heart and life are free."

And the rivers, vales and woodlands,
All stretching out between,
Give, with overarching cloudlands,
Enchantment to the scene.

The smiling roadway and each glade—
"Come, walk at close of day,
And tread my path and feel my shade,"
I hear their voices say.

The winding cow-path speaks of joys,
Of summer days of old,
Of homely pastimes of the boys,
Of sunset clouds of gold.

Delicious sound! Yon babbling brook;
Its myriad voices tell
Of pole and line and fishing hook,
And trout within the dell.

That "swimmin' hole"! I hear the noise,
I join in all the mirth
Of shouting, splashing, paddling boys—
The happiest time on earth.

The "chuck" on grassy knoll or plain,
The squirrel in the tree,
The whirr of partridge—all again
So clearly call to me.

The apple trees my vision greet
And call me to a run,
As when we raced for windfalls sweet
At rising of the sun.

Yon pines repeat, with silvery voice,
Their stories as of yore,
Of love and life; "Come, heart, rejoice,
I'll whisper them once more."

I see the old familiar street,
The schoolhouse on the hill—
These scenes my eager vision greet,
The church, the bridge, the mill,

The homestead of my early days—
 The rush of much beside
 Of memories of those years and ways
 Comes o'er me like a tide.

These voices call and many more,
 But over and above
 Them all are ones that I adore,
 The ones that most I love—

The voices of my kindred dear—
 Their kiss is on my cheek,
 Or hands are clasped, a glistening tear,
 I hear them as they speak.

These voices coming day or night,
 I'll tell the scenes once more,
 Because within the vision's flight
 I live them o'er and o'er.

Hope they give in our distresses
 And happy tales to tell,
 When we lavish our caresses
 On those who with us dwell.

The hills are calling! Glad refrain;
 And call, O loved ones true,
 Till those old scenes I view again,
 And come once more to you!

Rootstown, Ohio.

THE COUNTRY IN SEPTEMBER

By Jean C. Maynard

The sumach's leaves of flaming red
 Bear witness that the Summer's dead;
 Like fingers dipped in blood-red wine,
 They move, and make mysterious sign
 To nodding heads of goldenrod
 That deck the grassy, sunburnt sod.
 A breeze, perfumed with Autumn sweets
 From sun-kissed hills, the traveler greets;
 And drowsy crickets purr and dream,
 While overhead the bluejays scream.
 A mist obscures the hills of blue,
 And silver bright a stream breaks through;
 Embroidery of glistening sheen,
 Winding about this peaceful scene,
 And gracefully it makes its way
 To where the dark green valleys lay.
 A brown nut falls; a squirrel gray
 Quick snatches it and darts away;
 From grass to rail; from rail to tree;
 Ah, swift and sure of foot is he;

In nest made soft and snug and warm,
He hides his treasures safe from harm,
Lest Winter's breath and chilling snow
Should fill his little heart with woe.
The lambs bleat soft their plaintive lay;
A crow's hoarse "caw" sounds far away.
In contrast to this peaceful spot,
The cornstalks stand, a fierce, wild lot;
Like Indian warriors in a band
Now seeking vengeance through the land.
Beneath is green; o'erhead is blue,
Except where creeps the sunset hue.
In this fair place I fain would stay,
But Summer's gone,—I must away.
Amid the city's restless ways,
I'll dream of thee—and halcyon days.

THE SEABROOK DUNES

By Helen Leslie Follansbee

Along the beach the vagrant winds have reared,
In long, low ranks a fairy mountain range,
Out of the beaten sand and whitening wave,—
Purple and gray, mysterious and weird,
On which the tides and winds work daily change.
The long dunes rise—the garden plot and grave
Of bittersweet and alder, bayberry, pine.
Their green-fringed line
Stretches for miles against the Autumn sky.

Their sands are slates, on which the beach folk write,
And all who look, read stories as they pass.
Here, digging deep his spurs; a hawk took flight;
There is a perfect circle, windblown grass
Traced on that smooth slope on the seaward side;
And here are tracks where field mice trotted by;
There curved brown lines that mark the crest o' tide.

The sapphire-painted marsh, in bronze and green
Is not more colorful than are the dunes.
A blaze of golden-rod along the path;
Gray globes amid the bayberry's glossy sheen;
Long purple shadows on the gold-brown face
Of each wind-shifted pile late sunbeams trace,
With "dusty miller," Summer's aftermath,
A silver mine in hot October noons.

From year to year the fairy ramparts stand.
Each winter storm they move; yet ever there
The Spring still finds them, spread against the sea,
That snarling, frets their feet,—lays white and bare
The bones of what was once a twisted tree,
Long years ago engulfed by vanished sand.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

HORACE WHITE

While neither the most brilliant nor eminent in the distinguished array of New Hampshire natives in the field of American journalism, including Greeley, Dana, Bundy, Greene, Hutchins, Miller and others of a later generation, it is safe to say that Horace White, who died, September 16, at his home in New York City, was the ablest man, all things considered, in the entire list.

Mr. White was born in Colebrook, N. H., August 10, 1834, the son of Dr. Horace White, and was graduated from Beloit College and Brown University. The year after his graduation, 1854, he joined the staff of the *Chicago Tribune* and soon became city editor of the paper. In 1856 he was appointed assistant secretary of the National Kansas Committee, but returned again to the *Tribune*. It was while he was in reportorial work that he won the esteem of Lincoln, whom he accompanied throughout the latter's campaign against Stephen A. Douglas. So noteworthy were his contributions on this historic contest that Herndon afterward incorporated them in his "Life of Lincoln."

In 1865 Mr. White became editor-in-chief of the *Tribune* and held the place for nine years. His work in this capacity laid the foundation on which the prestige of the *Tribune* was established. He left his place in 1874 on invitation from the *New York Evening Post*. Within a few years he bought an interest in the paper. Mr. White, Carl Schurz and Enwid L. Godkin formed a brilliant group in journalism. When Mr. Godkin retired as editor-in-chief, in 1899, Mr. White succeeded him and afterward became president of the *Evening Post* Company. From the time of his identification with newspaper work in New York City he was recognized as an authority on financial subjects.

He retired from daily newspaper work in 1903, but he held his place as an expert on finance. In 1909 Governor Hughes appointed him chairman of the Committee on Speculation in Securities and Commodities. In and out of his newspaper work Mr. White found time to write in permanent form on finance, his treatise on "Money and Banking" becoming a standard work. His general knowledge is attested in his translation of Appian's "History of Alexandria," and in the "Life of Lyman Trumbull," the latter work, which was finished in 1913, practically closing his literary career.

Mr. White is survived by three daughters, Mrs. J. W. Howells, daughter-in-law of William Dean Howells, and the Misses Martha and Elizabeth White.

DR. FRANCIS J. WOODMAN

Francis J. Woodman, M.D., chief medical examiner in the Pension Office at Washington, died at his home in that city, on Friday evening, July 28, after a long illness.

Doctor Woodman was a native of Somersworth, son of the late Joseph Woodman, born August 7, 1851. He was educated at the Somersworth high school, Phillips Exeter Academy, and Yale College, graduating from the latter in 1876. He was a fine musician and was baritone soloist in the famous Yale Glee Club during his last two years in college. He was also a member of the Delta Kappa Epsilon Society. After graduation he took charge of the Somersworth *Free Press*, and also pursued the study of medicine, till 1879, when, through competitive examination he secured an appointment to the pension office, where he was advanced, from time to time, through the various grades to principal examiner and qualified surgeon, and chief medical examiner, in which capacity he was serving at the time of his death.

In Masonry he was deeply interested and long prominent. He joined Adelphi Lodge, No. 63, of Fairhaven, Conn., while in college, December 14, 1875, and, May 8, 1895, became a charter member of Takoma Lodge of Washington of which he was the second Master. He was grand master of Masons of the District of Columbia in 1907, and while such he laid the cornerstone of the present New Masonic Temple at 13th Street and New York Avenue Northwest. He was made a Royal Arch Mason in Pulaski Chapter, No. 26, of Fairhaven, Conn., March 8, 1876, later admitting to become a charter member of Capitol Chapter, No. 11, of the District of Columbia, and was made its first high priest. In 1909 he was made grand high priest of the District of Columbia. He received the cryptic degrees in the Grand Council of Maryland, at Baltimore, November 14, 1896, and later affiliated with Washington Council, Royal and Select Masters of Washington. He was made a Knight Templar in St. Paul Commandery of Dover, March 19, 1878, and October 19, 1895, became a charter member of Orient Commandery, No. 5, of the District of Columbia, and was its eminent commander in 1901. In Scottish Rite Freemasonry, Dr. Woodman received the fourteenth degree in Mithras Lodge of Perfection of Washington, December 16, 1884; the eighteenth degree in Evangelist Chapter, Knights Rose Croix, October 14, 1885; the thirtieth degree in Robert de Bruce Council, Knights Kadosh, August 4, 1886, and the thirty-second degree in Albert Pike Consistory, M. R. S., August 8, 1886. He was elected by the Supreme Council to be a knight commander of the court of honor October 19, 1902, coroneted honorary inspector-general of the thirty-third degree, April 13, 1894, and was deputy for the Supreme Council in the District of Columbia from November, 1895, until December 28, 1909.

In October 1889, Dr. Woodman was commissioned a medical officer in the National Guard of the District of Columbia, later serving as regimental surgeon and as major in

the Medical Corps, until he was retired, at his own request, after twenty years' service. He was a member and lay reader of St. James' Protestant Episcopal church, of the District of Columbia, organization of the Yale Alumni Association, of the Sons of the American Revolution, and of the Order of Washington.

HON. ARTHUR L. WILLIS

Hon. Arthur L. Willis, state commissioner of motor vehicles, died at his home on Merrimack Street, Concord, on Friday evening, September 1, from Bright's disease, after a short illness.

Mr. Willis was a native of Warner, born June 25, 1872, the son of Harlon S. Willis, long employed in the United States Postal Service, and grandson of the late Rev. Lemuel Willis, a prominent Universalist clergyman of his day, whom in personality he greatly resembled. He was educated in the Warner schools, and came to Concord in early life, entering the employ of the *Concord Monitor and Statesman*, in which he continued fifteen years, most of the time as city editor. In 1907 he was appointed deputy secretary of state by Hon. Edward N. Pearson, then secretary, continuing in that position until the Legislature of 1915 created the department of motor vehicles, of which he was made the head as commissioner, having had charge of the work in that line in the secretary's office since the development of the automobile business. He was a popular public official, a worthy citizen, and enjoyed a wide friendship. Politically he was a Republican and in religion an earnest Universalist, having been long an official of the First Universalist Society of Concord. He was a Mason and a member and secretary of the Wonalancet Club.

On November 4, 1895, he married Sarah Mabel Gould of Hillsborough, who survives him, without children.

DR. LOUIS A. WOODBURY

Louis Augustus Woodbury, M.D., a prominent physician of Groveland, Mass., died at his home in that town July 13, 1916.

Dr. Woodbury was born in Salem, N. H., October 1, 1844, the son of Washington and Dolly Head (Jones) Woodbury, and was a descendant of John Woodbury, who came to America in 1624. His early education was obtained in the public schools of Concord, and, at the age of 18, he enlisted in Company D, Sixteenth N. H. Regiment, for service in the War for the Union, serving until mustered out. After the war he took up the study of medicine, and was graduated from Harvard Medical College in 1872. He located in practice in Groveland soon after graduation, and continued, with much success, until some five years ago, when failing health compelled him to relinquish his large practice to others.

He had many interests outside his practice and was specially interested in literary and historical matters, and genealogical research. He had contributed valuable papers to medical publications, and had published several historical monographs, and had compiled a large amount of matter pertaining to the history of Groveland. He had been secretary and treasurer of the Groveland Mutual Fire Insurance Company, and was for twenty years surgeon of Post No. 101, G. A. R. He was a Knight Templar Mason, a member of the Massachusetts Medical Society, the New Hampshire Association of Army Surgeons, the Haverhill (Mass.) Medical Club, Harvard Alumni Association, New England Historic-Genealogical Society, the Essex Institute and the Sons of the American Revolution. In religion he was an Episcopalian.

Dr. Woodbury married in 1869, Alice Chester Stanwood, who died in 1889. In September, 1890, he married Helen Ney Robinson of Portsmouth, who survives him.

REV. EDWARD P. TENNEY

Rev. Edward P. Tenney, a native of Concord, son of the late Rev. Asa P. Tenney, once pastor of the Congregational church at West Concord, where he was born, September 29, 1835, died at his home in Lynn, Mass., August 24, 1916.

Mr. Tenney was long known not only as a preacher, having held pastorates in Congregational churches in Topsfield, Braintree and Manchester, Mass., and Lebanon, Me., but also as a journalist, author and educator. He had done editorial work on the *San Francisco Pacific* and the *Congregational Review* of Boston, and had published many books. He was for eight years president of Colorado College. He was well known to readers of the *GRANITE MONTHLY* as a frequent contributor, in years past.

GEORGE PRIEST YOUNG

George Priest Young, born in Franconia July 27, 1868, died at the home of his sister, in that town, August 23, 1916.

He was the son of Charles and Verona (Wells) Young, and remained at home until 19 years of age, when he went to New York and engaged in the ice business until 1895, when he was made an officer on the police force, where he served most efficiently and was promoted to sergeant. He distinguished himself for heroism in rescuing victims from the *General Slocum*, destroyed by fire in New York harbor on June 15, 1903, for which he gained honorable mention and was awarded a medal by the life-saving corps.

Mr. Young was married to Miss Jennie Huntoon in New York in 1893. They had two children, a son and daughter, the latter dying three years ago. The wife and son, Charles B., survive.

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER'S NOTES

This last week in September has been a notable convention week in New Hampshire, the Democratic and Republican State Conventions being held in Concord on Tuesday and Thursday, September 26 and 28, respectively, with Charles E. Tilton of Tilton and John H. Bartlett of Portsmouth presiding; the annual fall meeting of the New Hampshire Federation of Women's Clubs, occurring at Alton Bay, September 26, 27 and 28, and the Universalist State Convention at Nashua, September 28 and 29.

Under the new constitution, adopted by the State Board of Trade at its summer meeting in Salem, when articles of incorporation were also adopted, the annual meeting of the board must be held in October. It has, therefore, been determined to hold the annual meeting on Tuesday, October 17, at the rooms of the Concord Board of Trade, when a reorganization will be effected, and plans perfected, as it is hoped, for the employment of a business manager, who shall devote his entire time to the work of the board.

The comparatively small vote cast at the primary elections, resulting, undoubtedly, from the character of the candidacies brought out, furnishes ample evidence of popular dissatisfaction with the primary law as it stands. It seems likely that the next Legislature will be called upon to repeal or amend the law. If the fee feature of the law could be wiped out, and candidacies filed on petition only, thus making it impossible for any mountebank, with a "roll," to file as a candidate for any office, the law might become more generally satisfactory. As it is, it is little less than ridiculous.

The primary having passed, and the state conventions completed their work, such as it is, the attention of the people will be directed quite generally for the next few weeks to the work of the political campaign, which, though less strenuous than in some of the larger and more debatable states, will, nevertheless, be more or less exciting for a considerable portion of the people of the state. The candidates for governor, in the two leading parties, are Henry W. Keyes of Haverhill, Republican, and John C. Hutchins of Stratford, Democrat. For representative in Congress, Cyrus A. Sulloway is again the Republican nominee in the First District and Gordon Woodbury of Bedford the Democratic; while in the Second District, Edward H. Wason of Nashua was renominated by the Republicans and Raymond B. Stevens of Landaff by the Democrats. The councilor nominees are Miles W. Gray of Columbia, Republican, and Alonzo D. Barrett of Gor-

ham, Democrat, in the First District; Charles W. Varney of Rochester, Republican, and John W. Parsons, Democrat, of Portsmouth, in the Second; Frank W. Leeman of Manchester, Republican, and Moise Verette, Democrat, of Manchester, in the Third; William D. Swart of Nashua, Republican, and John W. Prentiss of Alstead, Democrat, in the Fourth; Edward H. Carroll of Warner, Republican, and David E. Murphy, of Concord, Democrat, in the Fifth. The Senatorial candidates are: Henry Marble, Gorham, Republican, and Daniel J. Daley, Berlin, Democrat, in the First District; John G. M. Glessner, Bethlehem, Republican, and Wilbur A. Marshall, Colebrook, Democrat, Second; Albert Stanley, Plymouth, Republican, and Myron H. Richardson, Littleton, Democrat, Third; Nathan O. Weeks, Wakefield, Republican, and John C. L. Wood, Conway, Democrat, Fourth; Joseph B. Perley, Enfield, Republican, and Horace G. Robie, Canaan, Democrat, Fifth; Fred S. Roberts, Laconia, Republican, and George B. Cox, Laconia, Democrat, Sixth; Obe G. Morrison, Northfield, Republican, and Charles P. Coakley, Concord, Democrat, Seventh; Jesse M. Barton, Newport, Republican, and Henry E. Charron, Claremont, Democrat, Eighth; Stillman H. Baker, Hillsborough, Republican, and Buron W. Sanborn, Salisbury, Democrat, Tenth; Charles W. Fletcher, Rindge, Republican, and Bernard F. Bemis, Harrisville, Democrat, Eleventh; Willis C. Hardy, Hollis, Republican, and George E. Bates, Wilton, Democrat, Twelfth; Marcel Theriault, Nashua, Republican, and David D. Coffey, Nashua, Democrat, Thirteenth; Herbert B. Fischer, Pittsfield, Republican, and Fred M. Pettengill, Pembroke, Democrat, Fourteenth; Joab N. Patterson, Concord, Republican, and Nathaniel E. Martin, Concord, Democrat, Fifteenth; William H. Maxwell, Republican, and Morris C. Austin, Democrat; Fred O. Parnell, Republican, and William P. Fahey, Democrat; Denis E. O'Leary, Republican, and Michael F. Shea, Democrat; Odilon Demers, Republican, and Cyprian J. Berlinger, Democrat, all of Manchester, in Districts No. 16, 17, 18 and 19 respectively; Malcolm A. M. Hart, Milton, Republican, and John H. Bates, Rochester, Democrat, Twentieth; George I. Leighton, Dover, Republican, and Scott W. Caswell, Dover, Democrat, Twenty-first; Daniel M. Boyd, Londonderry, Republican, and Frank N. Young, Derry, Democrat, Twenty-second; Clarence M. Collins, Danville, Republican, and William D. Ingalls, East Kingston, Democrat, Twenty-third; William J. Cater, Portsmouth, Republican, and Calvin Page, Portsmouth, Democrat, Twenty-fourth.



Edmund H. Canoe

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HON. EDWARD H. CARROLL

A Merrimack County Leader in Business and Political Life

The town of Warner, originally granted to citizens of Salisbury and Amesbury, Mass., as township "Number One," and subsequently known for a time as "New Amesbury"—its first settlers coming largely from the latter named town—lying largely around the base of "Kearsarge," and meeting Wilmot on the crest of that grand old mountain, has been essentially "on the map" for more than a century past, so far as active participation in the business and political life of the State is concerned.

There has been no time, from the days of Gen. Aquilla Davis—a soldier of the Revolution in youth, and commander of the First New Hampshire Regiment in the War of 1812—to the present hour, when Warner men have not been found in the front rank in all lines of activity. Two Governors of the State have been born in the town; a United States Senator and Secretary of the Navy has long made it his summer home and actual New Hampshire abode; as have many men of distinction in business, professional, literary and political life; while its representative agriculturists have held rank with the most successful in the State in their different lines of effort.

Prominent among the family names that have been familiar to the people, in connection with business and public affairs in the town of Warner, for two or three generations past, is that of Carroll, its first representative there being Alonzo C. Carroll, a native of Croydon, who came to Warner from Sutton in 1869, and

engaged in business as a general merchant. He was the eldest son of John P. and Rachel (Powers) Carroll, born November 24, 1826—a younger brother being Col. Lysander H. Carroll of Concord. His mother was of a noted Croydon family—a descendant of that Ezekiel Powers, one of the first settlers of the town, rugged in mind and body, who, through his own persistent labor and his large family (said to have numbered twenty-one children in all), did much to establish the prosperity of that famous little Sullivan County town.

Alonzo C. Carroll had been in the stove trade for some years before locating in Warner and had acquired systematic business methods, which stood him well in hand in his operations as a general merchant, which he continued with much success for a quarter of a century, till his death, April 1, 1894, meanwhile taking a prominent part in all the affairs of the town, as an active member of the Republican party, in the days when party activity, in the town of Warner at least, called for the best energies of those engaged therein. In religious affiliation he was a Congregationalist and was a member of the Masonic fraternity. He married Mercy A., daughter of Abner and Rebecca (Williams) Hale, of Grafton, and left two children, Clarence F. and Edward Hermon Carroll. The eldest son, Clarence F. became a noted educator, graduating from Yale College in 1875, and serving as principal

of various high schools, of the Connecticut State Normal School for ten years, and as Superintendent of Schools in Rochester, N. Y., and Worcester, Mass. He will be remembered as the Old Home Sunday speaker in Concord, four years ago, dying a year later at his residence in Boscawen.

EDWARD HERMON CARROLL, second son of Alonzo C. and Mercy A. (Hale) Carroll, was born in Sutton, October 30, 1854, removing to Warner with his father when the latter es-

of Warner from 1877 till 1884, when he resigned the office. He was a member of the town school board from 1886 to 1889; treasurer of the county of Merrimack from 1890 to 1892, and represented the town in the legislature of 1893, serving as chairman of the important Committee on Incorporations, and was the author of the famous Carroll highway bill, relieving towns and cities from much vexatious litigation on account of accidents upon public highways and sidewalks. In 1898 he was appointed



Residence of E. H. Carroll, Main Street, Warner, N. H.

tablished himself in business there. He received his education at the Simonds Free High School in that town, and at the age of eighteen engaged in the mercantile business with his father, continuing thus until his father's death in 1894, after which he went to Manchester and was engaged for two years in the real estate and insurance business with the firm of A. J. Lane & Co. Returning to Warner he has ever since resided there and been, as he previously had been, an active factor in business and public affairs. He was postmaster

National Bank Examiner, holding the office until his resignation in 1905.

While examiner, Mr. Carroll was named as receiver of the Colebrook National Bank, serving from January to July, 1899, collecting for the bank during that time approximately \$100,000 and turning the institution over to the directors in sound financial condition. Immediately following this he was made receiver of the Cochecho National Bank in Dover, and notwithstanding the unpromising condition of its affairs, and the prediction of the department that an assessment

would have to be called, he effected a liquidation in about eighteen months, which was said to have been the most rapid liquidation of the kind ever made in New England, the work being done throughout to the entire satisfaction of the stockholders and the depositors. He has been a trustee of the Union Guaranty Savings Bank, of Concord, since 1887.

For the last twenty years, or more, Mr. Carroll has been extensively engaged in lumbering and real estate operations, though for a portion of the

industry upon which all material prosperity depends, Mr. Carroll has, in recent years, been giving incidental attention to a demonstration of the proposition that, in rugged New Hampshire, farming can be made to pay, even in a financial sense, while at the same time gaining no little personal satisfaction from the work of coöperating with nature in the work of bountiful production. Purchasing an old, worn-out farm, nearby, a few years since, he set out to restore the same to a condition of profitable



Scene in the Famous Carroll Hay-Field — Mr. Carroll and Commissioner Felker Viewing Operations

time he devoted much attention to stock farming, raising some of the finest and best blooded cattle in this section of the State. Of late, however, lumbering has commanded his chief attention, his son, Edward Leon, being associated with him and assuming a large share of the care which the extensive business entails. They have some 12,000 or 15,000 acres of timber land in New Hampshire, operate three mills, and rank among the largest and most enterprising lumber producers in the State.

Always interested in agriculture, and recognizing it as the great basic

fertility, and, with the coöperation of his son, has succeeded to such extent that, from a field of some forty acres, which had first been entirely cleared of rocks, and properly fertilized and cultivated, he harvested this year a crop of timothy and red top, averaging about three tons of well cured hay to the acre. This field excited the wonder and admiration, not only of the townspeople, but of all travelers passing by, and attracted the special attention of the Commissioner of Agriculture, Andrew L. Felker, who pronounced it one of the most inspiring sights,

from the farmer's standpoint, that he had ever witnessed, demonstrating as it did the possibilities of New Hampshire agriculture, under intelligent management and improved methods. This field of grass, it may be noted attracted so much attention that it was made the subject of an extended illustrated article in the *Boston Transcript*.

Among other lines of business activity in which the firm of E. H. Carroll & Son is incidentally engaged, may be noted the apple trade, the purchase and sale of 400 or 500 car-

Commandery and Bektash Temple of Concord.

Mr. Carroll was united in marriage, August 13, 1877, with Susie C., daughter of John and Lucinda (Robertson) Putney, a native of Lowell, Mass., and a granddaughter of that Benjamin Evans who was a prominent figure in business and public life in Warner in the early part of the last century, and was the last man from that town to hold a seat in the executive council of the State, which he did in 1836-37. Mrs. Carroll is a lady of fine musical tastes and accomplish-



Another View of Hay-Field — Kearsarge Mountain in Background

loads annually, on the average, being included in their operations.

Native of Sutton, Mr. Carroll takes no little pride in the fact that he was born in a town whose historic record has been illumined by the names and lives of the Wadleighs, Harveys, Pillsburys, Pearsons, Eatons, Littles and others of like renown. Resident of Warner, his ambition has been justly to hold rank with the loyal and public spirited men who have served and honored that good old town. Attached to the Masonic order, he holds membership in Harris Lodge of Warner, Woods Chapter of Henniker, Horace Chase Council, Mt. Horeb

ments and rare charm of manner, and has entered heartily and helpfully into the social activities of the community.

Two children have been born to Mr. and Mrs. Carroll—Edward Leon, his father's partner, born December 11, 1880, and Alonzo, who died in infancy. Edward L. married, June 5, 1900, Edith, daughter of James E. and Harriet (Parker) Emerson. They have two children, Edward H. Carroll, 2d, born August 8, 1907, and James Emerson, April 30, 1913.

Mr. and Mrs. Carroll, with their son and family, occupy the same home—a spacious and finely appointed

modern residence, delightfully located on the main street of Warner village, and they constitute, together, a veritable "happy family," the grandchildren being the special delight of Edward H.

At the recent primary election, Mr. Carroll was unanimously chosen by the Republican voters of the new Fifth Councilor district, as their can-

didate for Councilor, no other candidate having filed for the position. The district is normally strongly Republican, and his election naturally regarded as probable. In case he is chosen he will bring to the duties of the office a comprehensive knowledge of public affairs, and the needs of the State, and a disposition to serve the people faithfully and well.

A SUMMER QUEST

By Alida M. C. True

Have you ever in your wanderings
Thro' pasture—on summer quest—
Found the fragrant pink wild roses?
Just wait 'till I ask the rest!

On the grassy slope of the hillside,
Just as the morn broke fair,
Have you sought the glad surprises
That might be treasured there?

The fringe of fern by the pine woods,
The birds just waking to day,
The hum of insect, the sweet-fern's breath—
Have these delighted your way?

The gladdest surprise lay before us!
That dewy and pink petalled mass!
With fragrance—the hillside laden—
Scenting sweet the tangled grass.

We read charming stories of gardens,
Those gardens of long ago,
Where the dear quaint-hearted spinsters
Lived lives which delight us so!

When romance grew 'mong roses,
Then lingered thro' faded page,
In lives, now dim with years we glean
The charm of that golden age.

We love those dear old stories—
And their perfume we gladly greet,
Even as I welcomed those roses
With their old-time message sweet.

These gladsome memories, these olden friends!
Let us cherish them today
Like the charm of flowers and songs we love—
They glorify our way.

THE NIGHT WIND

The night wind has a charm for me
 A fascination eerie
 Wild scudding clouds, abandoned, free,
 Pale moonlight, cold and dreary.
 My restless spirit thus is soothed
 By Nature's force compelling,
 By tyrant elements I'm moved
 To bend submissive, willing;
 To beat my battered wings no more
 'Gainst Fate's decree, contending;
 God speaks to me, my soul is sore,
 But, chastened, I am bending.

E. P.

WAR

By Bela Chapin

The ground is rough on which we tread,
 Thistles and thorns it yields enow;
 And man must labor for his bread,
 E'en in the sweating of his brow—
 So has it been from age to age,
 And toil and strife his heritage.

Now war is waged on every side
 In fair Europa's favored clime;
 The gates of Janus, opened wide,
 Are swinging as in hostile time
 When heathenism held its sway,
 And clouds of crime obscured the day.

We long for tranquil times again,
 As when our blessed Christ had birth;
 We pray that righteousness may reign
 In every region upon earth;
 That bloody war and hate no more
 May vex the world from shore to shore.

When Christ returns then wrong must cease
 Forever on this earthly ball;
 'T will be the blessed age of peace
 When love divine pervadeth all—
 When He descends all will be well—
 When He is come on earth to dwell.

ADDRESS

By Fred Myron Colby

[Read at the dedication of the boulder and tablet to mark the site of the birthplace of the first white child born in Warner, under the auspices of the Mercy Hathaway White Chapter, D. A. R., October 11, 1916.]

Those persons over whom the spirit of the past has power—and has it not power over almost every mind—are aware of the mysterious charms that invest certain familiar spots, in city or in country. Whoever has stood before an old-time mansion or wandered through its silent and deserted rooms, where those once famous in state or nation had lingered out their mortal life, know something what this feeling is. In a modified sense the feeling affects one in the presence of any relic of the past—a monumental shaft to a forgotten worthy, a ruined wall, a deserted highway or a half-obliterated cellar. Your imagination is wrought upon and you find yourself picturing the life of that other time, the incidents that happened there, and the character that was moulded by these surroundings. If you are at all familiar with the associations of the place still more profoundly are you affected. In this old town of Warner, every house, every highway, every ruined cellar, almost every stone wall and old lichened fence has its history, more or less familiar. Each object has a story to tell, and we pause with bowed head and listen to that inspiring and always interesting voice of the past.

Anything with a hundred years of history is old in this country, and when we recollect that less than one hundred and seventy-five years ago the wild Indian was roaming about these hills, and fishing along these water courses, it is apparent that we cannot lay claim justly to any great antiquity. But there is old age and great age. Kenilworth is not so old as Stonehenge, but both are old. So when we find ruins we know there must be a past, and that this past goes

back to the old days, not necessarily to the Flood.

We pause this morning, a bright October morning full of ozone and the scent of fruited orchards, at this retired spot among the hills, celebrated in our town history as the birthplace of the first white child within our township. A few foundation stones, a little depression where the old-time cellar was, a filled up well, the roots of a long-decayed apple tree, perhaps set out by the original settler, and which, if standing today, would carry with it the breath of old colonial days—these are all the traces, indistinct at best, but still certain and infallible, left to mark the early habitation where the first child of Warner was born. It is an interesting site, though seldom visited; a place that summons up scenes and incidents of the ancient days and evokes solemn thoughts of the mutations of time.

It is well that this sacred spot should be marked with a monument, however simple, for it is the scene of an interesting event. It is the site of the second home and of the first birth in our township, and precious memories cluster here, as they can cluster nowhere else among our high hills and green valleys.

“It is a spot whereon to muse, to pray,

Whose scenes will help us on our heavenward way.”

No buildings have stood on this spot for more than a hundred and forty years, but on this very ground in the long ago summer of 1762, Reuben Kimball pitched his pioneer's cabin and established his home, and three of his children were born here. It is a beautiful spot in June. At mid-

summer everything is at its best in the country. The earth is not only in its holiday attire, but in its newest, richest dress of all the year. The time of immature brown buds and flannel-swathed ferns is over and in all her beauty of perfection Nature reigns supreme, surprising us in our dull, prosaic lives by her splendid luxuriance. A few of the spring dandelions are left to look saucily at passersby, but most of them have changed form and hue and become the children's time-keepers, though not always reliable ones. Buttercups and daisies belong to the flora of June and are in their glory.

"And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,

And the musk of the roses' bloom."

The pasture is a portion of the old Lot No. 26, as it was first surveyed by the proprietors. It was a "gift lot" and comprised forty acres. Its length was one hundred and sixty rods and its width, forty rods. The whole south part of the lot is now a part of the old Smith Rand farm, which has lapsed to the Dow family. Kimball selected this lot because of its adjacency to the land of his father-in-law, Daniel Annis, who lived at the old Paine Davis place, and his cabin was built on the hill in full view of the Annis cabin, a third of a mile below in the valley. He and his wife took possession of their abode in June—June 30, 1762. It was a rude log cabin, eighteen feet square and seven feet stud, with a roof thatched of bark, boughs and grass, with probably no windows. Their barn was still humbler, and their well was only seven feet deep but the water was cold and pure.

The young pioneer and his wife had come into the township the first of the preceding May and had made their home with Mr. Annis while getting their own in readiness. In these two months the house and the barn had been built, the well dug and stoned, the sweep put up, and six acres planted to corn and potatoes. The winter rye had been put into the

ground the fall before. On that 30th day of June this rye was "five feet tall, with long heads and beginning to turn."

It is not so hard to picture this early home of the pioneers. It looked down upon the first highway, then a bridle path, that ever passed through the town. In plain sight was the Amesbury River, flowing through the green intervalles to meet the Merrimack. Filling the whole northern part of the horizon was the bulk of Mount Kearsarge, and all around were the forests, denser then than they are today, with but one or two clearings in view. But the pioneer had no time to feel lonely or homesick. Each day brought its labor—of the harvesting of the crops, the clearing of new acres, the doing of the usual chores and occasional trips to the grist mill on Turkey Brook, where the St. Paul's School now stands. For years this was the nearest mill where the settlers of Warner could get their grists of corn and rye ground into the meal that was to make their rye and Indian bread.

We will glance briefly now at the young pioneers and at what they accomplished. Reuben Kimball was a descendant of Henry Kimball, who was born in Ipswich, England, and came over in the ship *Elizabeth* in 1634, and settled in Watertown, Mass. Reuben was the son of Jeremiah Kimball who emigrated from Bradford, Mass., and settled in the town of Hopkinton, on Putney's Hill. Jeremiah died in May, 1764, at the age of fifty-six years, and was buried at the old fort at Hopkinton. At the age of twenty-three, Reuben Kimball married Hannah, the oldest of three daughters of Daniel Annis, and the same year, 1761, he and his father-in-law came to Warner, selected their lots and partially cleared the land. The following spring they returned to this township and made a permanent settlement. Mrs. Kimball was the first white woman that ever slept in town.

Their first child, Daniel, was born in this rude log hut, October 11, 1762. A year and a half later another child, Jeremiah, was born, and still later, the third child. In 1767 Reuben Kimball sold his farm to his brother-in-law, Abner Watkins, who had settled at the south of him on the Smith Rand place. The whole lot went with that farm until Isaac Dimond purchased it of Samuel Pearson, when the north part was sold to go with the Whittier place, where Frank Sargent now lives. Kimball received for his lot with the improvements upon it the sum of forty pounds lawful money, about \$170, but whose purchasing power was three times in 1767 what it is today. The log cabin was pulled down, the well was filled with stone, and gradually the traces of habitation disappeared from the spot. For nearly a century and a half it has remained neglected and solitary, cherishing its sacred memories with the pathetic silence of increasing years.

Reuben Kimball selected for his second home a lot of land at the opposite end of what is called the Joppa neighborhood. It embraced sixty acres, land now constituting the Foster pasture and a portion of the farm formerly owned by the Clark brothers. He bought the lot of Seth Goodwin whose two brothers were settled not far away, Richard on Kelley Hill and Ezekiel on Waldron's Hill, at the present Henry Johnson place. Mr. Goodwin crossed over the river and made his second home at what is now known as the Moulton place, on the Schoodac road. He had already built a cabin on the old lot on the hillside near the corner where the road from the Parade branches and one leads to Joppa and the other leads on to the Kimball corner. This Goodwin cabin was occupied by Reuben Kimball and his family for a number of years. Later he erected a costlier and more commodious dwelling higher up on the hill on the south side of the road. This second structure was one of the earliest frame

houses built in town, and the barn which he built the following year was the first frame barn. These buildings were put up about the year 1775 or 1776, and they stood intact for nearly if not quite eighty years. Some of the older people still remember the old two-story red house with the big barn at the rear, the well with its sweep at the left, and beyond, the cider mill, with the huge black cherry tree shading its roof and the group of damson and horse plum trees that in some seasons yielded fifteen or twenty bushels of fruit. Across the road, opposite the house, in what is now the Foster pasture, stood another building which was used as a granary and a hog-house, and over the roof of this tossed the branches of a second big cherry tree, twin brother, it may be, to the one that stood sentinel by the old cider mill. Here for well nigh on to a century was enacted the life of a busy and thrifty household.

In this red house by the corner the remaining of the eight children of Reuben and Hannah (Annis) Kimball were born and reared. It was rather an interesting family. The story of the firstborn, Daniel—the little baby that was born on the deserted site in the Whittier pasture—has been told by the historian of the town far more eloquently than I can relate it. Suffice is to say that he left his native town in early life. At the age of twenty-one, with all his earthly possessions in a bundle that he carried on a stick over his shoulder, the young pioneer started off to seek his fortune. He settled on Sawyer's Hill in Canaan, and died there in 1843, at the age of almost eighty years. A simple slab over his grave tells the brief story of his life. He was the father of ten children and I understand that one or two of his descendants still live in that northern town with the Biblical name.

Jeremiah, the second son, remained in town through life and followed his father in the ownership of the farm at the corner. Of the other children

we have learned but little. Richard Kimball went to Franklin and died there when well along in years. Abraham, named after his uncle who makes quite a figure in the early annals of Hopkinton, settled in the neighborhood. Lydia married Moses Chase of Hopkinton, the great-grandfather of Fred and Harry Chase of that town. Catherine married Silas Hardy of Hopkinton, the grandfather of Charles H. Hardy of our village. Reuben Kimball, Jr., the third child and the last one born in the first log cabin, married Betty Jewell, according to the town records, Oct. 12, 1786.

It is Jeremiah Kimball that we will follow for a moment. At the age of twenty-four, Jeremiah Kimball married Mary Foote, the daughter of a near neighbor, who lived at what we know as the Chellis F. Kimball place, at the opposite corner, and took her home to the parental roof, which thus gave accommodations to two households. They had children as follows: Chellis F., born July, 1794; Hannah, August, 1796; Reuben, November, 1797; Nancy F., March, 1799; and Reuben 2d, born April, 1803 (the first Reuben was scalded to death when he was two years old). The four children grew up at the red house and are remembered by some of the present generation. Hannah married Samuel Judkins of Franklin, and descendants of these are living in that prosperous young city. Nancy F. married Abbott Hardy of Webster and after his death, Zephaniah Batchelder of Loudon. Reuben 2d married Judith Colby, daughter of John Colby, a neighbor, and for a time resided with his parents, making four generations of Kimballs that have lived at this place.

Long before this time, the elder Reuben, the pioneer, had passed away. He died May 2, 1811, at the age of seventy-three years. His body and that of his wife, Hannah, now rest in the old Parade, near the southeast corner of the cemetery, under the apple trees that every year scatter

blossoms over their graves. Two marble slabs indicate, or did, the place of sepulture.

Reuben Kimball, Sr., was a tall, heavy man and like his brother Abraham (who gives his name to one of C. C. Lord's classics) was exceedingly strong and athletic. It is said of him that he could easily lift a barrel of cider and drink from the bung hole. He had blue eyes and brown hair before it turned white. He never wore a beard, nor did many of the early pioneers, for shaven faces were the fashion until long after the second war with England. All of our Revolutionary heroes are represented with smooth faces.

His sons, Daniel and Jeremiah, were both men of middle size, about five feet, ten inches in height and weighing one hundred and seventy pounds, but though less strong, they were, perhaps, as vigorous as he.

Jeremiah Kimball, after an active, prosperous life, died, too, March, 1841, and was carried out of the old red house to be laid in the Parade in the valley below. His wife, Molly, sleeps beside him in the quiet burying yard. They had done their life's work and in death were not widely divided.

At the time of his father's death, Reuben Kimball, 2d, was living with his family at the old homestead. He was a man of able parts, good education and genial manners, and was turning his thoughts to the ministry. Although over forty years of age he studied a few years at the Gilmanton Theological Institution and devoted the remainder of his life to preaching the gospel. He was settled successively over the Congregational church at Wilmot and at North Conway. He died at the latter place in 1872.

The old Kimball homestead was purchased by Damon Annis, the grandfather of Henry Annis, who lived there six or seven years, and then sold to Jacob Chase, the father of John H. Chase. Mr. Chase spent several years there and so did his

father-in-law, Jason Watkins. These were the last occupants of the old red house. In 1854 Chase sold the property to Chellis F. Kimball, who had bought the Foote place, at what we now know as the Kimball corner and went over to live on the Moses Sawyer place, by Bear Pond. The land became an integral part of the farm owned only a few years ago by Marshall and Stillman Clark. The buildings were taken down and removed, the old house itself was sold to a Mr. Nichols who moved it to Contoocook. So the old homestead was given up as a place of residence, and for sixty years silence has brooded over the spot. The old well is still there, covered with a flat rock; the old foundations of the house and barn

remain and a portion of the ancient orchard is still in bearing condition, but the old home is no more.

We have now briefly told the story of the first child of Warner, his parentage and his environment. More might be said of other branches of the Kimball family, especially of Chellis F., who gave his name to Kimball Corner. At one time there was quite a neighborhood of Kimballs in that section which bears the designation of the Kimball district, but they have passed away and the old place knows them no more. The only one of the Kimball name now living in town is your worthy member, Miss Marion Kimball, who is a granddaughter of Rev. Reuben Kimball.

UNDER THE HEDGES

By L. J. H. Frost

Under the hedges the wild rose is blooming,
 Wasting its fragrance while no one is near;
 Up in the blue sky the gay lark is singing
 His sweet song of triumph, in notes loud and clear,
 While hope to my heart whispers softly and sweetly,—
 "He ne'er will forget, have thou never a fear."

Out in the forest the fair golden lilies
 Make tremulous shadows upon the clear stream,
 While down at their feet the cool, verdant mosses
 Entice one to slumber and peacefully dream.
 So down in my heart lie sweet thoughts of life's future,
 Illumined by hope's most flattering gleam.

Under the hedges the rose leaves are faded,
 Hushed 'neath the sky is the lark's gleeful song;
 Down in the forest the dead leaves lie shrouded
 'Neath the pure robe of white the earth has put on.
 So, down in my heart hope's sweet buds have withered;
 I will tenderly bury them one by one.

Soon to the earth will come again springtime,
 Fair roses and lilies will burst into bloom;
 Violets, green mosses, and starry-eyed daisies,
 At the call of the south wind will come from their tomb.
 So, unto my heart there will come a glad springtime,
 When the clear light of heaven shall illumine its gloom.

LINCOLN AND THE CONVENTION OF 1860

*By Gerry W. Hazelton**

[Address delivered before the Wisconsin Bar Association, July 15, 1915]

It is needless to suggest in this presence that nothing new or fresh or original remains to be said of Abraham Lincoln. He has been discussed and considered and eulogized from every conceivable point of view, and by every order of intellect from the high school graduate to the most eminent of our statesmen, our diplomats, our scholars, our poets, our divines, and yet the people never tire of hearing about him. Everything his hand has touched is sacred.

An old school book, on the fly-leaf of which he once wrote his name, a sheet of paper on which he once figured up an account, autographs gathered by relic hunters from old legal files, letters bearing his signature, are prized by their possessors above all price. They will be handed down from generation to generation as mementos of Mr. Lincoln. Lapse of time seems rather to emphasize than dim the luster of his fame. He was never dearer in the hearts of the people than he is today. I fancy we understand and appreciate the far-reaching value of his services better than they were understood forty or fifty years ago. Great men lend dignity and character and splendor to the age in which they live. They elevate the standards of human achievement. They excite nobler ambitions. They become object lessons. They impart to the world an uplifting influence as eternal as the stars.

Mr. Lincoln was a composite of the most pronounced type. And it is only by blending Lincoln the man of sympathy and sentiment with Lincoln

the great leader and master of affairs, that we gain an adequate conception of the secret of his fame. No one can survey the career of this wonderful man without being impressed with the vicissitudes which his career discloses. Up to the time he reached his majority, his life was a strenuous struggle for bread. He had no opportunity to know anything of the world outside the Indiana clearing. He was denied the privilege and advantage of association with men of education and culture. His school privileges were negligible. The books he read were few and far between. He never saw a printing press until after he was old enough to vote, and yet this is the man who later on in life won a place in the ranks of the immortals.

At the age of twenty-one there was nothing to distinguish him from the farm laborer except, perhaps, his unvarying good nature. His step-mother, a noble woman, said of him, "He was the best boy I ever saw or ever expect to see. He never gave me an unkind word or look."

At the age of fifty-one he found himself at the head of one of the grandest governments on earth, and as he looked out into the future he was confronted with difficulties and dangers and perplexities that might well have appalled the stoutest heart; and yet it was in this position that by his wisdom, his sagacity, his patience and his devotion, he was able to guide the ship of state through storm and stress into the welcome harbor of peace and victory. This was his great work. And it was accomplished when he was called away. His great war secretary, Mr. Stanton, standing over his remains, as his tired spirit took its flight, ex-

* Hon. Gerry W. Hazelton, a distinguished lawyer of Milwaukee, Wis., is a native of Chester, N. H., where he frequently visits, and was a leading speaker at the "Old Home Day" celebration this year.

claimed, "Now he belongs to the ages." It was the remark of a profound admirer, but it was true.

I have said that Mr. Lincoln never saw a printing press until after he was old enough to vote. This was when the family was migrating from Gentryville to the Sangamon Valley in the spring of 1830. Lincoln had passed his twenty-first birthday just a few weeks before. It gives us a vivid impression of the straightened circumstances of the family to recall that all the property they had worth carrying away was stored in an ordinary farm wagon. All their farming implements, all their kitchen utensils, all their beds and bedding, everything they possessed, was stored away in that farm wagon. When the family reached the little village of Vincennes, while the mid-day rest was being taken under the native trees, and the oxen were turned out to graze, the young man sought out the printing office where the village newspaper was issued every Saturday morning, and there, in his patched and faded homespun, holding his ragged hat in his hand, he feasted his eyes on that primitive printing press standing there before him, little dreaming that later on in the century a momentous chapter was to be written on the pages of world's history which should lift a race out of bondage, and light his name in fadeless glory down the ages.

You will pardon me if I direct your attention for a few moments to the Convention which nominated Mr. Lincoln for President, and I may be pardoned for reminding you that this is the only opportunity you will ever have of hearing about that Convention from the lips of a living witness. It was a remarkable Convention in many ways. It was remarkable because of the vast number of citizens it called to the city of Chicago. The local newspapers claimed that a hundred thousand strangers were in the city of Chicago during the week of the Convention. Thousands

of them felt obliged to leave the city on the evening trains to nearby towns and cities where they could be entertained. But the people of Chicago were exceedingly hospitable. They threw open their doors and ample accommodations were provided for every one. It was a remarkable gathering for another reason. It brought together citizens from all parts of Illinois who came up to Chicago to promote the interests of Abraham Lincoln. They did not come as politicians. They did not come as partisans.



Hon. Gerry W. Hazelton

They came out of pure friendship for Mr. Lincoln. They knew him; they knew him personally. They had met him at the various courts in the state. They had heard him on the platform, and they entertained for him a feeling of sincere and earnest friendship irrespective of partisan affiliation which prompted them to visit Chicago to exert their influence in his behalf, and I haven't the slightest doubt that their presence was a powerful factor in securing that result. Now, to illustrate what I mean. In June, 1870, I visited a wealthy and influential

farmer in Edgar County in the central part of Illinois. He married a relative of mine, and I went down there to make them a visit. He told me about meeting Mr. Lincoln on many occasions and he said that whenever the courts sat in Paris, in that county, and Mr. Lincoln was there trying cases, or to try cases, that the jurymen and witnesses and citizens came into the hotel in the evening to hear Mr. Lincoln talk. Sometimes, he would talk about his early experiences in Indiana and the hardships to which the family were subjected. Sometimes he would talk about the distinguished lawyers whom he had met. Sometimes he would talk about the interesting cases he had been engaged in trying. Sometimes he would talk about farming, sometimes about stock raising, and his conversation would be enlivened with pleasant stories, and he said it was a charm and delight to sit there and hear him in those familiar conversations, and, he added, "I told my wife when I came home from one of these occasions that I had never voted anything but a Democratic ticket in my life, but if Abe Lincoln was ever nominated for President I should vote for him, and I did." And this illustrates the sentiment which prompted citizens from all parts of that state to come to Chicago to see what they might do to help the cause of Mr. Lincoln.

It was remarkable also for the patriotic spirit which prevailed throughout the entire city, on the streets, and in the hotels and in the Convention. There was a very strong under-current of feeling that the Republic was in peril; that the government was confronting great danger, and that impression emphasized the patriotic sentiment of those who were gathered in Chicago. I recall that the Montana delegates brought with them a most delightful singer, one of the sweetest voices I ever heard, and he came up to Chicago to sing the old national songs. It will be remembered that the songs of the Civil War were at that time an un-

known quantity. He sang "The Star Spangled Banner, long may it wave"; "My Country, 'Tis of Thee, Sweet Land of Liberty"; "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," and "The Sword of Bunker Hill," and the listeners cheered and swung their hats as they listened to this music.

The Convention was held in what was known as the Wigwam. This was a rude structure made of undressed lumber, and intended only for the purpose of that occasion. It was large enough to accommodate the delegates, the alternates, the representatives of the press, the national committee and a large number of invited guests on what might literally have been called the "ground floor," but for the ample supply of sawdust which concealed it. A gallery was thrown around three sides of this structure, with, perhaps, a capacity to accommodate five or six thousand people, more or less. The seats occupied by delegates were strong wooden boards supported by heavy chairs. The platform occupied by the president of the Convention and the secretary was on the north side of the Wigwam. Such was the enclosure in which a chapter was to be written not less important to the cause of civilization than the chapter written at Runnymede more than six centuries earlier, or the chapter written by our forefathers in Independence Hall in 1776.

The Convention was called to order by E. D. Morgan, afterwards governor of New York, chairman of the National Committee at 12 o'clock on the 16th of May, 1860. After an interesting speech the chairman introduced David Wilmot of Pennsylvania, the well-known author of the Wilmot Proviso, as temporary chairman of the Convention. Mr. Wilmot delivered a very eloquent and forcible speech on taking the chair and announced the committees, using, of course, the list of names that had been prepared for him by the committee and passed up to him. This included the committee on resolutions,

committee on permanent organization, committee on credentials and committee on rules. This being accomplished the secretary read off the names. The Convention then adjourned until the following day; at 12 o'clock on the following day, which was Wednesday, the committee on organization reported a list of officers, naming George Ashman of Massachusetts as president of the Convention, with a list of vice-presidents and secretaries. The president, Mr. Ashman, assumed his position and delivered a very delightful address, full of patriotic ardor, and called for the report of the committee on rules, which was made and adopted. The committee on credentials' report was made and adopted. He then called for the report of the committee on resolutions; in other words the committee on the platform to be adopted by the Convention. A very interesting incident occurred in connection with the presentation of this report. Ordinarily the report of the committee on resolutions is adopted without debate, almost as a matter of course, but in this instance it happened otherwise. After the platform had been read, and when the question came up on its adoption, Mr. Giddings of Ohio moved an amendment to the first resolution embracing a familiar clause from the Declaration of Independence, "We hold these truths to be self-evident that all men are created equal, endowed with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

The amendment was opposed by the chairman of the committee on resolutions as not being a necessary part of a political platform, adding that we all believe in the Ten Commandments, but do not deem it necessary to say so in our political platforms. No one appearing to defend the amendment it was rejected, whereupon Mr. Giddings took his hat and proceeded to leave the Convention. Before he reached the exit some one shouted, "Mr. President," and all eyes were

turned in the direction of the speaker, and when it was seen that the voice was that of George William Curtis of New York cries came from all quarters, "Take the platform, take the platform." "No," said Mr. Curtis, "I can be heard from here." He then moved that the same amendment be incorporated in the second resolution, a question of order was raised by the chairman of the committee, which was over-ruled by President Ashman on the ground that the Convention had not parted with the right to amend the second resolution by declining to amend the first. This gave Mr. Curtis an opportunity to say what was in his mind in regard to preserving a record on the part of the Convention to which they might refer without humiliation. "Gentlemen of the Convention," he said, "I beg you to consider well, consider well whether you are prepared to go before the people in the campaign which is just before us in defense of the charge that here in this Convention, here where the free winds of heaven sweep over your teeming prairies, here in the city of Chicago, in the summer of 1860, you winced and quailed and refused to give your sanction to the words of the immortal declaration proclaimed to the world by our forefathers in 1776." The clear ringing voice reached every ear in the Convention. The effect was irresistible—like the sweep of a tempest. The motion was put to the Convention and carried with a thunderous "aye," and before the applause had subsided Mr. Giddings returned to his seat with a show of satisfaction he took no pains to conceal. I have heard many eloquent speeches in my time—speeches of great power—but I do not recollect one more effective than that brief appeal of George William Curtis in that Convention on that afternoon. The platform with this amendment being adopted, the Convention adjourned until the following day. Long before 12 o'clock on Thursday the Wigwam was crowded to its utmost capacity.

At 12 o'clock the Convention was called to order. The informal ballot was had, which was watched with most intense interest. Then came the first formal ballot. On that ballot Mr. Seward received $184\frac{1}{2}$ votes. Mr. Chase received $42\frac{1}{2}$; Mr. Bates received 35; 22 were scattering. Lincoln received 181, and his friends were jubilant. They knew what it signified. It should be borne in mind that outside the Convention was a great body of people, estimated at fifty or seventy-five thousand, just as anxious to know what was going on as those inside, and the committee on arrangements had provided for just this emergency. They had erected a small platform at the base of the roof of the Wigwam and had engaged a well-known auctioneer of Chicago to occupy this platform and herald to the crowd what was transpiring inside the Wigwam. After the first formal ballot the result was handed up to him and he proclaimed it to the crowd outside, and the report was received with loud cheers. Then, during the interim, while the second ballot was being taken, the auctioneer desiring to entertain the crowd drew from his pocket a piece of paper. "Gentlemen," he said, "give me your attention. I have received an interesting report from the Chamber of Commerce. You will all be glad to know its contents," and then he pretended to read, "dent corn, 62; flint corn, 66; pop corn, 71; sweet corn, 78, Lincoln, 181, and going up," and the crowd cheered again. It became evident, as the second formal ballot was being taken, that Lincoln was to take the honors of the Convention. When the result was announced it appeared that Lincoln had received $231\frac{1}{2}$ votes; Seward 180, $4\frac{1}{2}$ votes less than on the first ballot, and when Judge Carter of Ohio transferred 4 votes from Chase to Lincoln the requisite majority was assured and Lincoln was the nominee of the Convention. Interest now centered in the New York delegation. What would they do?

They had come to Chicago with the absolute conviction that their candidate would receive the nomination. They had seen his flag go down in hopeless defeat and their hearts were sore. I saw people in the galleries wipe their eyes as if they were at a funeral. A hurried consultation was had among the delegates from New York, and when Mr. Evarts arose and moved that the nomination of Mr. Lincoln be made unanimous, the scene which followed beggared description. The delegates and alternates sprang to their feet, cheered and flung their hats in the air, and hugged each other in a wild transport of enthusiasm; outside was heard the "boom, boom" of the artillery, and the noise and tumult of the people was like the roar of Niagara. I have seen a great many enthusiastic gatherings in my life. I have never witnessed anything comparable to this. It lingers in my memory as of something which occurred but a few months ago.

The nomination of Hamlin for vice-president quickly followed, and the proceedings of the Convention passed into history. It is true Mr. Lincoln had received the unanimous nomination of the Convention, but it is also true that Mr. Seward's friends and others labored under the impression that a serious mistake had been made in turning down Mr. Seward and nominating Mr. Lincoln. Mr. Seward had been in public life for years. He was the leader of his party in the Senate. His views were in accord with those of his party. He was recognized as a great and leading statesman, and it seemed to his friends that it was a very grave and serious mistake to turn him down and nominate a man who could hardly be said to have any standing in national politics. This feeling was held in abeyance during the campaign, but after the election it manifested itself in New York, Washington and elsewhere in ways that could not be misunderstood. Mr.

Thurlow Weed, one of our great journalists and one of the most sagacious politicians of his generation, had seen Mr. Lincoln during the campaign and had visited Springfield at the request of Mr. Lincoln after election to offer his counsel in constituting the new cabinet. Mr. Lincoln had entertained the sagacious visitor with pleasant and amusing stories, and it was disclosed while Mr. Weed was in Springfield that the President-elect had determined to appoint Montgomery Blair and Gideon Wells as two of the members of his cabinet. Mr. Weed was greatly disappointed. He knew both of these men; he knew they did not possess the qualifications which he believed the President should have recognized. Mr. Blair fell out early in his career as cabinet minister. Mr. Wells was suffered to remain as a sort of harmless functionary. Mr. Weed went home feeling that Mr. Lincoln did not appreciate the gravity of the situation. The simple truth is he did not know Mr. Lincoln, and I might add that no one knew him. I doubt if Mr. Lincoln knew himself. But the glory of it all is that the power was there, waiting to develop when the occasion called.

Mr. Weed wrote a very strong article in his paper, the Albany Evening Journal, two or three weeks after the election, in which he made an appeal to the Northern leaders in Washington to renew their efforts to bring about a compromise with the leaders of the secession party and to leave no stone unturned to accomplish that result. Of course, he could not explain his motive and it was not understood, but the article itself was very severely criticised. The secret was revealed, however, when, four weeks after the inauguration, Mr. Seward made the astounding proposition to the President to relieve him of the duties of the office and assume them himself. Of course, such an extraordinary proposition as that could not have been made except after consultation with party

leaders. It could not have been made except upon the theory that the preservation of the Republic was involved in it. On no other basis could it be explained. Mr. Seward must have realized his mistake when he read the President's dignified and brief reply. "The people," he said, "have called me to this office. I cannot transfer its duties and responsibilities to another if I would. I shall always be glad to consult with my advisers, but I cannot surrender the trust the people have reposed in me." Happily that decisive note settled it. It must have been a painful and humiliating experience for Mr. Lincoln to receive such a communication at the very outset of his career in the White House, and yet he made no complaint. He never even published the fact. It came out long after. A weaker man might have made this the occasion for a sensation. Mr. Lincoln was too wise for that. But the time was sure to come when Mr. Lincoln would be estimated at his worth. That time did come. The exigencies of the momentous crisis revealed his strength of character and the full measure of his resources and those who had doubted and distrusted, came to honor him for his statesmanship and to love him for himself. He disclosed a grasp of the situation which books could not supply nor diplomas assure. He was obliged on more than one occasion to overrule his great secretaries in the exercise of his own better and safer judgment. Not book-wise, he was wiser than books. Greatness was not thrust upon him, he achieved it. And when the end came and the white-winged messengers of peace were fluttering in the air, and Old Glory was streaming once again proudly from every battlement of the Republic, respected and honored by the nations of the earth as it had never been before, the world knew that his had been the guiding spirit of the crisis and that the rescue of the Republic from deadly peril was due under God to him.

In the last campaign a friend of mine being in Auburn called upon Mr. Seward's son, who is a banker in that city, far along in life. In the course of the interview the conversation turned upon the Chicago Convention, upon Secretary Seward and Mr. Lincoln, and the son said, in substance "Mr. Seward's friends, after the Chicago Convention, were greatly exercised over the result; they felt that a fatal mistake had been made in the nomination of Mr. Lincoln and in the refusal to nominate his father, but," he continued, "so far as I know there is no one, certainly none of my father's friends, who does not believe as I do that Mr. Lincoln was the only man in the world who could have carried the country through that crisis successfully. I believe my father could not have done it." But I must not detain you.

Great men like others pass from the ranks of the living when their task is done, and we speak of them as dead, but this is only a form of speech. In the higher and better sense they are not dead. They live on in their example and their influence. They live on in the splendor of their achievements. They live on in song and story

and on the pages of history. They live on in the traditions which are handed down from generation to generation, and from age to age. How often we have seen at the close of a summer's day the whole western heavens aflame with the radiant glory of the departing sun, so a great, grand life overflows the boundaries of physical existence and remains to illuminate and radiate the pathway of mankind. No man, not even the humblest, liveth wholly to himself. Out of the events which crowd our pathway as we sweep onward a master hand, tireless as destiny, is ever weaving the magic web of history, and it is our joy to feel that the commanding power and the transcendent sweetness of this devoted life shall lend a richer luster to the fabric and when generations yet unborn shall be looking back through the mists of time to the great historic struggle for the preservation of the grandest government on earth, fathers will still be telling their sons the matchless story of Abraham Lincoln.

The leaves fall and wither and the flowers perish in the north wind's breath, but the stars shine on forever and forever.

GOD RULES

By Amy J. Dolloff

God lives and reigns with power unchanged,
Though evil seems to hold full sway;
Though justice seems a thing unknown
And force of might the only way.

God reigns. His care encircles all—
The weak, the false, the strong, the true.
Eternal Wisdom plans our days;
Faith will our waning faith renew.

Calm and serene as summer sky,
When not a cloud sails o'er its blue,
Our souls may rest, secure in Him,—
Help of the helpless, tried and true.

Our God is with us. We shall have
His Presence through the darkest night.
So shall we bravely face the gloom
That leads to regions of delight.

MARTHA'S SECOND BRIDAL

By Anabel C. Andrews

It has been such a weary day—everything has gone wrong in the old farm-house ever since four in the morning, when she crept, unrefreshed, from her bed; and the pain has been worse than usual all day.

How beautiful the rosy mist had looked, curling over the river; and how passing fair the whole wide earth, bathed in the early morning mist and the sun's first rays! But, with hungry chickens, pigs, and calves to be fed, breakfast to prepare, and all her other work to be done, there had been no time for her to enjoy the beauty spread so lavishly before her, save by stray glimpses, caught in passing open doors or windows.

It is the middle of the afternoon, and at last she has finished all her duties downstairs. She closes the blinds, and, pushing the chairs into place around the table, takes one last look to see if all is right, then goes slowly upstairs—how long and how steep the old stairs seem today—how they make the pain come.

The July sun has crept away from the chamber she enters first; throwing open the blinds she pauses a moment to look at the lilacs growing beneath the window, and away to the cool green woods beyond the hay-field.

It was to this room she had come a laughing, rosy-cheeked bride! Drooping, with a weary sigh, on a low seat by the window, the years roll backward. How well she remembers it all; how many times she has wondered why people are ever glad to remember. She has never been. Her past, since her marriage, has held so little of brightness that it only shows more plainly the dark unbroken level of her life. Why does her bridal come back to her so vividly today? It was on a July afternoon like this—every sound of summer seems the same. Patiently

and uncomplainingly she has done all that could be done for her husband's parents—receiving only fault-finding, harsh words in return. The days have not been long enough for the work she must do in them, unless she has worked with all her might; all pleasure has been considered time wasted; the almanac and weekly paper all the reading matter a farmer's wife ought to want.

Hard work and care have drawn heavy lines on the brow that was so fair and smooth on her bridal day; bitter tears, shed alone, have dimmed the eyes and washed away the roses from her cheeks; the hands, which were so small and white, are hard and stiff now; instead of dimples at the joints there are knots and the cords stand out; she looks at her wedding ring curiously; it is worn to a thin, fragile band—how little it would need to break it. A little smile curves her lips as she thinks of the waning of the love of which the ring is a token, wondering dully if it would bear as much strain as the ring. Her glance wanders about the room—everything in it is hard and ugly, like her life. She had worn herself out trying to change this when she was younger; it had been beyond her power. She wonders if another could have done better in her place, and if the fault is in herself. It has all been so different from the life she had planned and hoped for. She had been so full of ambition on that afternoon of which she is thinking; life and its possibilities meant so much to her then. But life has been a problem which she has despaired of solving, and love has failed her.

She thinks, with a choking sob, of how long the time has been since she has felt her husband's kiss upon her lips; she had ventured to kiss him once, as he lay asleeping, but he had

stirred and scowled; she remembers how she crept away and cried her heart out on the old couch in the kitchen, while he slept soundly all the night through, never once missing her. The years have added to his wealth, but have given to her only added cares; while each year the strength to bear them has grown less.

She has long ago ceased to plan, or hope; and blindly lives each day, working with a dogged persistency, which leaves no task unfinished when her weary head rests upon its pillow. She never thinks of her future—even death has no terror; the thought is restful, life has been so hard. A strange fancy sways her this afternoon. Going hastily to a drawer she takes from its paper wrappings all her bridal array, and lays it on the bed. With feverish haste she takes down her hair, shaking it loose into curling tresses; and slips into the dress, which hangs loosely upon her wasted figure. The slippers are too small, so are the gloves, and she smiles mournfully as she lays them back on the bed. The veil she fastens with a cluster of pansies, whispering sadly: "Heartsease," as she pins them into place, then gazes long at the reflection which looks back at her from the small mirror. Can this be the same face that looked back at her on her bridal day? The years are not so many that these changes should be their work. The blue eyes are dimmed by tears—they were so bright then; the mouth has a wistful despairing droop, in place of smiles and dimples—every feature is changed.

Tired out, she sinks down on the seat by the window, and rests her head wearily on the sill, where the breeze blowing over the crimson clover gently fans her heavy eyes; the lids droop softly, and though a golden robin swings on the lowest branch of the elm which shades the house and sings his sweetest song, they do not lift again: and she has always loved

the golden robins so that their faintest song would wake her. The shadows creep over the grass and gently touch the balsams, closing their eyes for the day; but the sleeper does not wake. The old clock at the head of the stairs strikes slowly five times; it is time to begin preparations for supper, which must never be over a few minutes late; but the sleeper does not wake—how can she linger so, when she knows so well the harsh reproof she will hear.

The voices of the hay-makers come faintly on the clover-scented air: they are coming nearer home. A honey bee drones sleepily by her ear; her kitten purrs and rubs its side against her unresponsive hand. Her chickens are calling her; the cows are waiting in the lane—Bessie lows for her bossy in the barn, hooking impatiently at the gate.

How very still the room is! The six strokes of the old clock jar the silence like some solemn-toned bell; but the heavy slumber is still unbroken.

The veil has fallen aside, revealing the faded, patient face; it wears now a look of perfect peace as she looks upon the face of her second bridegroom and goes forth with him to the new Life.

"She died as many travelers have
died;
Striving, in spite of failing pulse and
limb,
Which faltered and grew feeble at
each step,
To toil up the icy steep; and bear,
Patient and faithful to the last, the
load
Which in the sunny morn seemed
light.

"They wrote above her grave some
common record which they
thought was true;
But I who loved her first, and last,
and best, I knew!"

MY RECEPTION DOWN SOUTH

By George E. Foster

I was founder and for thirteen years proprietor of a country newspaper in a thriving New Hampshire village. It is said that thirteen is an unlucky number, but I consider the sale of the paper of which I had been editor and proprietor for thirteen years was one of my lucky deals. I moved to New York state and before my goods arrived in the city that I had selected for my new home, I had secured a position on a paper published in the place. The next year, I took a more responsible position on a rival paper, on which for some time there was little care or work. There were besides myself two others on the editorial force. Not long after, one of the editors died, and while I still retained my position I was asked to do in addition some of the editorial work of the deceased member of the firm. Within a year, the other editor was taken ill: naturally his work fell on my shoulders and I was doing the work that had been divided between three. I was young then, and ambitious. I cheerfully performed the work, thinking the other surviving editor would eventually recover, but he did not. One day he died and the editorial work and a large part of the business management was on my hands, and as the stockholders made no effort to change the condition of affairs, I both edited and managed the business as best I could. Eventually I felt the disastrous influence of the "thirteen of superstition." One morning I was prostrated at my desk. I was taken home and a physician was called. He felt my pulse; he examined my tongue; he shook his head sagely, and said profoundly, "Overwork." Later he again shook his head in his peculiar professional way and finally said: "Young man, you have just got for the present to stop writing

ponderous leaders: you positively must have a radical change of scene. As editor, you have written considerable suggesting how the far off South should manage its affairs. Being Southern-born myself and having been raised there, I have reason to think that you have more mistaken ideas in your head concerning the South than you have serious germs of disease in your system. I well understand your ambition to do, and I am realizing the difficulty I am going to have to keep you in shape if you are where you can have access to your office desk. Now as I just said, you need change and rest more than you need my medicine. I suppose if that illustrious predecessor of your cult, Horace Greeley, were alive, he would say, "Go West, young man, go West," but my prescription will be that you go South and there live a simple life; invigorating there both your body and mind, and, as you become able, study the real life of the Southern people, that you may in some future time be better able than heretofore to write understandingly of the need of a people which up to date you have never met. Meanwhile, remember that the Southern people believe firmly in the doctrine of non-interference of Northern people in their political and business affairs."

I heeded my physician's advice and as soon as I was able went South. There I have found health and resultant happiness, leading the simple life that my physician had prescribed. I found, not only genuine health glow for my cheeks, but the real "Local color" for my pen, as I studied not the cult alone but all phases of everyday life among the common people irrespective of the color of their skin.

Having rented a house, I ordered my household goods freighted from the North. After a long delay the

goods arrived at the depot, and a truckman was engaged. He, being a white man, simply "bossed" the job; he had two drays and had several negroes to do the work. When the first load arrived at my door I was ready to look after the unloading. The driver was a young negro. On the top of the load was a large box in which I had packed my study clock.

"Captain," said the negro, "would you mind liftin' down dat box?"

"That is what you are paid for," I said somewhat gruffly, "do it yourself."

"I no mind liftin' off der rest of yer stuff, but I no like to lift off dat 'tickler box," he said and he left the dray and pretended to be adjusting the harness on one of the mules.

"What is the matter with your unloading that box?" I asked in a little crosser tone than before.

"There's a haunt in it," he replied. He made no further explanation and no amount of urging would induce him to take down the box.

To get the rest of the load lifted, I took down the box, while the colored boy watched the proceeding with scared eyes and worried face. I carried the box into the house and the boy quickly unloaded the rest. Later I was told by the truckman that the clock had struck in the box as they placed it on the load, and hence came the idea of a haunt. This was the beginning of a long experience on my part with Southern superstitions, and as a beginning of the peculiar weather prognostications down South, the colored boy, as he left for another load, said, "It will rain tomorrow."

"How so?" I asked.

"Yesterday," he said, "was a fair Friday—a fair Friday means a rainy Sunday, beside there was a circle around the moon last night; it will rain for-sure tomorrer."

"Did you hear that colored boy prophesy a storm?" I asked my wife as we waited for the arrival of another dray. "Who told him that? Do you see that sheep and dog over there

in that vacant lot? Since I have been waiting here under the rose-tree watching that sheep and dog the words of Schiller's drama, William Tell, have come to me.

"'Twill rain ere long; my sheep brouse eagerly,
And Watcher there is scraping the earth:—
The fish are leaping, and the water-hen
Dives up and down. A storm is coming on."

"But where do you see fish leaping," queried my wife.

"Right over there in the river cove," I replied. "There are also large birds diving yonder; yes, I believe that black boy is right; it will rain tomorrow."

During the unloading of other drays a goodly number of colored men, who seemingly had nothing else to do, gathered on the sidewalk apparently making an inventory of my belongings. The boxes of books caused expressions of surprise.

"He's a doctor," says one.

"No, he haint. Just as if a doctor would need all dose books to cut out yer 'pendix, Jim. I tell yer he's a parson."

"Naugh, he's no minister; he don't look it. 'Sides ministers don't have money 'nough to buy such books. Den dey do not need them, ministers don't. God puts der words right into der moufs."

"Den he's a lawyer," said one who had not previously spoken.

"Dat's it! dat's it!" exclaimed several at once. "See how rascally he looks. Dem lawyers jus' have to have books. They doan know not'n' without 'em. They always bring books into court and reads the opinions of somebody else. Yes, dat man dar, is sure one of dem scallawag lawyers."

Such was fame down South. I was called Captain, Doctor, Parson and Scallawag Lawyer in a single day, and more than this, the next day I was passing slowly down the main street of the town and met three men. I have since discovered that they con-

sidered themselves as leading citizens of the place.

"Who is that?" said one, as they passed me.

"He's evidently a stranger," remarked the second.

"Probably another of those d—yankee squatters," said the third.

I was glad when moving day was over. I took the only chair left outside and sat down beneath a rose-tree of surpassing beauty. The tree was one mass of bloom. Up North I had never seen one so beautiful. Toward the West was a scene of grandeur; the golden sun was painting the cloudlets with crimson and gold, and there was a charming background of blue. There's nothing more beautiful than a Virginia sunset. As I sat there two negro women passed along the street; with wondrous melody they were singing low, a mournful song:

"O, sometimes I feel like a motherless child!
Sometimes I feel like a motherless child!
O my Lord!
Sometimes I feel like a motherless child!
Den I git down on my knees and pray, pray!
Git down on my knees and pray!
O, I wonder where my mother's done gone,
Wonder where my mother's done gone,
I wonder where my mother's done gone,
Den I git down on my knees and pray, pray!
Git down on my knees and pray!

"O, sometimes I feel like I'd never been borned,
Sometimes I feel like I'd never been borned,
O my Lord!
Sometimes I feel like I'd never been borned,
Den I git down on my knees and pray, pray!
Git down on my knees and pray!
O, I wonder where my baby's done gone,
Wonder where my baby's done gone,
Wonder where my baby's done gone,
Den I git down on my knees and pray, pray!
Git down on my knees and pray!

"O, sometimes I feel like I'm a long ways from home, etc.
I wonder where my sister's done gone, etc.

"Sometimes I feel like a home-e-less child, etc.
I wonder where de preacher's done gone, etc."

The negro melody to me was novel and weird. I was glad of the song; I was charmed with the sunset; grand was the landscape—

"Far off trees in evening mist,
Golden skies by sunbeams kiss't . . . "

I was glad of the rose-tree; I was refreshed by the balmy zephyrs. I said to my wife, "If I had known of all this before, I would cheerfully have given our Northern doctor an additional and a bumper fee had he prescribed all this long before he did."

Hampton, Va.

OMNISCIENCE

By H. Thompson Rich

I am the kingdom and the king;
I am the nothing and the thing;
I am the thinker and the thought;
I am the song I sing.

Sunlight and starlight, land and sea,—
Age upon age, continuously,
These things in me are worked and wrought:
I am *Eternity*!

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

HENRY J. FURBER

Henry J. Furber, long a prominent attorney and real estate operator in Chicago, died in that city August 28, 1916.

He was a native of Somersworth, son of Benjamin T. and Olive (Hussey) Furber, born July 17, 1840. He graduated from the Somersworth High School in 1857, and entered Bowdoin College that year, but left in 1860 to become principal of the public schools of Green Bay, Wis. Subsequently the college conferred upon him the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

Mr. Furber was admitted to the Wisconsin bar in 1862, and in 1879 removed to Chicago. He became a member of the law firm of Higgins, Furber, & Coughlin, which for many years was one of Chicago's leading law firms, and later was identified with large financial interests, accumulating a fortune of several millions.

On January 7, 1862, he married Miss Elvira Irwin at Green Bay, and three sons were born to them, Henry J. and Frank I. of Chicago, and W. E. of Green Bay, all of whom survive.

E. FRED ALDRICH

Ephraim Fred Aldrich, born in Colebrook on June 9, 1873, died at Littleton, September 13, 1916.

He was the son of United States District Judge Edgar Aldrich and Louise M. (Remick) Aldrich and was educated in the Littleton schools, Phillips Andover Academy and the Boston University Law School, graduating LL.B., from the latter in the class of 1902. Admitted to the bar immediately upon graduation,

he commenced practice in Boston, as a partner of Solomon Lincoln. Later he became attorney for the Boston Elevated Street Railway Company, devoting himself to the defence of personal injury suits, in which he was quite successful. Subsequently, in independent practice, he had been connected with much important litigation and made an excellent reputation. He was a member of the Boston Bar Association, and of the Algonquin and other clubs.

On January 1, 1905, Mr. Aldrich married Frances Vera Powers of Boston who, with a young daughter, Barbara Louise, survive him. He is also survived by his father and mother, and a sister, Mrs. Howard Summers Kniffin of Cedarhurst, Long Island, N. Y.


DANIEL A. CLIFFORD

Daniel A. Clifford, born in Danville, N. H., April 2, 1844, died in the house where he was born, October 1, 1916.

He was educated in the public schools and at Colby Academy, New London. He was for many years engaged as a grammar school principal in Manchester, going thence in January, 1883, to become principal of the Carter Grammar School in Chelsea, Mass., which position he held for more than thirty years, retiring two years ago.

He served for a time during the Civil War as a member of Company M, Fourth Massachusetts Heavy Artillery, and was a member of Col. Winthrop Post, 35, G. A. R., of Chelsea. He leaves a wife, daughter and son, Daniel P. Clifford, of Toledo, Ohio.

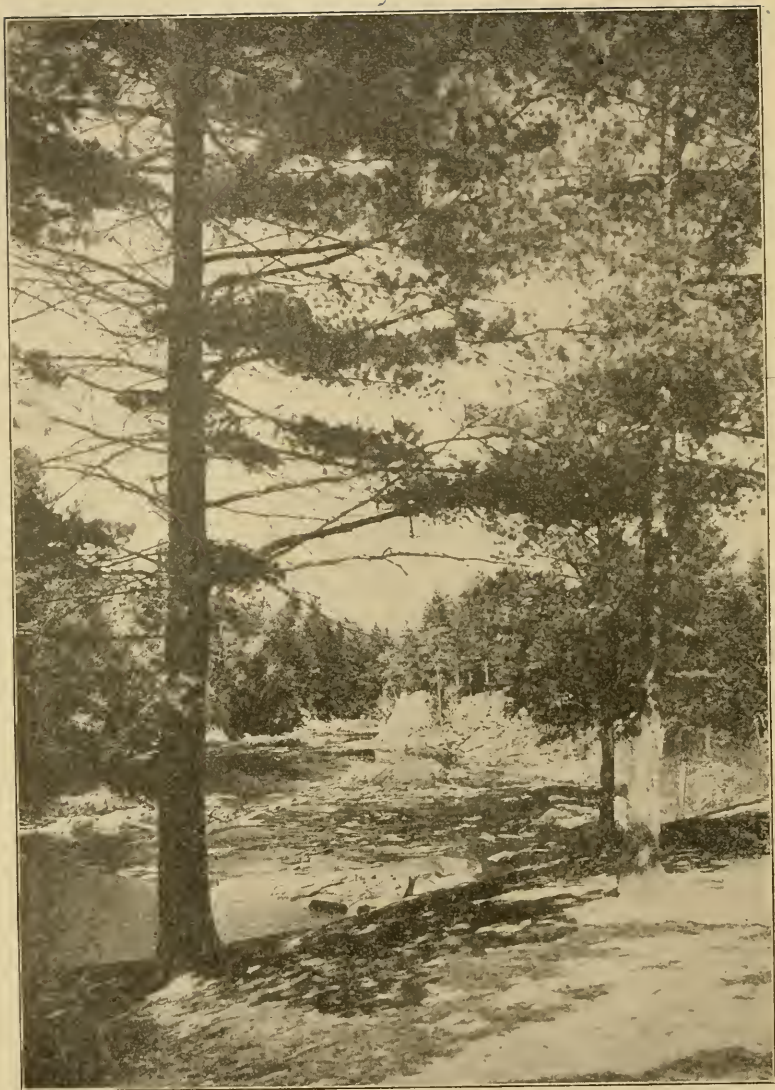
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER'S NOTES

 The next issue of the *GRANITE MONTHLY* will be a double number for November and December, appearing about the middle of the latter month. It will be extensively distributed and will be a valuable medium for holiday advertising in this state.

The New Hampshire Board of Trade, at its first annual meeting under the new constitution, held in Concord, October 17, elected A. B. Jenks of Manchester as president; G. Arthur Foster of Concord, secretary; George Thurber of Nashua, treasurer, and D. W. Cole of Hillsborough, auditor. The Special Committee to devise means for financing the proposed work of the Board was continued, and the chairman, Professor Smith of the Tuck School, Hanover, was authorized to cooperate with the Executive Committee in carrying the plans into operation. The Standing Committee on the Pilgrim Ter-centenary celebration was also continued for another year. In view of the fact that a committee has been appointed

in Massachusetts to report to the next legislature of that state a permanent plan of celebration, this latter committee of the New Hampshire Board of Trade, which first proposed the celebration, is likely to have something to do during the year.

Edna Dean Proctor, native of Henniker and New Hampshire's favorite poet, has just added another to the number of her published volumes in the shape of an attractive little book, of some seventy duodecimo pages, on heavy paper, in boards, containing the best of her late poems. It is entitled "The Glory of Toil," taking its name from the leading poem, and includes twenty-two others, among which are "Daniel Webster" and "Concord by the Merrimack," the former read at the Webster Birthplace Dedication, and the latter at Concord's One Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary Celebration. No more charming holiday gift-book than this, dedicated "To All Toilers" will be found this season.



A BIT OF NEW HAMPSHIRE SCENERY
View at Contoocook River Park

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

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NOVEMBER-DECEMBER, 1916 NEW SERIES, VOL. XI, Nos. 11-12

A HAILSTORM AT LAKE SUNAPEE

By Herbert Welsh

On the morning of the 23d of August last, I had been busy for fully three hours at the very top of one of the beautiful hills in which this region abounds, painting on a large canvas. The weather, as it had been for several days past, was intensely hot. Very few clouds had appeared in the early part of the day, and the horizon was slightly dimmed by vapors which the fierce rays of the sun had drawn from the earth. Burkehaven Hill—for such is the name of the rough pasture out of which granite rocks crop and which is sprinkled with masses of beautiful ferns—commands an entrancing view. From its top, where my easel was stationed, one can look westward over groves of rich foliage, the village of Sunapee with its unvarying white cottages and single church steeple seen in the valley, and beyond that blue mountains which carry the eye clear across the Vermont line.

About midday, my work being done, I made my way, laden with my traps, down over the rough and broken hillside to the road which descended to the shores of Lake Sunapee, and then led by a shady lane, to my own cottage one half mile distant. I noticed, though the sun was still shining brightly, the gathering of a thundershower in the northwest. There were ragged and dark clouds but it did not impress one as promising much amiss—only an ordinary summer thundershower, and even that might not come our way.

That afternoon about three o'clock, though the sun still continued to be

as brilliant as ever, there were incessant grumblings and growlings of thunder, coming for the most part from the southeast,—precisely the opposite direction from the threatened shower which I had noticed on my return home at noon. There did not seem to be an instant when this fierce, complaining thunder ceased, but as the sunshine still continued bright, it did not strike one as being anything very much out of the way. Our cottage is on the shore of the Lake, the western side of the indentation known as Sunapee Harbor. From our front porch one can catch a glimpse, through the trunks and boughs of old hemlock trees, of a three-mile stretch out over the waters of the Harbor and then the wider limits of the Lake itself. In this direction a mass of very dark and threatening clouds was bundled in the southeast, and was rapidly making its way to the eastern verge of Lake Sunapee. It was from these clouds that the incessant thunder came, but none of the peals were very loud or such as to arouse suspicion of an unusual storm.

About five o'clock in the afternoon the clouds seemed to go right down onto the Lake; it became extremely dark for daytime and then very large drops of rain began to fall on lake and earth. Almost instantly there came a fierce patter, as of stones, striking the roof of the house and porch and making a perfect fusillade of sound. My wife, in an adjoining room to that in which I sat at my writing, thought I was up to some mischief and by means

unknown was producing this terrific clatter. She called to know what I was about, but neither I nor any one else was responsible for the extraordinary happenings out of doors. A vast number of hailstones, such as most folk in that region had never seen,—and trust they never will see again,—were falling mercilessly from the clouds which seemed to rest upon the water and the earth. Like a million blades they were cutting small branches from every tree at their mercy, and strewing these swiftly until they formed a green carpet all over the ground where a few moments before had been the warm burnt-sienna brown of last year's pine needles. The hailstones,—some of them an inch and a half in width,—cut from pine and hemlock, the trees which surrounded our cottage, small tufts, as though they had been neatly trimmed with a knife blade. In a short time this green carpet, having been completely laid, made a bed for the white one, like that of winter, which swiftly followed.

As the storm ceased, which it did in about half an hour, and one stood on the porch to view the havoc it had wrought, the thought of Christmas was brought most vividly to mind, not only through the eye by the white covering of the ground, but from the fine balsamic odor of bleeding pine trees, which brought most vividly to the memory, by the power of association, the Christmas trees of past years. The wooden steps of our porch were covered with a thick deposit of hail. I swept this off, step by step, with a broom. The following morning I found on the ground a conglomerate mass of ice, resulting from this sweeping. Upon close examination the hailstones, which of course had melted considerably during the night, although they still retained the suggestion of their original form, appeared like so many icy gum-drops or jujube paste, clinging in a mass one to another. Our lane, over which I walked the following day,

affected the eye and the imagination most strangely with a curious mingled sense of spring and autumn—spring—in that the ground was all covered with a tender green that completely carpeted the brown earth of the road, making it look like a wood-path, while the trees, not only pine and hemlock but birch and maple, were almost completely shorn of their leaves. They presented a most pathetic appearance, particularly the delicate birch trees, which looked as though they had been devoured by one of the destructive pests that have ravaged parts of New England so fearfully during the last ten or fifteen years.

During the progress of the storm on the previous day, there was one feature which attracted much attention. As these great hailstones struck the surface of the Lake, they splashed the water high into the air—it must have risen, when the fury of the storm was at its height, more than a foot from the surface of the Lake. The effect was an indescribable impression of fury. I have seen in no newspaper, or indeed in printed form, an account of this extraordinary natural disturbance. I am well aware that my own knowledge of it is partial and imperfect, although I did what I could at the time to observe what went on, and later to collect the observances of many witnesses who, viewing the storm from different points, might have observed many details of which I was ignorant.

I tried to find out, but only imperfectly succeeded, the precise limits of this strange downpour of hail. One of the oldest inhabitants of the town,—a man of intelligence and prominence,—informed me that it was about a mile in length and about two miles in width. It is undoubtedly true that at the lower end of the Lake, in the Newbury region, and some six miles from my cottage, there was no fall of hail whatever.

The Sunapee branch of New Hampshire Forestry-Association held its

meeting at the house of Col. Frederick G. King, through the courtesy of that gentleman. This is within the town of Newbury and immediately on the Lake. His flower garden on that occasion, which was sometime after the hailstorm had taken place, was in perfect condition,—the flowers brilliant and uninjured. But the flower gardens, growing vegetables, corn and trees within the limits of the storm were mercilessly dealt with, and their product completely destroyed. In our neighborhood the

canoes of my informant, whose residence was but a quarter of a mile from my cottage, were similarly exposed but remained uninjured. From that fact he drew the inference that the force of the downpour of hail on the other side of the lake where the canoes were riddled was greater than it had been with us.

A cottage a short distance from ours which I noticed on the morning following the storm, presented a curious and beautiful appearance, the roofs of the house and porches were com-



View on Lake Sunapee
Looking Towards Newbury

roofs of many houses were riddled, and in some of them great quantities of water entered through the holes which the hailstones had made. In many places window-panes and skylights were broken, though we suffered but little in that way, having only lost a single pane of glass. I feel quite sure that the large hemlock and pine trees surrounding our cottage did much to protect us. I was informed by an intelligent and wholly reliable resident of Sunapee, that on the other side of the Lake canoes, which were turned bottom side upwards, had been perforated by the hailstones. The

pletely covered with maple leaves. So closely had these fallen that it looked as though they were there by the clever design of some experienced and gifted decorator. This element of beauty, following destruction, was one of the striking features of the storm. One was disturbed with a sense of the ravage and loss inflicted and yet there ran through it this curious and touching element of beauty. I heard of no persons who were very seriously injured. It seems a strange thing in view of the fact that many driving wagons or automobiles, or out on the Lake in launches, were

caught in the downpour; one man, however, I am told, who was in a launch on the Lake had his face severely cut by the hailstones.

Everyone who was in this storm with whom I afterwards talked of it, seemed deeply impressed with its strange power; awed by its sudden-

ness, the darkness that accompanied it, the noise that it created and more than all, perhaps, the sense of uncertainty which it inspired as to just how far it would carry its seeming thirst for destruction. Everyone said, "We never saw anything like this before, and we hope never to see it again."

NECROPOLIS

By L. J. H. Frost

Thou city of the dead! within thy streets
And on thine ivied walls, Death ever keeps
A tireless vigil; watching with keen look
Each pale, still comer, as within his book
He writes their epitaph. A mournful train,
O, city! bearing one whom Death hath slain,
Oft comes within thy gates:—some young and fair,
With folded hands and pale flowers 'mid dark hair;
Some old and gray, whose faded, wrinkled cheeks
And careworn brows the contest oft bespeaks
Of their life's battle; yet unwilling they
To lay their armor down at close of day,
And call the struggle past, the conflict done.
Blest they, if they can say,—“the victory's won.”

Thou city of the dead! within thine halls
Death holds his ceaseless banquet; and loud calls
The cankerworm to feast upon fair forms
Whose hearts are still; no crimson lifeblood warms
Their frozen breasts, nor raise they now their hands
To wipe away the clinging mould that stands
Upon their once fair features. Those cold forms
Heed not the damp, or darkness, or the worms;
Nor shrink from Death's most close embrace; nor start
To feel the frozen lifeblood on the heart
Press heavy down. Those forms are lifeless clay:
The better part—the soul—hath passed away.

Thou city of the dead: Peace to thy shades!
Up to that land where glory never fades,
Thou ledest us. Our pathway lies through thee
Unto eternal day. Our souls, all free
From hindering clay that they have cast aside,
Within thy halls, shall flee, and hence abide
With the Eternal. But, O, city! keep
Thou safe the sacred forms we leave asleep
Within thy mansions, till a voice shall say—
“Give up thy dead,” upon the judgment day.

THE EASTMAN ASSOCIATION

Next to the Old Home Week Associations, in New Hampshire, the numerous family associations are the most powerful agency for perpetuating the memory of the early days, and the men and women then at the front, and strengthening the attachment for ancestral scenes and places.

Perhaps the most prominent of these family associations, in central New Hampshire, is the Eastman Association, organized in Concord in 1880, its primary purpose being the perpetuation of the memory of Capt. Ebenezer Eastman, the first settler of Concord, who brought his family to the plantation of "Penny Cook," as it was then called, in 1727.

This Captain Eastman was a grandson of Roger Eastman, the first of the name in the country, who came from England and settled in Salisbury, Mass., in 1640. He was born January 10, 1689; became a prominent citizen of Haverhill, Mass., where six of his sons were born before his removal to Concord, or "Penny Cook"; was not only the first, but the leading man in town for some years, but died at the age of fifty-nine, July 28, 1748.

According to the record, Captain Eastman, in 1731, four years after his settlement here, had cleared, broken up and had in mowing eighty acres of land, and had "considerable buildings, barns, outhouses, etc." He had also borne the expense of building a corn mill for the accommodation of the settlement. Not only had he the largest and best cultivated farm, but he was generally regarded as the leading man in the community. His military title came through service in the colonial wars. He served in the expedition against Port Royal when only nineteen years of age; commanded a company in the Canadian expedition of 1711; and also held similar rank in the expedition against Louisburg in 1745, three years before his death.

Although the Eastman Association, which was organized in 1880 and incorporated three years later, has as its prime object the honor and perpetuation of the memory of Concord's first settler, whose numerous descendants are now widely scattered, it admits to its membership all the descendants of Roger Eastman, with their wives and husbands, who may choose thus to associate themselves.

The first president of the Association was the late Charles S. Eastman; secretary, Charles E. Staniels, and treasurer, George A. Fernald. Ten vice-presidents are chosen; an executive committee of the same number, and a finance committee of three members. The first annual meeting was held in Merrimack Hall, East Concord, October 19, 1881, and such meetings have been held every year since. The succession of presidents has included, aside from Charles S. Eastman, who served two years, Samuel C. Eastman, Fred A. Eastman, John Eastman Frye, Chandler Eastman, Edson C. Eastman, Kimball Eastman of Cumberland Mills, Mr. William A. Eastman of Lowell, Mass., Clinton S. Eastman of Cumberland Mills, Me., Fred E. Eastman, of Portland, Me., Prof. John R. Eastman, Andover, and perhaps others, as the records of some of the earlier years are not available. Hon. Samuel C. Eastman, of Concord, the most prominent member of the family, served in one of the early years, and also for four years successively ending at the last annual meeting on the first Thursday of October last, which date is now permanently fixed by the constitution of the Association, though the place of meeting is left to be determined by the executive committee, and is usually somewhere in the central part of the city, though the old Eastman home was on the east side of the river.

Charles E. Staniels served as sec-

retary from 1881 to 1887, inclusive; Frañk P. Curtis from 1888 to 1892; Miss Mary S. Emery, 1893, 1894, and Miss Sophia J. Fernald from 1895 to 1916, declining a reelection at the last annual meeting, as did Samuel C. Eastman as president. George A. Fernald, the first treasurer, was soon succeeded by his brother, Josiah Eastman Fernald, who has since continued in the office.

There are now several hundred members of the Association, with nearly \$5,000 in the treasury toward the completion of a permanent memorial to Capt. Eastman, which, it has been decided, will be in the form of a clock tower, a site for which has already been secured and graded, the same being just south of the residence of the late Cyrus R. Robinson at East Concord.

At the last meeting of the Association, held in the Memorial Parish House in Concord, President Samuel C. Eastman, who, as has been said, declined further service in the position which he has held for several years, in his annual address spoke as follows:

REMARKS OF PRESIDENT EASTMAN

"We are met here today as members of the Eastman family, descendants of Roger Eastman of England, who came to Salisbury, Mass., in 1638. Most, and perhaps all of us here are direct descendants of Ebenezer Eastman, who came to Concord about 1727 as a pioneer and settler. The object of our meeting is not only to cultivate and preserve the family feeling and kinship, but to show respect to the virtues of our forebears.

"There is a saying which had its origin so long ago that its paternity is lost, but which is universally recognized where orders of nobility and rank are part of the social order—*Noblesse oblige*, nobility compels—that is, a person who has noble ancestors is thereby laid under obligations so to conduct himself as to do no discredit to those who have pre-

ceded him. He must not expect to shine by inherited light, but the very virtues of his ancestors lay in a heavier burden on him to show that he is a worthy son or daughter. A higher standard is placed before him than if he came from unknown or ignoble antecedents.

"Not much is known about Roger Eastman who first came here from England. But we do know a great deal about Ebenezer, the first settler of Concord. That he was a man of character and good standing before he came is evident from the duties that were imposed upon him prior to the settlement. That he afterwards took a prominent part in all that related to the public good is shown by the records of the plantation and of the town. It does not appear that he or his associates were men of much school learning. We do know that while they were men of energy, grappling with the difficult problem of subduing the wilderness and making a living out of the soil, they possessed shrewdness and sound common sense and made their enterprise a complete success. If you wish to see their monument and the evidence of their labors, look around you today.

"Of these hundred men who came here to found a town, Capt. Ebenezer Eastman was easily one of the foremost and a leader. He was called upon for all sorts of duties and evidently discharged them to the satisfaction of the community. I need not recount them, as they are narrated in the histories of Concord and known to most of you. He was married and had a large family, which fact no doubt contributed to his success. He died before he reached the age of sixty, in spite of the fact that he was a man of great physical vigor. The circumstances in which the settlers were placed were not favorable to the accumulation of wealth nor the prolongation of life. But he reached a reasonable maturity and called on no man for alms and left his sons well started on a similar career.

"His memory and that of his descendants who have preceded us impose upon us who are placed in easier and more favorable conditions to demonstrate that we are not faithless to the traditions and nobility of the race. More than that, we ought to show a great improvement on what they were and did. With better opportunities and good schools we all surpass Ebenezer in our knowledge of books. They had few books except the Bible. Perhaps they were better acquainted with that than we are at the present day, and that more intimate acquaintance may have been the cause of that innate something, which we call common sense and which enabled them to come to wise conclusions.

"Additional obligations are laid upon us by our superior and inherited opportunities and we must struggle to live up to them.

"Selden, an English author of about the time when Roger Eastman left England, says in his book called 'Table Talk,' speaking of the nobility:

"Some of them were ashamed upwards, because their ancestors were too great. Others were ashamed downwards, because they were too little."

"We do not want to be ashamed either way, up or down. When we consider what they did, who ventured on founding a new plantation, we cannot be ashamed of them. They came into the wilderness where only two things were ready for them, the grass in the intervale meadows, which they could make into hay to winter the oxen which Ebenezer brought with him, and the trees, which they could fashion into log cabins and burn to keep them warm in winter. All else had to be created from the soil by their labor or brought, over a mere trail, from other plantations far away. We cannot sufficiently admire the energy, the courage and the valor of

men who were capable of such undertakings.

"I hope we have no reason to be ashamed as we look down. At any rate, remembering that *noblesse oblige*, we must resolutely buckle to the task, and while we have not to wrestle with such physical tasks, we meet the moral and social problems of the present day and solve them in a manner that will cause the coming generations to say that we are worthy descendants of a valiant ancestor and of a worthy race."

Following is the full board of officers and committees of the Association, chosen for the present year:

President, John Eastman Frye, East Concord.

Vice-presidents, Fred A. Eastman, West Concord; Mrs. A. W. Sulloway, Franklin; Fred E. Eastman, Portland, Me.; John H. Eastman, Winchester, Mass.; George O. Robinson, East Concord; George P. Hadley, Goffstown; George Eastman, Rochester, N. Y.; Joseph C. Eastman, New York City; Charles R. Eastman, Cambridge, Mass., and Charles E. Eastman, Hollis.

Secretary, Miss Myla Chamberlin, West Concord.

Treasurer, Josiah E. Fernald, Concord.

Executive Committee, Henry E. Chamberlin, Concord; Mrs. C. R. Robinson, East Concord; Mrs. W. H. Alexander, Concord; Mrs. Maud E. Challis, Concord; Miss A. M. Chamberlin, Cambridge, Mass.; Miss Ada M. Aspinwall, Concord; Clinton S. Eastman, Cumberland Mills, Me.; Miss Mary E. Alexander, Concord.

Finance Committee, Samuel C. Eastman, Concord; Josiah Eastman Fernald, Concord, and Mrs. Edgar D. Eastman, West Concord.

Memorial Committee, Samuel C. Eastman and Josiah E. Fernald, Concord, and Mrs. Cyrus R. Robinson, East Concord.

THERE ARE NO MISTAKES

By Sarah Fuller Bickford Hafey

We oft hear the saying, a saying quite old,
That some are born handsome and others have gold;
And silver and gold spoons are e'er in their clasp,
While others are glad to find pewter to grasp.

To whom hath the most, doth the most seem to go,
While others drag onward, while hoeing their row;
But sometimes, by shocks and hard knocks, they awake,
And wonder if Providence makes a mistake?

But there are no blunders, all things are correct,
And supremely ordered, by the *Great Elect*;
And "Heaven helps those, who themselves, help," 'tis said,
So carefully work, while you'r making your bed!

ANSWERED

By L. Adelaide Sherman

"Tell me," said a maiden fair,
With a wealth of sunny hair,
"What is sweetest of all things
That the life of woman brings?"
Then another maiden, blushing,
And her heart's glad tumult hushing,
Spake: "The hand-clasp and the bliss
Of first love's all-yielding kiss."

But a matron, standing by,
With a smile and with a sigh,
Clasped her babe unto her breast;
Softly murmured, "This is best!
Nothing brings us such a blessing
As our children's dear caressing;
Mother-love is best, is best,
Holier, higher, than the rest."

Then there spake an aged dame,
As the after-glow of flame
Lighted steeple, gilded tower—
"Blessed is the sunset hour
Of a useful life, well-spent;
This shall give you heart's content.
Do your duty, brave and true—
Heaven is near to such as you,
Sister, daughter, friend or wife—
Service glorifies the life."

A DOVER INCIDENT IN THE WAR OF 1812

By Lydia A. Stevens

[Read before the Northern Colonist Historical Society, Nov. 14, 1910]

Our second war with Great Britain was a part of our war of the Revolution. The Treaty of Paris left weighty matters unsettled. Another trial at arms was inevitable. The uniforms of the rugged Continentals, proudly featuring the surrender of Gen. Burgoyne at Saratoga, were not wholly past use when fighting was renewed, but the heroes who followed Stark and Sullivan were dead or enfeebled. Still, Dover did its part in the raising of two thousand New Hampshire men for the army and navy. Once more, Garrison Hill, Pleasant street, and Silver street echoed to the shrilling fife and rattling drum. The "Old Landing" bubbled with enthusiasm. And yet, it is impossible to deny that the war was unpopular. The south and west favored it, but a majority of the people of New England were opposed—and some even urged a separate peace. The rich and influential led this feeling. The whole forms a sorry page in our history.

Dover had taken part in the Revolution. Dover men had died on every northern battlefield. Dover women, with dry eyes, had sent their fathers, brothers, husbands and sons to the front. But the people then were united, the cause was deemed holy. As to the impending hostilities, there was no strong, rising sentiment in its favor. Men volunteered freely, but there was nothing but discontent among those who remained at home. This left non-combatants to the mercy of their apprehensions. No wonder that lips became pale, and ludicrous incidents happened. The condition from being critical had become desperate. But there were reasons better founded for dissatisfaction.

The embargo closed all American

ports against the legal admission of goods from abroad, and aided the enemy in preventing all save our public and private vessels of war from getting out through the blockade. It was an unwise and impolitic act of Congress—and, infinitely more provoking, a profitless attack on Canada had left the coast-line completely undefended by national troops. British ships of war were at Bermuda and Gardener's Bay, and others manoeuvred within easy reach of the New England coast. Washington had been burned and Baltimore threatened. Wherever the enemy landed, they plundered and destroyed.

Congress acted niggardly towards the navy. Singly our ships could and did win glorious victories, but too frequently were forced to avoid battle. Portsmouth was at the mercy of the enemy—and the water-way to Dover was open or little obstructed. The people had lived in fear of this peril in older times. After a while the fear grew dim. Now it revived.

The prices of all necessities advanced. Many a rich man was ruined; many a prosperous town utterly prostrated. Property, real and personal, fell off in value. This country practically abandoned the ocean. And we must admit the people of New England were not willing to suffer unequally for the nation's greatness or the nation's honor. But the New Hampshire dwellers near the tidewater sent no delegates to the Hartford Convention. Then the war cloud came very near our little town. The sweep of its fringe actually touched Dover. The men, women and children, who lived on what are now our oldest streets, felt its menace.

Lieut. Col. Commandant Edward Sise of the Third New Hampshire Regiment, was ordered by Gov. Gil-

man to duty at Portsmouth. He was to accompany his regiment. It was up against the state to defend itself.

Far and wide, Sise sent out the cry: "The enemies' cruisers are on our coast." Capt. Andrew Pierce, a man of affairs on the river front, assembled his local company. John Tibbetts, who rests at Garrison Hill, and John Trickey, who lies under the sod of the Dame Farm—Revolutionary soldiers—drilled the company on the Turnpike. The men were of the hardy stock that built and sailed the Landing schooners. Capt. William Courson increased his company from Milton, Farmington, and surrounding towns. Capt. Jacob Dearborn enlisted men at Somersworth, Rochester and Barrington, and Dover swelled the ranks of Capt. John D. Harty's company. John was a stout-hearted Landing trader.

It was a mellow September Sunday of 1814, that the actual call to arms was received in Dover. Gov. Gilman had assumed command. The Federal Government could not be depended upon. Col. Sise was at morning service in the Fourth Meeting house, which stood on the site of the present First Parish building. Parson Clary was speaking from the carved pulpit, directly beneath the ornamented sounding-board. Through two tiers of windows the autumn sunlight streamed over the broad balcony sittings, turned the central aisle—leading from the pulpit to the opposite door—into a walk of gold, flooded the projecting singers' gallery—lingered over the fenced-in bench, where the deacons sat with their backs to the pulpit—glowed on the emerald colored lining of the Atkinson sittings, and fell aslant on the old Stephen Evans pew.

The pale minister paused in his sermon, as the sexton tiptoed in from the door on the north east end and delivered the private summons. Every neck was craned for an instant, and quick glances were exchanged. The click of the messenger's spurs sounded on the steps.

Retiring hoofbeats and a constrained murmur came from the street. The minister mumbled incoherent words, and lapsed into silence. Then the stillness of the old meeting house was broken. Filled with vague alarm, the worshippers sprang to their feet. The rising seats crashed.

The news of the Governor's order soon circulated, and intense excitement prevailed throughout the town. The wide open space east of the meeting house, half square, half parade ground, was crowded with men, women and children. Faces paled and furrowed. There was no more preaching in Dover that Sunday. Col. Sise sent out expresses ordering the immediate gathering of his state companies.

Selectmen, Tobias Tuttle and Nicholas Peaslee, both of Back River, and corpulent Samuel Kimball of Upper Factory, flew around like headless fowl. Their associate, Capt. Andrew Pierce, was with his company. Dr. Gray, the old Revolutionary soldier, grammar master, and some time minister, came down from Wolfborough and offered his services as chaplain.

There are some agitations that not only stir up whatever is bold and fearless in human nature, but also bring out all that is weak and irresponsible. The people felt they had been abandoned by the general government. The sense of this desertion oppressed them. But no thought of their own short-comings presented itself. Domestic interests and everyday pursuits were suspended. Eccentric accentuation of ideas and words marked ordinary intercourse. When one spoke, it was the intonation that was listened to rather than the words. There were open mouths that cried out, and open mouths which were silent. Vague stormy rumors were heard. The close proximity of danger stripped off all disguise. No exhibition of uneasiness differed from another sufficiently to mark any personal distinction. All faces were

stamped alike. Their hearts faulted and panic loosened their joints. It was the revolt of instinct against inherited courage.

If the women were appalled by the alarm which had been so suddenly thrust upon the town, men of property shook with anxiety and apprehension, and even the bravest were filled with annoyance and dread because of the stern tranquility, steadiness and irritating preoccupation of the soldiery. They shrank in horror from licensed pillage. Unexpected revelations of character came to light.

In some instances, the most timid felt resolute and the most daring terrified. Gentle, rather bashful Abigail Atkinson, with a charming little impatience in her eyes, took charge of casting bullets and scraping lint. "Oh Lord! Oh Lord!" Grandma'am K. sighed. She was short of breath and shapeless. Two gossips were conversing on John Wheeler's door-steps, when the excited church-goers broke out into the road. Their eyes suddenly became wandering, and looked without seeing, and their breathing was audible. Some happenings were ludicrous in the extreme. The stay-at-homes had no time to dress. There were men in unbuttoned shirts and women in gaping gowns—a pair of shoes in the hands of one man, and a coat and vest under the arms of another—women there were more remarkable for prettiness than neatness, and other women still more remarkable for the scantiness of their attire—here a rounded shoulder, there a scraggy neck and sharp elbow—and children and dogs everywhere in grotesque confusion. Black Plato Waldron, afterwards sexton of the First Parish, joined himself to Capt. Pierce's company, but John Blank, trader for the Parish, was missing after service. Husky Nahum French, the Landing bully, shut himself up in his dingy shop. Pretty Kate Warren, the rich young blood of her cheeks contrasting with the moisture in her eyes, sculled her

youthful husband across the river from what is now the city farm, so that he might answer at Capt. Harty's roll-call. Old man Andrews, father of the late Andrews Brothers, sold out his entire stock of powder, lead and flints. Sam. Wiggin sequestered his West India goods, and lived a week in his cobwebby attic.

Sun-down brought no relief. In the streets the clamour had died down; little by little came darkness. If an aerial observer could have hovered over Dover that night, with the wings of a bat and eyes of an owl, naught but a spectral scene would have presented itself below. Through crack of door, blind and shutter; from ground-floor to roof; at the end, on the right, and on the left, candle-lights gleamed and flickered, but no sound of life, nor any sign of habitation besides was in evidence. No one dared to go to bed. No one went out. There was nothing but terror and stupor in the houses, and from the streets nothing but sharp command, and the measured tramp of many feet—at first faint, then precise, anon heavy and re-echoing. Children stammered unintelligible words. The agitation deepened to its climax.

The First Battalion of Artillery, under Major Edward J. Long, swung into the town next day, having twenty-eight New Durham men in the rank and file of Capt. Reuben Hayes' Co., and there were two in Lieut. Burley's company. New Durham was irregular and wide spreading, but the men always took kindly to guns on sea and land, and proportionately the meagre town furnished more soldiers than Dover. Lieut. Tash, Sergeant Nicholas Grace, and Corporal David Durgin were on hand, and on the morning following the Governor's order, my maternal grandfather and his three swarthy brothers joined the battalion. They said good bye to greatgrandmother at the front door of the house built one hundred and thirty-seven years ago for the first settled minister in New Durham—the house where I was born.

Fully equipped, the regiment left Dover for Portsmouth, the third day after notice, and was stationed at Fort Washington. Then a heartier note altogether prevailed, especially amongst the men. There were no more sidglances or irresolute steps—the earth no more trembled beneath their feet. The selectmen recovered their dignity, and authorized an expression of the town's confidence in Col. Sise. It was engrossed by Mr. Wrifford, the well known writing master of that day. Mr. Wrifford boarded with Capt. Riley.

Col. Sise was born in Castle Lyons, County Cork, Ireland, January 11, 1762. He received a good education in the schools of Cork, and soon after arriving at his majority, he immigrated to the United States, taking up his residence in Portsmouth in 1784. He stayed there but a short time, soon deciding to make Dover his abiding place. Here he lived until his death.

He engaged in mercantile pursuits on the Landing, and made several voyages to the West Indies, as part owner and supercargo, and on his last voyage his vessel was captured by the French. The vessel and cargo were condemned, and proved an entire loss to the owners.

Col. Sise had received, in part, a military education in Ireland, and in this country, and, like a good many Irishmen of that day, took an active part in military affairs. At Portsmouth he proved a valuable and efficient officer.

He taught at Pine Hill in 1799 and 1809, and on the Landing in 1807 and 1808. May 10, 1815 he and Tobias Tuttle opened a school for instruction in navigation and surveying in the corner chamber of the little brick store on the river-front. He died in Dover July 26, 1842, in the eighty-first year of his age. Very likely, he was the first educated Irishman to do business on the Landing.

DON'T FORGET

By Hannah B. Merriam

Don't forget that winter is with us,
Bright and shining, cold and bleak,
Bright to those in health and strength,
Cold to those who are worn and weak.

Don't forget, in homes of plenty,
Where grates are full and lights ablaze,
Don't forget the cheerless hearthstone
And the city's darkened ways.

Don't forget, beneath your blankets
Soft and downy, warm and sweet,
Don't forget the wornout coverings,
Piled with snow, and soaked with sleet.

Don't forget, wrapped in your flannels,
Coats that button to the chin,
Don't forget the wornout cottons
That so many shiver in.

Don't forget when filled with plenty,
You at your tables sit and sip,
Don't forget the broken pitcher,
Empty plate and famished lip.

DAVIS-SMITH GARRISON

Demolished, 1880, Lubberland Road, Newmarket, N. H.

By B. B. P. Greene

It stood, as a garrison should, on rising ground, and overlooking Great Bay; so that, by land or sea, no foe in birch canoe, or skulking bands through woodland, could make approach, while watchfulness was the word of command at the garrison. It was built in 1695, doubtless to replace the one destroyed by the Indians in 1694.

The human interest in things past has outlived the garrison itself, which, the pity of it, should have been preserved. Its foundations were firm and solid the day of its execution, when the huge hand-wrought nails held with tenacious grip to the old oak beams, clinging to the past, that lived and died under its low hung eaves, feeling again the first blow that sent the great spikes home, driven to their resting place by one David Davis, who was the owner and builder. And a throb of pride it absorbed from that little family when safely they gathered about its old stone hearth in a feeling of security and comfort, although they and their neighbors had much to worry about, for the Indians had left a mark so deadly in 1694, that soldiers were sent to guard and range the woods in watch for signs of trouble.

In August, 1696, David Davis was killed not far from the strong portals of his home. After his death soldiers were stationed at this block-house, and other garrisons were guarded in the same way. Men were detailed to patrol this zone that had felt to the uttermost the dreadfulness of Indian warfare. Later the wife and children of David Davis left this place, so filled with horrors, and the widow's son built a garrison at Packer's Falls.

Joseph Smith was born in 1640. When twenty years of age he received

a "grant" and also bought land at Oyster River (Durham). Joseph was a Quaker, and not inclined to fight, but he owned a garrison-house, feeling that this "preparedness" was a most effective weapon for peace. And Joseph also had in his oldest boy John, a son who stood for the acme of efficiency. With courage and keenness he learned to fight his own battles all through life. We doubt if his father, being a Quaker, might not have been one of the "parents" who objected to this rule presented as early as 1645. It was ordered that "The youth from ten to sixteen years, should be instructed upon y^e usual dayes in y^e exerci e of armes, as small guns, halfe pike, bows and arrows, provided the parents do not object."

July 17, 1695, was the day of the attack at Oyster River by Indians, when so many garrisons were destroyed. This one of Joseph Smith's stood through the fight; and no doubt this son (twenty-five years old, and holding the title of Captain) with his dauntless courage helped more than any other, in its preservation. And just one month before he had brought home to his father's house Susannah Chesley—a June bride—so that all his hopes, and all his love were sheltered inside its staunch old walls during that frightful battle. Susannah was undoubtedly a helpmate in every sense of the word, for she came of a brave and fearless race. Her father, Captain Thomas Chesley, was known to have much skill in the methods of Indian warfare, but it availed him little on November 15, 1697, when he was slain by the Indians near Johnson's Creek.

After the death of David Davis and

the removal of his family to the Packer's Falls Garrison, Captain John Smith became the owner of the Lubberland Garrison, and took his wife and baby to this new home on the shore of "Esquamscott," which was the musical name the Indians had given Great Bay.

From this time we seem to know more of the doings and beings in and about the garrison. The Smiths, father and sons, were hospitable, and this new home saw merry, peaceful, glad as well as the saddest sort of times, before this family deserted the old fortress. For long years after they settled in this house, the dread danger of redmen hung over them.

In 1702 history speaks of Hilton's scout being "Between John Smith's at Lubberland on the north, and Pickpocket on the south." But hands and brain being busy doing what there was to do, left no time for any fearful outlook. If danger came their way, 'twas met bravely, and when past, was gone.

Captain John Smith started his business life as a land surveyor, but became a rich man, owning all the land starting at the foot of the great hill where Crummet's Creek flows on its way and enters into Great Bay, through all the crooked road you follow that runs up and down along the shore. Stand upon one of its hilltops, and look back from the way you have come after Jack Frost in the night has touched, and the sun with his blazing palette has turned the green to crimson and gold, along the surrounding shores. With their vivid tints against the blue of sky and water it would be hard to find a more perfect view. And Captain John owned about four miles of this pictured view, which would take you to the mouth of the Lamprey River.

From the doorway of the garrison, on Lubberland Road, Great Bay swept in its widest curve before you, with Newington's shore across where the waters narrowed on their way to Little Bay. The garrison stood

where now the highway runs over a corner of its buried cellar.

While living here Captain John did an extensive lumber business. The axes rang where stood the somber pine and hemlock, and where flamed the maple and the russet oak. His saw-mills stood at both the first and second falls of the Lamprey River. Groaning all day they ran up and down "Gate-saws" which they used in those old days, pushed by the power of the water and a "feed-wheel."

A hale and hearty man was this father, with his garrison house open to all with generous freedom, and the best of everything the times could give. The old fire-place seemed to gleam with hospitality. When in fear of Indians, it was headquarters for the military men, and a refuge for the neighbors. At such times the rule of all garrisons was, that the living and expenses for defense were to be shared by all that were housed beneath its roof.

We read of children being baptized at the garrison. Fortune favored the babe born in a warm month, for winter and the chill in the water seemed to make no difference when it came to the saving of their tiny, innocent souls. Too cold to cry—no wonder they went in such numbers, so young, to meet their Saviour. "Believing" parents, would usually present a baby for baptism the Sunday after its birth, and if born on Sunday, they were sometimes baptised the day of their birth.

As only the toughest lived, we suppose they must have given us our New England inheritance of endurance; for courage and endurance were two requisites indispensable to life in those days, and it only left the fittest to survive.

Attendance at church on cold Sundays showed both these heroic virtues to some extent. With a Bible and a gun, they carried little pierced, handled tin boxes, in which were iron trays filled with coals from some generous fire-place that stood

not far from the cold meeting house. This box warmed their feet, and the minister kept warm a body whose mind was lashed and stung with his pictured words.

But it really was a perfect life to live. From the spring time (as the oak leaves reached the size of the ear of a mouse) when they planted their corn, on to the golden harvest, was all in the day's work—the time to fish in the blue waters of the bay, and with their old fowling piece to bring down the wild duck. Beasts and birds in the wild woods there were in plenty. Oysters to be taken from their beds, and at the ebbing of the tide they dug their clams. And after the harvest came the most glorious month of all the year, before the winter settled down—when over the earth lay the frosty brown of fall. And Captain John lived here,—

Where whispering winds made music
As they frolicked with waves on the bay:
Or when winter's blast, and the howl of its
weather,

Made more than a frolic, when both together.
But around the fire, they shut out the night,
While blazing logs gave out their light;
With apples red and hickory nuts,
And cider that sparkled in pewter cups;
They let the wild winds romp on their way,
(Without one wish for a longer stay)
As they go for a rampage with waves on the
bay.

With love and duty, and work and play,
Their lives went on in a wholesome way
That was worth the living—from day to day.—

And here it was that Captain John died in 1774; Susanna, his wife, following him two years later. Before he died, he gave to each son some part of his estate, so that each received a substantial farm. The eldest son, John, was given land between Crommet's Creek (Durham) and the "Homestead plantation." (The homestead and its plantation was divided between the three youngest sons) Joseph the second son, a tract of land at the first falls of the Lamprey River, and Joseph built the three story brick house which was torn down to make room for the present Catholic Church. He was buried

in a cemetery where the railroad station now stands.

Some years before being torn down, this brick house was purchased by a second great-grandson of Colonel Joseph's. This man lived there a number of years. He also bought at one time a part of the "Lubberland" estate, and had the "Old Garrison" demolished in 1880, which came into his possession with the other property purchased.

Samuel, the third son, received the western part of the "Homestead plantation," as it was called, he being one of the three younger sons, among whom this property was divided. The "Homestead," which was the "Garrison," was on the middle portion.

Benjamin, the fourth son, was given the eastern part of the "Homestead plantation" of two hundred and eighty acres. He also owned a farm and built his home where the road turns to "Durham Bridge" (Newmarket). In an old map of 1800, this bridge is called "Picked Rock Bridge," and this rock plainly shows itself when the water has been drawn from the river.

At this place Benjamin also built a mill (said to have stood where the Newmarket Manufacturing Co.'s "Planer" now stands). He was a man of much importance; held the title of Captain, and had the honor to serve when at the age of seventy years, as one of the "Committee of Safety" in the time of the Revolutionary War. He married Jemima, daughter of Deacon Edward Hall, and died at the age of eighty-two. His son Edward married the daughter of Walter Bryant, called "King's Surveyor." This man lived and died, at the age of ninety-seven, in Newmarket. His home stood opposite "Number Four Mill," but was moved in 1870, and now stands on the south side, and in the rear of the building on the corner of Church and Main Streets. The home of his son-in-law (Edward Smith) was a square house

of Colonial build, still standing on the north side of Central Street. When built it was in the old "Bryant garden." Both these men were buried in the family burying ground, where now is High Street.

We seem, with these men, to have wandered away from the old "Garrison," but through the son of this Edward Smith (Walter Byrant Smith), who was born in 1774, have come some things that awakened thoughts of the old building; worn mementos that have been in the hands of those that lived there. One, a pair of quaint old shoes made of leather, but in the style of the present rubber overshoe, with the drop heel (only these are without the *back* of the heel) not as in a sandal, for the hollow heel is there, seemingly made to fit as an overshoe, over a small boot or slipper. Tradition says they came through hands that might, while sitting on the door-sill of the garrison, have tied in little bows their old tape strings.

Where the dirt and dust of ages had collected between the wide old boards of the garrison floor was found a "Pine-Tree" three pence, commonly called a "thripence"; well worn, but the lettering, and the date 1652, with the rude marking of a pine tree, are easily to be seen.

A pair of silver shoe buckles carefully kept for long years, are supposed to have belonged to Benjamin, the fourth son. (Although Benjamin lived in the garrison, he might not have sported the buckles until later.)

An old rusty jackknife was found in the cellar of the old building not long before it was destroyed. It has a horn handle, mounted in brass, and on the conventional scroll of the mount there is engraved the word "Liberty." Was the lettering of that word to mean that it was made in the time of America's Independence, and did it belong to one of the sons of Ebenezer? John and Ebenezer Jr. were young men at that time (but neither married until after the war). They lived in the garrison, for

Ebenezer their father was the youngest son of Captain John, and he, received the "Middle portion" of the "Homestead plantation" which included the "Old Garrison."

History says that Deacon Ebenezer was a man of great worth, but like his brethren, somewhat troubled with "pride of kin."

Across from the garrison, half way down the long slope of green field that borders Great Bay, stand two slate stones—all that are left to mark the resting place of the many that were buried here. One upstanding, well made stone, is in memory of Mr. John Smith 4th—the eldest son of Ebenezer; the other, somewhat larger, has cut in its face a very drooping, weeping willow tree, and underneath is this inscription:

In
Memory of

EBENEZER SMITH ESQ.

Born June 6 1712

Died Jan. 25 1764

Blessed are the dead
who die in the Lord
from hencefourth yea
saith the Spirit, that
they may rest from their
labours and their works
do follow them.

This grave of Captain John's youngest son, lies under the sod given him by his father as "The middle portion"; and all these years its large slate stone has stood face to the Garrison. But the small "Foot-stone"—with the letters E. S. Esq.—has fallen from where it faced the ebbing and the flowing of the waters to and from the sea.

When Deacon Ebenezer died, it left the widow and her children alone in this garrison home. But, not for long, for, in the brave days of old, people seemed more often to put their sorrows behind them. So before the next year's spring came slowly up this way, she married Major George Frost. He was the son of a sister of Sir William Pepperell. Both the bride and groom being prominent people, the wedding was an affair of importance.

Major Frost took his bride to Rye, N. H., where they made their home for six years. Then in 1770 they returned to the garrison to live, and Major Frost died there in 1796.

In following the fortunes of the garrison we find that, when Mrs. (Ebenezer Smith) Frost died in 1816—one hundred years ago—she gave the garrison with thirty-two acres of land to her daughter Margaret (by her first husband). This daughter had married, in 1781, a minister. She was his second wife, and he was thirteen years older than she—a very scholarly man—but tradition says he had a most unholy temper, and was decidedly peevish in his home life.

The cause we know not, but this poor unhappy lady became insane. The reverend gentleman had built a home in Durham (after passing through many hands it stands re-

modeled as “Red Towers”), but after his wife’s mind became broken, the garrison was used as her prison house until she died. After that the building passed from the family.

With all its troublous career, and the tragedies of its youth and age, yet the old place saw long years of peace and happiness. Its need as a garrison was past and gone long before it was deserted.

The Indian roamed no more; his pride was
 dead,
 And old ambitions all were in their grave.
 Little remnants of their blood
 That called this Continent their own
 Are atoms drifting here and there,
 With dwindling bands maybe on lands
 That in the old time yesterdays
 Were roamed by some ancestral tribe.
 And this fertile meadow might
 Have grown the pumpkin and the maize,
 Whose seed the red men undisturbed
 Had scattered here, where on the shore
 Of Esquamscott they lived and died.

WHAT WILL NEXT THANKSGIVING BRING

By Agnes Mayrilla Locke

Time is gliding swiftly by us
 With commingled joy and tears;
 And our hopes are being buried
 In the tide of passing years.
 Once again has come Thanksgiving,
 And the sleigh bells gaily ring;
 Once again we ask in mystery
 What will next Thanksgiving bring!

Let us in imagination
 Wander back to years ago,
 When our noble Pilgrim Fathers
 Battled with the crafty foe.
 Bleak and desolate the picture
 As they gathered there to pray
 In the wilds of old New England,
 On that first Thanksgiving day.

With the bleak winds blowing round them,
 'Mid the wild beasts' angry roar;
 With the war-whoop of the savage
 Sounding shrill from shore to shore;

Forgetting cold and bitter hardships,
Filled with gratitude were they;
And they raised to God their voices
On that first Thanksgiving day.

Quite a contrast to the present—
Now, to firesides bright and warm,
Homeward gather all the family,
Through the sunshine or the storm,
Once again the merry children
Make with mirth the homestead ring,
But there's something whispers sadly
"What will next Thanksgiving bring."

Death will darken many a household
In the year that's coming now:
Here a father, there a mother
With the death-mist on their brow;
Here a sister, there a brother,
As you stand beside their bed
Something says that next Thanksgiving
They'll be numbered with the dead.

And when you must go and leave them,
How it wrings the aching heart
As the last farewell is spoken
And in sadness you depart.
Still the one you little dreamed of
May be called the first away,
And in Heaven wait the dawning
Of the next Thanksgiving day.

If our future's gay with roses,
Or bedewed with bitter tears;
If heartaches and disappointments
Follow us through coming years;
If the sky o'er us is darkened
Telling tales of coming woe,
Let each sleeping grief remain so,
What's to be, will be, you know.

And we cannot know the future
So whatever be our lot;
Let us strive to bear it bravely;
Let the dark side be forgot.

246 Broad St., Claremont, N. H.



TIMOTHY

Back in a New Hampshire hill town there lives an artist, by name,—well, Timothy Lambe is as good as any other.

I call him artist without his consent or knowledge. He is wholly unconscious that the title is so freely bestowed, and I suspect that if he knew he would laugh; a quiet laugh to be sure, more with his eyes than lips and voice, and I can imagine him answering, "An artist? How so?" "Why not," I say, "What are you then?" "I'm—I'm—not much of anything," and as he says it slowly, the smile dies, and his voice is somber,—grey in tone. "You're talking nonsense," I say, "or trying your hand at sarcasm," for I know that he is thinking of his crippled legs that need stout crutches to help them on their slow and labored journey up and down the village street, and it is not good for a man with maimed body to say that he is "not much of anything."

But I would hardly have convinced him; and, off-hand, you too would think it a strange name for old Timothy. But what shall we call a man who persists in creating out of the rough materials at his feet, and with the few tools at his hand, a bit of the truly beautiful. To be sure, I had known Timothy all my life as just one of the many, until I grew to know and admire him as an individual, and had never before felt the necessity for a name; to say, he is this,—or that,—but, as I start to write of him, the need arises, and with it the sudden understanding that, in truth, I am telling of an artist.

We are led into strange lands when we venture to find and point out the origin of an underlying characteristic in a friend. It is often unprofitable as well. After all, it did not matter how Timothy came to love the beautiful with so fine and deep a devotion. It was there within him, as firmly im-

planted as the splendid elm that grew at his door. Certain it was, that the accident that had twisted his legs and made them all but useless, served to swiftly concentrate and focus this love on that which was within his now suddenly narrowed reach, and had caused it to be strongly reflected in a single and definite desire—to make his town, the street before him, the roads that led in and out of the center, and, in fact, all that he could reach out and touch, more beautiful than it had ever been before. But, however it came into being, it was his great wish to not only keep intact the beauty of the quiet tree covered street, the old white houses, and flowers in door-yards, and the church, whose graceful spire rose shining-white, above the green branches; to save all this which was his and his neighbors' inheritance, from a careless, blindly destructive spirit that often seemed to be growing up about his town, but to do more; to create something of beauty that had not before existed; to make a flower grow and bloom for the glory and good of his town and neighbors on the spot where sand and nettles were breeding a stolid acceptance of the shoddy, the plain, and the downright ugly. It was toward the accomplishment of this end that Timothy had worked, indirectly I suspect, during all his life, but directly and with increasing effort ever since the whining mill for a brief moment had caught and put its ineffaceable mark upon him, some forty years ago.

Not by strength of argument, that served to wear down and break opposition, or by sheer force of mind, did he carry forward his work. That was not his way, and I wish that I could draw a picture of Timothy, the man, that it might be clearer. If I say that he was quiet, as a deep pool in the Salford River is quiet, it is perhaps no more than to say that he was a cripple

who lived alone. But Timothy loved quietness. The summer evening, when the light slowly and reluctantly gave way to darkness, was the best of the whole day to him, and of the long year as well. Then, too, he was a great friend (the word brother, expresses it better to me), of men and of women and children; finding a lifting joy in his belief that to each of his neighbors he should give nothing, if the gift could not be for their own greater pleasure or good; and before all else, he was an untiring creator of material beauty.

I did not of course know, until some years ago, Timothy's occupation, or guess at the depth of character that lay quietly hidden beneath the commonplace clothes;—centered somewhere deep within the big boned frame that still showed a trace of its natural strength and vigor, or the sincerity of the few low-spoken words that often fell into the venacular. I did not understand any clearer than did his neighbors. To me, he was a man of Salford; distinguished from a score of others perhaps, but only because he was a cripple to whom everyone seemed to show kindness—a kindness that was kept free from pity. There was too, I half realized, something of a vague admiration in their relations with this man, a secret admiration, hidden from themselves even, so that it only showed itself in a seeming willingness to listen when he talked, smile when he smiled, and an unconscious following when he gently led.

But I was fortunate, and I grew to know Timothy. Perhaps I had gone to him on a little different basis than the rest, touching in a blind way a responsive chord, or, all unwittingly, had given something which he chose to pay for in unrestricted friendship, or it may have been but a matter of good fortune.

Through the long, quiet summer evenings, Timothy would sit out under his trees, that spread their branches so like a canopy over the door-yard, and from his vantage point take stock

of the stretch of village street that was the center and very heart of the town. Then, in these later years, I would go down after supper, move another chair out on the grass, and sit and talk, or smoke with him in silence. Neighbors would stop for a moment on their way home from getting the evening mail. A word or two would be spoken and then they would pass on, taking with them however, yet unconscious of it all, the thing Timothy had to give, the germ of a new idea, a hint of a new outlook on the simple life about them, or, which was to Timothy best of all, a thought which in the end would make toward the improvement of some detail in the look, and general appearance of their town.

"How'd your lilacs do this spring?"

Timothy said on one of these evenings by way of greeting, as Harmon Stiles turned in from the sidewalk to where we sat.

"Pretty good, I guess."

"I missed seein' 'em this year," said Timothy, "they bloomed durin' my bad spell."

Harmon was silent.

"They're mighty beautiful," Timothy went on as if to himself, "Worth goin' miles to see." Then after a pause, "I wonder you don't take some cuttin's and plant 'em down by the front fence."

"Hadn't thought much about it."

Timothy waited again.

"A whole row of 'em would look pretty nice there, sort of set off the house as you come up the street."

Harmon shifted his bag of sugar to the other arm.

"Might look sorter nice,—dunno but what it would," he said. "Well, —I must be movin'. Good night, Timothy."

"Good night, Harmon."

That was all.

My next visit was long delayed, but as I walked up from the depot I saw just inside of Harmon's front fence, a row of new lilac shoots that were sending out their first leaves in

promise of the splendid mass of green that would someday break and soften the rigor of the box-like house.

And so it went on, year after year. Fifty years! A lifetime of work at a task that would never be completed. When Timothy and I talked about it he would often say, laying emphasis on each word, yet, as was his habit, never raising his voice, "There's so much to do," and adding "Why! we haven't gone more'n a few rods on the road yet,—have we?" The journey he made was of miles, not rods, but after all it is a way that can never be measured. As well as I have known him, he never recounted the results attained. A brief mention, perhaps, as we talked of this person or the other, because his work was very real to him and very near during the long hours when he must sit alone with only his thoughts, but nothing more. He did not even take credit for having done those things which he surely must have remembered clearly. To him, it was not his own doing, but something good that Sam, or Harmon, or Lucy Pratt had decided was for the best. He believed that it was truly they who, at heart, wanted to see lilacs growing and blossoming in their yards, or a clean fresh stretch of roadside grass, and it was because they themselves liked the old fashioned panes in their church windows, that they finally voted to decline with thanks, the stained glass of varying hues that a summer visitor had offered them as a gift.

I know the history of those windows however, and while my faith in the judgment of the people of Salford is always strong, yet I saw the results that came of subtle leading and directing. The delicately guiding hand had touched in sympathy and rare understanding on the arms of a hundred friends and neighbors, and I could see clearly its imprint as these stories came to me.

From the time when George Melcher suddenly took hammer in hand, and rudely ripped off the multitude

of advertising signs that had served as a tin and pasteboard covering for the old clapboards of his store, to the comparatively recent date when Deacon Holmes' son, newly married, had decided that after all, white paint on his house would probably last longer than the flaming yellow that his wife had chosen in Manchester—through the years that slipped by so noiselessly, I found many such recurring hints of an influence that had been exerted as if by chance, yet strangely enough, at the precise moment when it was to be most felt.

As Salford was no more than an average town, with its strange pattern woven of the individual lives and characters of its people, there were times when Timothy found situations that could not be solved by any means at his command. The New Englander of the north country is not wax, to be shaped at will, and there were more than a few such firmly implanted ledges as was old Sarah Bellows, who at last cut down her spreading elm that, she said, had rotted her shingles for too many years already, and Ed Cutter, who stood staunch and firm against any suggestion that he move his venerable dump heap from the edge of the town hall fence. But failures such as these were expected by Timothy because, after all, he was dealing with human beings.

There were times, however, when he met with a different sense of defeat that could not be put aside—times when he felt, with a sense of deep depression, the rising in his town of a spirit, a new and quite different spirit, that he could not understand. While he talked of it but seldom, yet I am sure that it was often in his mind; the thought of it lying as a cloud that moves to shut the sun from a field that was bright and shining-green the hour before. Then he suddenly seemed to be an old man, crippled, helpless in his chair, and lonely.

"Is it the young people,—just growin' up?" he asked.

"I don't know," was all I could say.

"Don't it make any difference so long's they raise money for that shoeshop?"

He waited, as if hoping I would say that it wasn't the new generation.

"Perhaps I'm just gettin' old."

"It's not that, Timothy," I said.

We talked late that evening of February, I think, two years ago for I was to leave Salford the next morning, and would not be back until mid-summer. I spoke of having great faith in the north country people; faith in their inherent soundness and strength, and their love for all that was best in their towns and countryside. At this Timothy raised his head; his shoulders straightened, and he took up my thought and turned it from a generality into that which was definite and specific. He told of his own beliefs as if he wanted to accent, to reiterate and express them for his own good. The words came slowly to his lips, forming themselves with the apparent effort that is natural to one little used to analyzing thoughts and feelings, but his sincerity was only made more plain, and the broken sentences and pauses were as marks emphasizing all that he said.

"I take it we want beauty,—we all of us want it deep down. Somethin' that's good to see,—that's simple, like—well, like a mountain or a 'bit of fresh breeze on a mighty hot day;—you kind of see and feel 'em at the same time. A few flowers like Abbie Hurd grows in her yard,—that's somethin' as folks like us can get hold of 'n understand. Every time we see 'em we're sorter glad she put 'em there.—Then take those elms,—we never talk about 'em,—just take 'em for granted somehow, but,—we're better men and women, a sight better,

—just for havin' 'em there all summer—so green and cool." He reached forward and touched my arm as he does when very much in earnest. "I somehow know for sartin we're better," he said slowly.

We talked for an hour afterward but these few simple words had left their mark, and ever since that evening they have seemed to repeat themselves over and over, "We are better men and women just for having them there." That's the true worth of beauty, after all.

Trees, flowers; a house that by its clear-cut lines and clean white paint bespeaks the owner's genuineness and simplicity of thought and life;—all these are surely good, as Timothy said. But they are more than that, they are needed day by day, worthy to be guarded, cherished, and preserved as a possession of value, perhaps of greater value than all else, because they belong equally to everyone.

Timothy understood all this, and I know that he felt it deeper than I did or any of the folks around him, and he rose to his greatest height and made his last sacrifice that these finely spreading and arching elms of Salford might not be destroyed, but kept for his townspeople,—his neighbors of today and the men and women and children of tomorrow. But that was another year and,—another story.

I have called Timothy an artist because he was a creator of beauty. It's a makeshift name at best. He was more than that, for he was a friend to many people and a lover of all that was part and parcel of his town, and that comes near to making the finest thing of all,—a good and true man.

D. O.



THE TOWN THAT WENT TO SLEEP

By Francis A. Corey

That glorious July morning a beckoning hand seemed to signal to us from the town that had gone to sleep. There was allurements in the very thought of a staid New England town recklessly shaking off all concern for the present, all responsibility for the future, and dozing in the sunshine like a tired child. This one, as it happened, lay at our very door. Its call was irresistible. Expectantly we climbed a wind-swept height, followed an old road down through a winding ravine, crossed a brawling stream, and were at the boundary line.

Hills upon hills. All so green and beautiful there was no sense of weariness as we mounted higher and higher. Great trees, arching gracefully over the road, afforded grateful shade. The leaves rustled gently in the soft breeze as if whispering a tender welcome. The whole world might have been taking a siesta, the silence was so profound. And yet, pricking through the stillness, were low, sweet, drowsy notes—the chirp of crickets, the hum of bees, the sleepy warbling of birds in thickets along the way. Surely we had stumbled upon the land “where sabbaths have no end.” How entrancing the hush brooding over sunny, southward-sloping pastures. The few kine lazily browsing the short, sweet grass, were like stalking phantoms. Involuntarily we took a second look to assure ourselves they were real, they seemed so foreign to the place silence has claimed for her very own.

Half way up the hill still stands the little red schoolhouse of long ago. What a melancholy picture of neglect and decay. The roof sags, the windows are broken and shutterless. Briar and bush encroach upon the yard where happy children used to play. And yet Salmon P. Chase, when a callow youth, wielded here the

teacher's sceptre. Not for long. Tradition has it that the “big boys,” after the fashion of those days, made short shift with him, little dreaming that they were laying violent hands on the sacred person of a future governor of Ohio and Secretary of the Treasury of the United States.

Further on, in the green cup of encircling hills, nestles an old farmhouse that has not lost altogether its homely air of comfort and good cheer. No smoke spirals ascend from the big red chimney; and yet we know that some one who loves it makes frequent pilgrimages to the charming old house. Everywhere are evidences of affectionate care that redeem it from desolation. There are times when, for weeks together, the memory-haunted rooms echo to voices and happy laughter; then the spell of this land of silence once again falls upon it. Peopled or solitary, it is ever interesting. Scattered about the rooms, or stored in mysterious cupboards and closets, are precious heirlooms that would delight the heart of the greedy collector. Long may these treasures remain undisturbed to give dignity and charm to the pleasant old house.

On the crest of the hill we pause for a long look around. It is not the beauty of the view that holds us entranced so much as the fancies that crowd upon us. It was here that a hardy pioneer built his home in the long ago. Gone is the rough log cabin—gone the smart frame house that succeeded it. But a leaven of romance keeps the old settler's memory green. Breed Batchelder was notable among the men who made homes in the wild places before this great republic had its birth. In a community strongly Whig, he remained loyal to England's king. Therefore every man's hand was against

him. There came a day when he was forced to flee for his life. For weeks he lived in a rude cave in the deep wood only a short distance away. Tradition says that on one of his surreptitious visits home he was surprised by a party of his enemies. He had no weakling for a wife. Mrs. Batchelder met the intruders at the door with a kettle of boiling water she had snatched from over the fire and kept them at bay until her husband could escape across the field at the rear of the house. Cave life held too many hazards to be unduly prolonged, however. Batchelder fled and joined the British army. He never returned to his wife and family.

Right here we leave the highroad for a little detour to the summit of the "Pinnacle." It would certainly be a mistake to journey through the somnolent town without climbing its loftiest peak. The view is one never to be forgotten. Although not so extended as that from Mount Monadnock, lifting its grizzled head not far away, it has a charm and beauty all its own. Nature, the greatest of scenic artists, has wrought wonderfully well. She has carved with skillful chisel and dipped her brush in royal pigments. Low down in an emerald valley lies the embowered city from which we set forth. Church spires gleam whitely in the sunshine. The eye catches entrancing glimpses of the Ashuelot River meandering tranquilly through a green vale. A line of richer verdure marks the course of the Connecticut. And there are hills beyond all computation. Hills rising sharply close at hand, filling the middle distance, and far away breaking against loftier heights like swollen waves of an emerald sea. Over all broods the dreamy haze of a perfect summer day breathing a benediction on all this loveliness.

And now we are back again at the point where the highroad was left behind. What heavenly peace and quiet is around and about us as the pilgrimage through the fragrant woods

is resumed! Only a half hour's drive to busy, bustling streets; and yet we seem leagues and leagues away from the haunts of men. Here and there a lilac thicket, a tangle of rose bushes, a broken well-sweep or a lone cellar hole awakens melancholy thoughts. Why has this lovely region been given up to silence and green, growing things? Where are the people who lived and loved here in days gone by?

Some lie in the little burial ground beside the road. With no shock of surprise we come abruptly upon it. Where men have lived, men have returned to dust. Forest-girdled and remote, what an ideal resting place after "life's fitful fever!" For requiem only the sigh of the wind in the pine trees, the dreamy drone of insects, the elfin song of the hermit thrush. When this half acre was set apart it should have been named Peace. How weird, and yet how enchanting it must be of a winter's night with the moon sailing over the tree tops, all the boughs creaking, and grotesque shadows dancing among the low mounds where the snow lies inches deep!

Faring eastward from the cemetery we come upon a square-towered church standing solitary in a bower of greenery, as truly alone as a lighthouse in the midst of the sea. Spick, span, dazzlingly white, from sill to pediment it reveals the loving remembrance in which it is held. Only at long intervals in the present generation, do its walls echo to theological thunder; but, in palmy days, men whose names are now on the lips of the world expounded "doctrine" from its pulpit. In this galaxy is Dr. William DeWitt Hyde, president of Bowdoin College, Dr. William Horace Day, now a popular preacher on the Pacific Coast, Samuel Franklin Emerson of the University of Vermont, and Edward Luther Stevenson, another noted college professor. But what of the old time communicants? There are many names on the stones back in the little burial ground. But

they do not all lie asleep under the whispering trees. The great world called and got its full quota.

And the clustered houses that made up the embryo village of long ago! Before the town went to sleep here were happy homes and thriving industries, the beginnings of a prosperous community. Where are they now? Gone, utterly gone; as though a big sponge had been brushed across the landscape wiping it clean of human habitations. There is a tide in the affair of towns as well as of men. An ebb-tide struck the little hamlet, sweeping it away. And so all its fields are growing up to woodland, to briar and bush. Let us bear in mind, however, that it has partially fulfilled its mission in giving a few gifted men to the world. Here was born Joseph Ames, the celebrated artist, who became portrait painter to the Pope of Rome. Professor Amos Dolbear, physicist, who counted the magneto-electric telephone among his many inventions, spent some of the years of boyhood among these hills where mind and body had space and opportunity for free development.

Before the town's decadence an air of chastened gentility hung about many of its homes. One that I have in mind stood a mile or so eastward of the church. The boys went forth early to win their spurs. The charming girls soon followed—they were too capable and talented for so contracted a field. Indeed wanderlust was in the blood, an inheritance from the father, who went South to teach in early manhood. When he returned he brought with him a Southern bride who became the mother of his handsome children. The tale is current that the young wife was attended by a slave girl who had served her as maid in her sunny home. Of course the good neighbors were shocked and scandalized. They could not tolerate the presence among them of a human being held in bondage. A hue and cry arose, and the young mistress

was forced to send the girl back to her old home.

Within the limits of the township lies a crystal clear lake that supplies the little city over the hills with an abundance of purest water. This same city has wisely preëmpted a large acreage of timberland that will be to it an asset, as well as a glory, in time to come. Two or three miles back along the road by which we came where the dip is toward the south, a good quality of granite used to be quarried from outcropping ledges. Some of the output went into the handsome capitol building at Albany. But alas! few things are stable and permanent in this world of change. The granite industry was given over, perhaps forever, when the town folded its hands for a long siesta.

With only a dozen and a half voters, this should be the paradise of the office seeker. It is so easy for any respectable man who desires to be one of the "fathers," to attain his wish! Civil service gone to seed is what really prevails. Once firmly seated in the magisterial chair, an incumbent holds a life-tenure if so minded. All honor to the sturdy, self-sacrificing men, typical New Englanders, who now occupy these positions of trust! They are not self seekers. They have the best good of the community too deeply at heart.

Yes, the little town sleeps! but not the sleep that knows no awakening. By and by it will throw off its lethargy, rub the sand from its eyes, quicken again into vigorous life. No one knows when, or in what guise the change will come. But it is inevitable. Already a few city dwellers have fallen captive to the gracious wooing of the peaceful hills. Some day red blood will flow back into old channels again, the neglected farms will be tilled, the wild places be made to blossom as the rose.

Meanwhile manifold are the sweet enticements of these solitudes. There are dancing brooks along which

one may wander at will, the aromatic smell of the pines in one's nostrils; picturesque glades where the coolest of breezes blow, where ghostly Indian pipes abound, where the sprawling partridge vine bears its beautiful scarlet fruitage; open spaces starred with flowers—goldenrod, Queen Anne's lace, the slender, flaming spikes of the fireweed—and all so alluring one feels like taking a day off just for the delight of stretching one's self on a carpet more exquisitely colored than the costliest products of Oriental looms.

Beautiful beyond words are these remote places when the glowing summer morn trips blushing over the hills. The delicious fragrance of growing things sweetens the soft air, cobwebs lie thick on the dewy grass—or are they fragments of priceless lace thrown there by fairies?—the woods are vocal with the melodious songs of birds. So delightful is it all, so deliciously refreshing, we find ourselves almost wishing the solitude might remain unbroken, this virgin beauty never again be despoiled by the vandal hand of man.

THE FIRST SNOWSTORM

By Shirley Wilcox Harvey

Dancing in the bare tree-branches,
Sweeping lightly down the vale,
Silver white with haunting shadows,
Comes the first snow on the trail.

Stealing through the woodland pathways,
Whispering in the fallen leaves,
Bringing silence to the caverns
Where the rock-torn north wind grieves,

Flits the snow, like fairy fingers
Weaving from the grey sky-loom
Glistening, diamond wraiths that hover
Lightly through the forest gloom.

THE ONE CLEAR NOTE

By Amy J. Dolloff

The sky is grey, the earth is chill.
Deep silence broods o'er vale and hill.
But hark! A pure note cleaves the air
And all the world is bright and fair.
The song of oriole clear and true
Doth summer warmth and charm renew.

My sky is overcast and drear.
No sound night's emptiness doth cheer.
Yet listen! One dear voice is heard
That breathes of all the sweetest word.
It whispers "Love!" While this is mine
The full-orbed stars in beauty shine.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

By a typographical error in the Necrology Department of the last issue of the *GRANITE MONTHLY*, the date of the birth of the late E. Fred Aldrich, son of Judge Edgar Aldrich, was given as June 9, 1873, instead of 1878, as should have been.

BENJAMIN F. CLARK

Benjamin F. Clark, who died, October 2, 1916, at his home in Malden, Mass., although not a native of New Hampshire, or a resident at the time of his death, was essentially a New Hampshire man, in that most of his active life was passed in this state.

Born in Townsend, Mass., seventy-three years ago, he served in the Fifteenth Massachusetts Infantry in the Civil War, until shot in the right eye at the battle of Antietam, and discharged for disability. He lived in East Boston till 1872, when he removed to Conway, N. H., where he took charge of the B. F. Sturtevant Blower Works, remaining for nearly thirty years, during which time he organized a waterworks company, and electric light company, and was president of the Conway Savings Bank. He also served two terms in the New Hampshire House of Representatives.

The recurrence of trouble from the wound received in the war compelled his retirement, some years ago, when he removed to Malden. He was a Mason and a member of the G. A. R.

BENJAMIN H. CORNING

Benjamin H. Corning, for many years past a prominent citizen of Littleton, died at his home in that town November 7, 1916, after a long illness.

He was born in Litchfield July 15, 1855, son of Nathaniel and Mary (McMurphy) Corning and was educated in the schools of that town and Manchester. He learned the Machinist trade in the Manchester Locomotive Works, and was in the employ of the Grand Trunk R. R. at Gorham for several years, removing thence to Groveton, where he engaged in business, and served as postmaster under President Lincoln. He was appointed Sheriff of Coös County by Gov. Smyth in 1866 and served four years. Meanwhile he became interested in railroad work under the management of the late President John E. Lyon, with whom he was associated in the extension of the White Mountains system, removing to Lancaster, where he remained till 1882, when he took up his residence in Littleton, which was ever after his home. From 1880 to 1884 he was superintendent of the White Mountain Division. In 1884 he was elected sheriff of Grafton County, under the amended Constitution, serving till 1889. In 1885 he established a general insurance agency

which did a large and constantly increasing business. From 1898 to the time of his death he was referee in bankruptcy for the northern district of the state.

Mr. Corning was a Republican in politics, and served as moderator in Littleton for many years. He was prominent in general public affairs and served as president of the Littleton Musical Association, the Littleton Driving Association and the Water and Electric Light Company.

Mr. Corning married, July 1, 1874, Martha A. Massure of Dalton, who died in Littleton March 15, 1897. Two years later he married again, Alice Tuttle Moffett, daughter of the late Dr. Charles M. Tuttle and widow of Dr. Frank Moffett, by whom he is survived, as also by a daughter, Nellie, now Mrs. McIntire of Concord.

DR. GEORGE F. MUNSEY

George F. Munsey, M. D., a well known physician of Suncook, died at his home in that village, November 26, 1916, after an illness of about two months.

He was a native of Beverly, Mass., born February 5, 1855, and was educated at Pittsfield Academy, Bridgewater, Mass., State Normal School, Maine Medical School, and Dartmouth College Medical School, graduating from the latter in 1878.

He commenced practice at Greenville, remaining there fourteen years and removed to Suncook twenty-three years ago. He was prominent in Odd Fellowship, Masonry and the Grange and attended the Suncook Baptist Church. He is survived by a wife, and two daughters, Mrs. Philip Crane of Middlebury, Vt., and Miss Bertha A. Munsey, a member of the faculty of Pembroke Academy.

KATE T. PIPER

Miss Kate T. Piper, born in Sanbornton December 4, 1867, died in New Hampton November 15, 1916.

Miss Piper, who removed with her widowed mother to New Hampton when five years of age, was reared, educated and ever after resided in New Hampton, graduating from the famous Literary Institution there in 1890, after which she engaged for a time in teaching. She was intensely loyal to both town and school. She was an enthusiastic promoter of the Town Improvement Society and the Old Home Day Association, and much of the success of the latter was due to her energy and perseverance. As one of the earliest members of the Grange she was active for many years. At the time of her death, as for many years previous, she was a regular member of the Sunday school, a corporator of the Gordon-Nash Library and a member of the Executive

Committee of the Boston N. H. L. I. Alumni Association. To all of these interests she gave willing and unstinted service and her loss will be deeply mourned by a wide circle of friends, and the public at large.

EDWARD PAYSON NICHOLS

Edward Payson Nichols, for many years a citizen of Lexington, Mass., and a retired manufacturer, died October 24, in his home, 21 Oak Street, East Lexington. He was born in Kingston, N. H., March 8, 1835, was graduated from Williams College in 1861, and for twelve years was principal of Plattsburg (N. Y.) Academy and Cortland Academy and instructor at the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute.

After giving up teaching, Mr. Nichols engaged in manufacturing. In 1886 he became associated with his brother in the management of the Dwight Manufacturing Company, and the Great Falls Manufacturing Company, leading New England cotton mills. In 1900 he was made treasurer of the last-named company and for fourteen years managed its extensive business. Two years ago he retired from active business, remaining a director of the company. He was succeeded as treasurer by his son, Howard S. O. Nichols.

In 1888 he made his home in Lexington, Mass. He had been a member of the school committee, president of the Lexington Historical Society and first president of the Lexington Home for Aged People. He was prominent in the Hancock Congregational Church, where he was superintendent of the Sunday school and first president of the Men's Club of the church.

In 1870 he married Miss Emma Ostrom of Syracuse, N. Y. She and two daughters, Miss Emma O. Nichols and Miss Margaret O. Nichols, and two sons Howard S. O. Nichols, and Ernest O. Nichols, all of Lexington, survive him.

HOLMAN A. DREW

Holman A. Drew, son of the late Amos W. and Esther Lovering Drew, born in Stewartstown, August 27, 1857, died in Berlin, November 14, 1916.

He was educated at Colebrook Academy and Dartmouth College, graduating from the latter in 1883. He studied law with Drew, Jordon & Carpenter in Lancaster and then went to Omaha, Neb., where he was admitted to the bar and practiced law until 1888. Returning to New Hampshire he embarked in the hardware business in Colebrook.

Originally a Democrat, he broke away from that party in the 1896 defection, along with his brother, Maj. Irving W. Drew, of Lancaster, and many others, and became a staunch Republican. He held the office of sheriff of Coös County at the time of his death, and for many years previous, and had gained a high reputation for efficient service. He came into wide prominence in connection with the famous case of Harry K. Thaw, whom he had

in personal custody for many months. He removed from Colebrook to Berlin several years since.

In Masonry, Mr. Drew had attained high honors, including the grand mastership of his state. He was a member of Eastern Star Lodge, A. F. & A. M., No. 37, of Colebrook, North Star Royal Arch Chapter, No. 16, of Lancaster, North Star Council, No. 13, Royal Select Masters of Colebrook, North Star Commandery, Knights Templar of Lancaster, and New Hampshire Consistory, 32 degree, A. A. S. R. M., Valley of Nashua.

On April 22, 1892, Mr. Drew married Miss Mary Bedell of Colebrook, who survives him.

HON. GEORGE E. BALES

George Edward Bales, son of Charles A. and Florence M. (Hardy) Bales, born in Wilton September 14, 1862, died at his home in that town November 9, 1916.

Judge Bales was educated in the public schools of Wilton, in Francestown Academy and Phillips Exeter Academy, from which he graduated with the class of 1883. From Exeter he went to Harvard College, spending there the year 1883-84. He then matriculated at Boston University Law School, graduating in 1888. For a time he was in the law office of J. Q. A. Brackett of Boston preparing himself for his future work. In July, 1888, he was admitted to the bar and shortly after began his practice in Wilton.

In politics he was a Democrat, of high standing in his party.

He had served as town treasurer, collector of taxes and member of the school board from 1885 to 1892. He was a trustee of the public library at his death; town moderator for over twenty-five years and at the last election was chosen for another term. He was police judge in Wilton, and then appointed, in 1912, justice of the district police court by Governor Felker. In 1914, he was again appointed municipal judge of Wilton by Governor Spaulding. He was elected representative to the general court in 1895, and in 1897 was the party's candidate for speaker of the house, thus becoming his party's leader on the floor, and was the only Democrat on the judiciary committee during that session.

He was a delegate in the National Democratic Convention in 1896, and had also served in the State Constitutional Convention. June 30, 1899, he was appointed a member of the state forestry commission and served one term; was reappointed but later resigned to become a member of the board of railroad commissioners on January 1, 1904, of which body he was a member until it was replaced by the present public service commission. He was a member of the party of railroad commissioners of the United States that visited the far West and Mexico and were entertained in Mexico City by the president of the Mexican Republic, Gen. Porfirio Diaz.

This year he was nominated as the Democratic candidate for the state senate from the twelfth district and, though defeated, far outran his ticket. He was treasurer of the Wilton Savings Bank; trustee of the Granite Savings Bank of Milford, being appointed in January, 1907; director of the Souhegan National Bank of Milford from May 8, 1911, to his death. He was senior member of the law firm of Bales & Cheever of Wilton, which handled an extensive practice and a large insurance business; was president of the Wilton Telephone Company, and for years actively interested in the New Oak Park fair of Greenfield. He became a member of the Liberal Christian Unitarian Church of Wilton in 1889 and for the past ten years was a member of its business committee. He was a member of the Derryfield Club of Manchester, the New Hampshire Bar Association, and the Exeter and Boston University Alumni associations.

In Masonry he had attained great eminence and was elected, in May of this year, grand master of the Grand Lodge of New Hampshire.

October 6, 1889, he married Abbie M. French of Wilton, and began a happy married life which was brought to an end by the death of his wife last year. He leaves a daughter, Mrs. Herbert H. Archibald of Wilton; a half sister, Miss Bessie F. Bales of Wilton; a half brother, Harold C. Bales of South Deerfield, Mass.; and a stepmother, Mrs. Charles A. Bales of Wilton.

HON. M. V. B. CLARK

Hon. Martin Van Buren Clark, ex-mayor of Keene, and overseer of the poor in that city at the time of his death, died there, December 3, 1916.

He was born in Ludlow, Vt., August 19, 1841, was educated in the common schools, worked in grocery stores in Rutland and Cuttingsville, Vt., and removed to Keene forty-four years ago, where he was engaged in the grocery business for a quarter of a century or more. After service in the common council he was elected mayor of Keene in 1907, and served four years. He was afterwards a representative in the general court.

Mr. Clark served in the 16th Vermont Regiment in the Civil War and was wounded at Gettysburg. He was a past commander of the G. A. R., and also the treasurer of Social Friends Lodge, A. F. and A. M., and other Masonic bodies. He was a member of Beaver Brook Lodge, I. O. O. F., having served in all the offices. He was also a member of the Rebekahs, and the Knights of Pythias. He was elected overseer of the poor last winter. He is survived by a widow, who was Mary Ellen Scovell, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Scovell, also two daughters, Mrs. Ellen Elizabeth Thompson of Helena, Mont., and Mrs. Lena A. Levey of Ludlow, Vt.

MAJ. CHARLES W. WHIPPLE

Major Charles William Whipple, U. S. A., retired, died at Summit, N. J., on October 18, 1916. He was born on September 28, 1846, in the old Warner House, one of the historic mansions of Portsmouth, N. H., and was the son of Maj.-Gen. Amiel W. Whipple, U. S. A., West Point 1841. When his father was in command of the defences of Washington during the early part of the Civil War, Major Whipple was constantly in the company of President Lincoln, who, when visiting the outer fortifications, would call him and his brother to where he sat and amuse them by telling them stories. He frequently went in the field with his father, and was several times under fire. After his father's death from wounds received at the battle of Chancellorsville, President Lincoln gave him a personal appointment to West Point, where he graduated in 1868. On June 15, 1868, he was commissioned as second lieutenant in the 3rd Artillery, and for many years was engaged in exploration work in the south-western part of the United States, with the Wheeler survey. In 1874 he graduated from the Artillery School. On July 19, 1875, he was commissioned as first lieutenant in the Ordnance Department and was identified during the remainder of his life with that branch of the service. He was commissioned captain on May 9, 1885.

At the outbreak of the war with Spain he was commissioned as inspector general with rank of lieutenant-colonel of volunteers in the expedition which sailed for the Philippines under General Merritt in August, 1898. He arrived in Manila just after the surrender of the city by the Spaniards and before the outbreak of the Philippine insurrection. During the early part of the insurrection he had charge of all the ordnance for the Americans who were besieged and under fire in the city of Manila, where he contracted the illness which eventually resulted in his death. Ruined in health he was brought back to the United States and was retired for disability incident to active service with the rank of major in the regular army, in the spring of 1901.

He came of distinguished ancestry. His maternal grandfather was Col. John N. Sherburne, who commanded a regiment in the War of 1812. Through his mother he was descended from Gov. Thomas Dudley of Massachusetts Colony, from Gov. Theophilus Eaton of New Haven Colony, from Gov. John Wentworth of New Hampshire Colony, from Col. William Pepperrell, father of Maj.-Gen. Sir William Pepperrell, Bart., who captured Louisburg from the French, and from other men prominent in the history of this country. One of his ancestors, Capt. John Blunt, steered the boat in which Washington crossed the Delaware.

On April 3, 1877, he was married to Josephine Katherine Jones, daughter of Walter

R. T. Jones of New York City, and a grand-daughter of Rear-Admiral Theodorus Bailey, second in command under Admiral Farragut at the capture of New Orleans. Major Whipple leaves a widow and his five children: Walter Jones Whipple of New York City;

William Whipple of Cinclaire, La.; Sherburne Whipple, captain in the 9th U. S. Infantry, now on the Mexican border; Annette Bailey, married to Arthur Morris Collens of Hartford, Conn.; and Eleanor Sherburne, married to Francis R. Stoddard, Jr., of New York City.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

Owing to notice received from the printers that an increase of about fifty per cent in the cost of production necessitates a corresponding charge to the publisher, henceforth, the latter is brought face to face with the alternatives of increasing the subscription price of the GRANITE MONTHLY, reducing the amount of matter presented, or suspending publication.

The magazine has been published at a financial loss from the start. The subscription list being necessarily limited, but for the publication of occasional articles for which payment has been made by those interested, or extra copies purchased, it could not have been continued. The publisher dislikes exceedingly to suspend, and does not feel that an increase in the subscription price would be expedient. He has, therefore, decided that for the coming year the number of pages in the volume, altogether, will be reduced from the usual 384, or 32 per month, to 288, altogether, or 24 per month, and that the same will be issued in either monthly, bi-monthly or quarterly instalments, as circumstances may require.

It is hoped that this arrangement will prove satisfactory to the subscribers who have faithfully supported the GRANITE MONTHLY in the past, as the only magazine in the State devoted to its history, biography and material progress, and that their support will be continued during the period of "stress" under which many interests are suffering, and which has forced not a few publications to the wall.

Subscribers in arrears are once more requested to examine the dates upon their address labels and bring the same up to 1917. Unless this is done before the end of January, all such bills will be placed for collection at the rate of \$1.50 per year, as advertised.

Bound volumes of the GRANITE MONTHLY for 1916 will be ready for sale or exchange on or before January 30, 1917.

WANTED

Anyone having a copy of VOLUME THIRTEEN of the GRANITE MONTHLY, for 1890, or the unbound numbers thereof, and willing to sell the same, to communicate at once with this office. The publisher desires to secure one or more copies of this volume.

